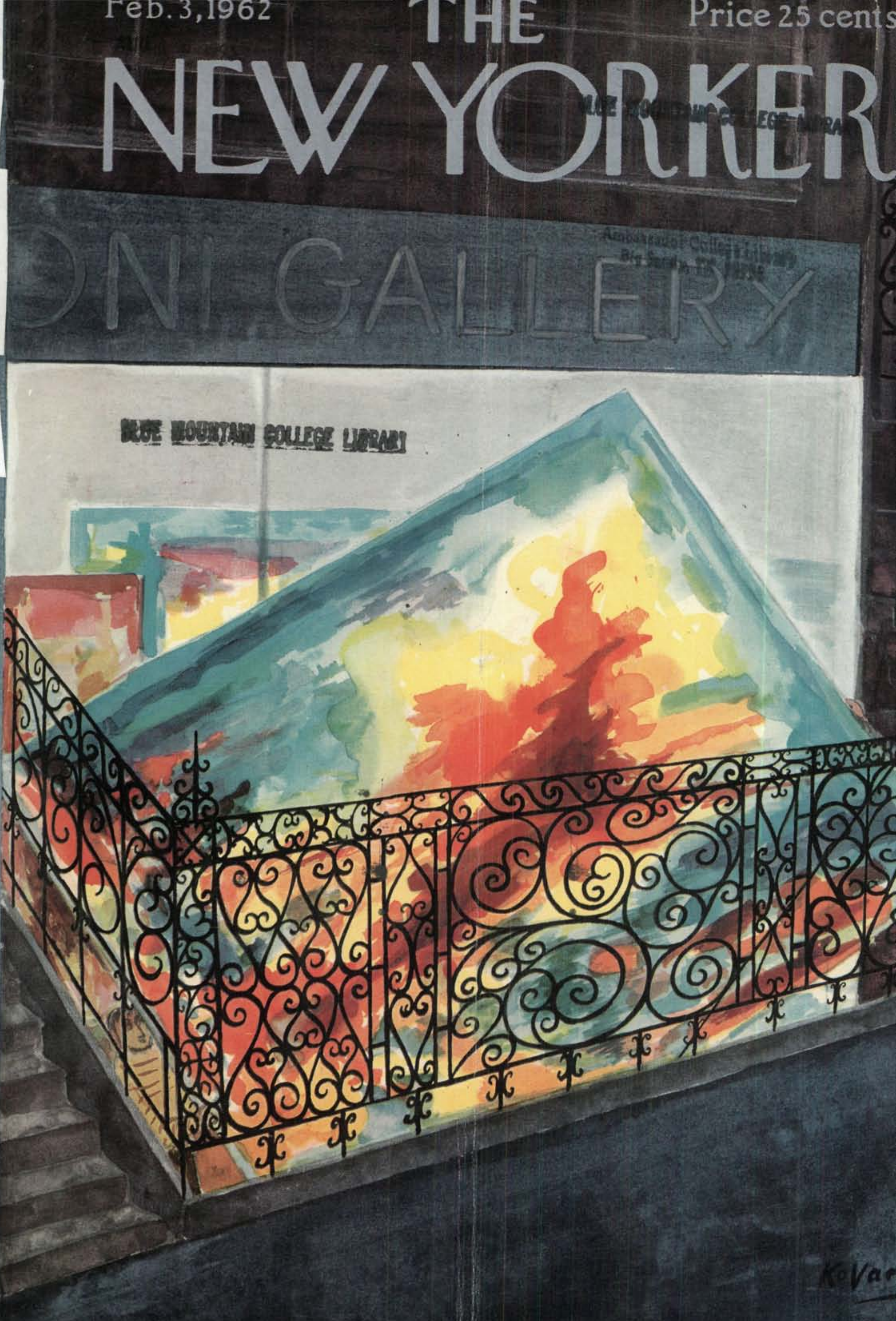
Feb. 3, 1962
THE NEW YORKER
Price 25 cents

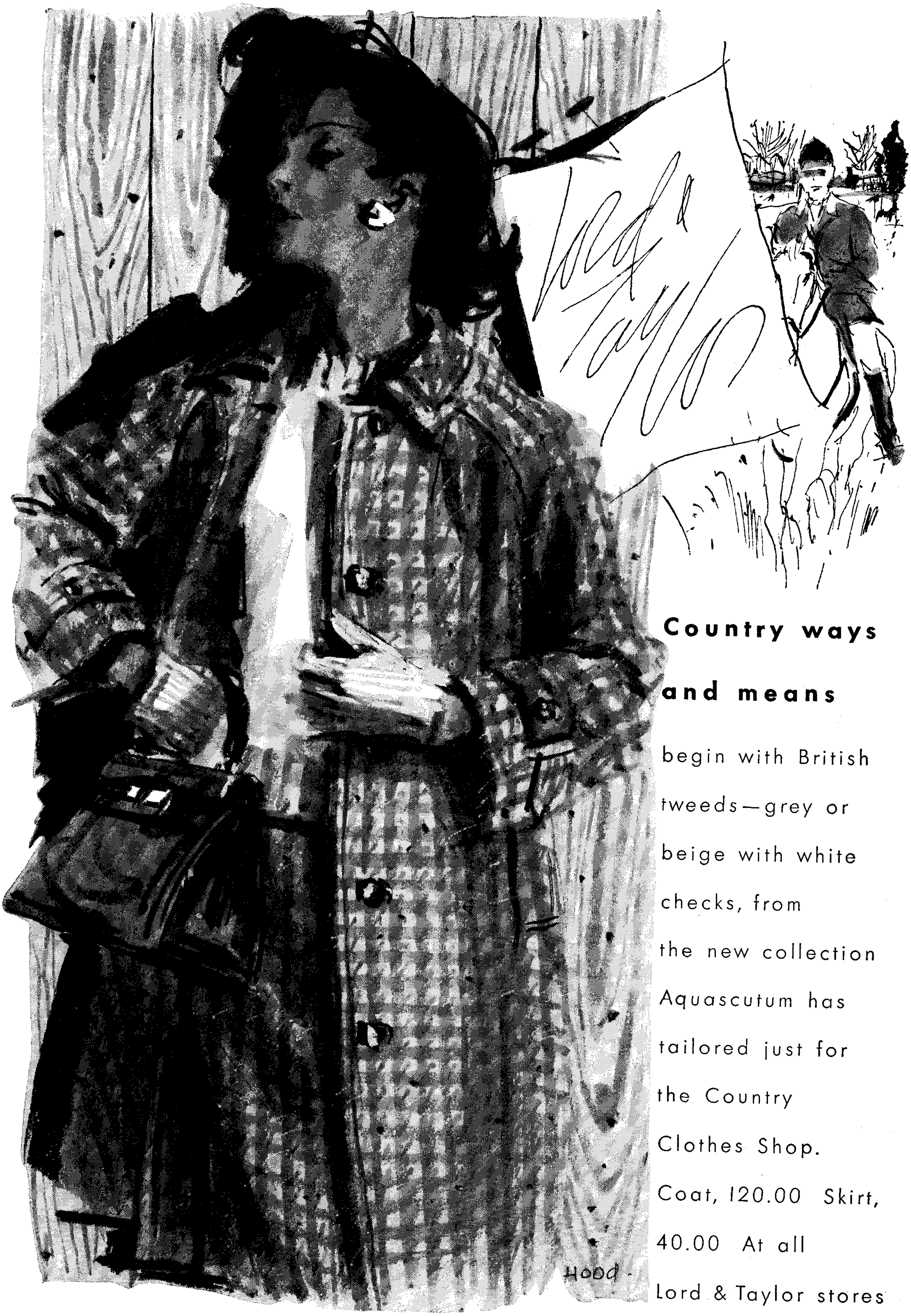


BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE LIBRARY
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755
BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE LIBRARY

This is the way your skin will feel when you wear Revenescence Cream . . .

morning fresh with moisture! Cream or liquid, it costs $3.50 to $45, plus tax. At favored department and specialty stores here and in Canada.

Charles of the Ritz



Country ways and means

begin with British tweeds—grey or beige with white checks, from the new collection Aquascutum has tailored just for the Country Clothes Shop. Coat, 120.00 Skirt, 40.00 At all Lord & Taylor stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Caretaker—Donald Pleasence, Alex Davion, and Robert Shaw are the entire remarkable cast of Harold Pinter's London hit about a bum and two young brothers. The play, by turns mysterious, frightening, and comic, is altogether remarkable, too. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Gideon—A Biblical drama by Paddy Chayefsky in which Fredric March, as a Lord both wrathful and whimsical, tries to make Douglas Campbell, as Gideon, appreciate the fact that a lover of God has to put all traces of selfish pride behind him. The play was directed by Tyrone Guthrie, and is acted with enthusiasm by the large cast. However, the central idea grows a trifle thin before the drama has run its course. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Man for All Seasons—It's a good bet that this is the best play you'll encounter all year. The seasonable man in Robert Bolt's work is, of course, Sir Thomas More, and Paul Scofield plays him with enormous persuasiveness. He is ably assisted by Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, Keith Baxter, David J. Stewart, and, particularly, George Rose. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams philosophizing about life, death, loneliness, God, sex, and other large problems in a play that demonstrates the Master's skill but is fairly shapeless. The scene is a ramshackle Mexican hotel, where are assembled an unfrocked minister, a lusty widow who runs the establishment, an ancient poet and his granddaughter, and a number of other types from Mr. Williams' zoo. Patrick O'Neal is the former cleric, Bette Davis is the carnal proprietress, and Alan Webb and Margaret Leighton are the poet and his granddaughter. They are all quite fine, especially Miss Leighton, who really glows as a spinster tied to a durable ancient. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Purlie Victorious—Some of the scenes and lines in this farce about a Negro preacher who changes the old rules on the old plantation are uproarious, and some are a bit heavy-handed. Ossie Davis, who wrote the play, appears in it as the preacher, and Ruby Dee and Godfrey M. Cambridge are very funny indeed in subsidiary roles. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Romulus—Cyril Ritchard is most engaging as the last emperor of ancient Rome in this comedy adapted by Gore Vidal from an original work by the Swiss playwright Friedrich Dürrenmatt. The drama itself, however, dawdles a good deal before it finally hits its stride. Cathleen Nesbitt and Howard Da Silva are Mr. Ritchard's principal supporting players, and they are both commendable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays, except Feb. 10, at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 8, at 2.)

Ross—A sketch of Lawrence of Arabia, told in flashbacks from the time he was allegedly seeking anonymity as an obscure airman at an English base to the days of his glory as the terror of the Turks. John Mills is arresting as the hero of the play by Terence Rattigan, but the main question about T. E. Lawrence—was he a fake or a genius, or maybe a bit of both?—is never satisfactorily resolved. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

A Shot in the Dark—A blend of French farce and courtroom melodrama (adapted by Harry Kurnitz from "L'Idiote," by Marcel Achard) in which Julie Harris plays a passionate maid accused of putting a bullet into the Spanish chauffeur who has been her most recent flame. Proving Miss Harris's guilt or innocence is a lengthy and not too interesting procedure, but Walter Matthau gives a first-rate comic performance as her wealthy employer, who has shared her favors with the chauffeur. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sunday in New York—A girl's difficulty in remaining virginal and still keeping the boys on edge is explored relentlessly in the first act of this endeavor by Norman Krasna; the second act affords a funny fifteen-minute relief. Pat Stanley, Robert Redford, Conrad Janis, and Sondra Lee are among those present. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Take Her, She's Mine—A comedy about the worries of a West Coast father who sends his daughter to an Eastern school and then becomes alarmed at the thought that wolves from Harvard, M.I.T., Dartmouth, and Yale will devour her. Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are likable as the father and daughter, but the play, written by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, contains more TV suds than legitimate substance. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

	Page
BOOKS	104
THE CURRENT CINEMA	77
LETTER FROM PARIS	79
MUSICAL EVENTS	96
JAZZ CONCERTS	98
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
ABOUT THE HOUSE	86
THE RACE TRACK	74
THE THEATRE	70

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Write Me a Murder—Although this homicidal exercise by Frederick Knott may not be as tense as his "Dial 'M' for Murder," it is full of the tantalizing complications so dear to the hearts of mystery-drama fanciers. James Donald, Kim Hunter, Denholm Elliott, Torin Thatcher, and Ethel Griffies do well in the leading roles. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**come blow your horn:** Father wants his sons to get busy in the artificial-fruit game, and they don't think much of the idea. With Hal March, Joel Grey, and Lou Jacobi. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **mary, mary:** This comedy, by Jean Kerr, has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Edward Mulhare, and John Cromwell are in it. Nancy Olson will substitute for Miss Bel Geddes for a month starting Monday, Feb. 5. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

A Passage to India—Santha Rama Rau's London play, based on the E. M. Forster novel and starring Eric Portman, Zia Mohyeddin, Gladys Cooper, and Anne Meacham. Directed by Donald McWhinnie and presented by the Theatre Guild, Robert Fryer, and Lawrence Carr, with John Herman. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

A Family Affair—Shelley Berman, Eileen Heckart, and Morris Carnovsky in a musical by James Goldman, John Kander, and William Goldman. The director is Harold Prince, the producer Andrew Siff. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Gay Life—The title is completely misleading, but Barbara Cook, who is adrift in the torpid atmosphere with Jules Munshin, Walter Chiari, and Loring Smith, has a lot of style, and the sets, by Oliver Smith, are handsome. Lyrics and music by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, book by Fay and Michael Kanin. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 4.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—When it gets going, this spoof of commercial mores is quite funny. Robert Morse amusingly plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée is most satisfactory as the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. The product of the old team of Abe Burrows and Frank Loesser, the show also has the valuable services of Bonnie Scott, Virginia Martin, Charles Nelson Reilly, Claudette Sutherland, Paul Reed, and Ruth Kobart. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Milk and Honey—A tour of Israel, not overly exciting, with eight American widows in search of husbands. While they search, they are diverted with all kinds of native celebrations. Mimi Benzell is one widow, Molly

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVII, No. 51, February 3, 1962. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1962, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.

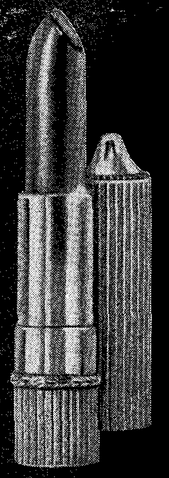
NEW
FROM
REVLON!

'Super Lustrous II' Lipstick
formula

The creamiest, most lustrous lipstick ever!

We *knew* what you wanted...but even Revlon with its advanced laboratories took years to be able to bring it to you. A lipstick that's *creamy, lustrous* and *moist* . . . without greasiness. Your lips have *never* looked and felt more smooth and *delicious!* And because of this new formula the *colors* brim over with brilliance. (Without the usual caking and streaking even in the lighter shades!) We believe 'Super Lustrous II' was well worth waiting for. See what *you* think.

Choose from 25 super-fashion shades by Revlon



©REVLON, INC. 1962

Picon is another, and Robert Weede plays a visiting businessman. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sail Away—Noël Coward's musical about a bunch of Americans aboard a cruise ship is not as effervescent as one would expect of Mr. C., but it has its compensations all the same. Among them are some sprightly songs and dances, and the comic performance of Alice Pearce as a lady novelist. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Subways Are for Sleeping—A rickety vehicle, constructed by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, that induces little but somnolence as it bears a cargo of indigents all around Manhattan. The music, by Jule Styne, is something less than rousing, but a number of the sets, by Will Steven Armstrong, are clever. Orson Bean and Phyllis Newman provide a few comic interludes, and Carol Lawrence and Sydney Chaplin a few romantic ones. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAMELOT:** A town about twenty miles from Astolat. William Squire, Julie Andrews, and Robert Goulet figure in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **CARNIVAL:** A musical that deals with life among a clutch of tent-show performers in southern Europe. The cast includes Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Jerry Orbach, Pierre Olaf, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Samuel Gompers' "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Allinson and Margot Moser now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Martha Wright becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Donald Scott is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN:** The ascent of a poor girl from the backwoods of Colorado to the glittering social heights of France. Tammy Grimes is the lass, and the score is by Meredith Willson. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 10.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

New Faces of '62—Leonard Sillman's revue, with music and lyrics by June Carroll, Mark Bucci, Murray Grand, and others; sketches by Ronny Graham, Paul Lynde, and others; and a company that includes Marian Mercer, R. G. Brown, and Joey Carter. Produced by Carroll and Harris Masterson, and directed by Mr. Sillman. Opens Thursday, Feb. 1. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Old Vic—A six-week repertory of Shakespeare and Shaw, starting with "Macbeth," with John Clements and Barbara Jefford. Presented by S. Hurok. Opens Tuesday, Feb. 6. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:15; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Aspern Papers—Michael Redgrave's adaptation of the Henry James story, imported from London and starring Maurice Evans, Wendy Hiller, and Françoise Rosay. Staged by Margaret Webster and produced by David Black. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 7. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

All in Love—David Atkinson in a musical based on Sheridan's "The Rivals," with book and lyrics by Bruce Geller and a score by Jacques Urbont. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

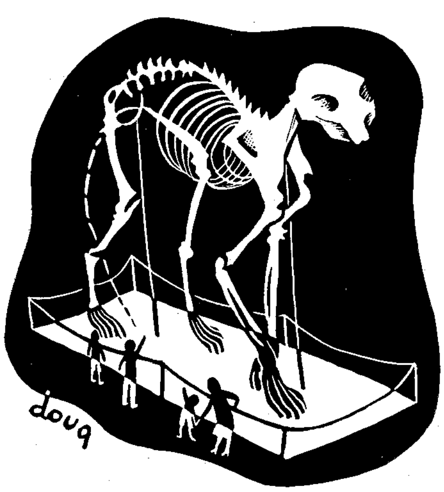
The Apple—Jack Gelber's Surrealist play about the death and subsequent return to life of a mad drunk in a coffeehouse is shocking, funny, sickening, and altogether fascinating. Judith Malina's direction and Julian Beck's set are imaginative and effective, and so are the performances by most of the actors. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays at 2; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30; and Sundays at 2:40. No performances Friday through Sunday, Feb. 2-4.)

The Banker's Daughter—Helena Scott sings and acts with high spirit in the title role of this musical based on Dion Boucicault's "The Streets of New York," and she is ably supported by, among others, Lloyd Gough, as her prosperous, crooked father, and Phil Leeds, as his former clerk, out for blackmail and laughs. Sol Kaplan's score is pleasant; Edward Eliscu's words are bright enough; and the sets and costumes, by Kim Swados and Peter Joseph, respectively, are exceptionally good. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 4 and 8.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be, but the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is superb. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. The six actors in the company—especially Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec—manage (with the help of the author) to generate quite a lot of excitement. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Cantilevered Terrace—Mildred Dunnock in a play by William Archibald. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)



Creditors—A revival of Strindberg's awkward but intermittently effective play about a man who sets out, for reasons of his own, to ruin a woman by revealing her wickedness to her husband. Donald Davis is properly crafty as the destroyer, James Ray is properly innocent and pathetic as the husband, and Rae Allen is every inch the representative of the playwright's notion of the unfair sex. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-3646. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Four Letter Word for Boat—A play by Gordon L. Hutchins. Opens Friday, Feb. 2. (78th Street Playhouse, 52 E. 78th St. RH 4-9567. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ghosts—Leueen MacGrath, fascinating as Mrs. Alving, heads a generally fine cast in David Ross's lively production of Ibsen's eighty-year-old problem play. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—A splendid revival of Brendan Behan's rollicking comedy about an English soldier who is held captive in a Dublin lodging house and about everything else on earth. Geoff Garland and Alan Nunn lead the cast. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

In the Jungle of Cities—A 1922 Bertolt Brecht dealing with the largely inscrutable relationship between an Oriental businessman and a lad from the prairies. The production matches and often surpasses its materials, which are usually purposefully obtuse. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

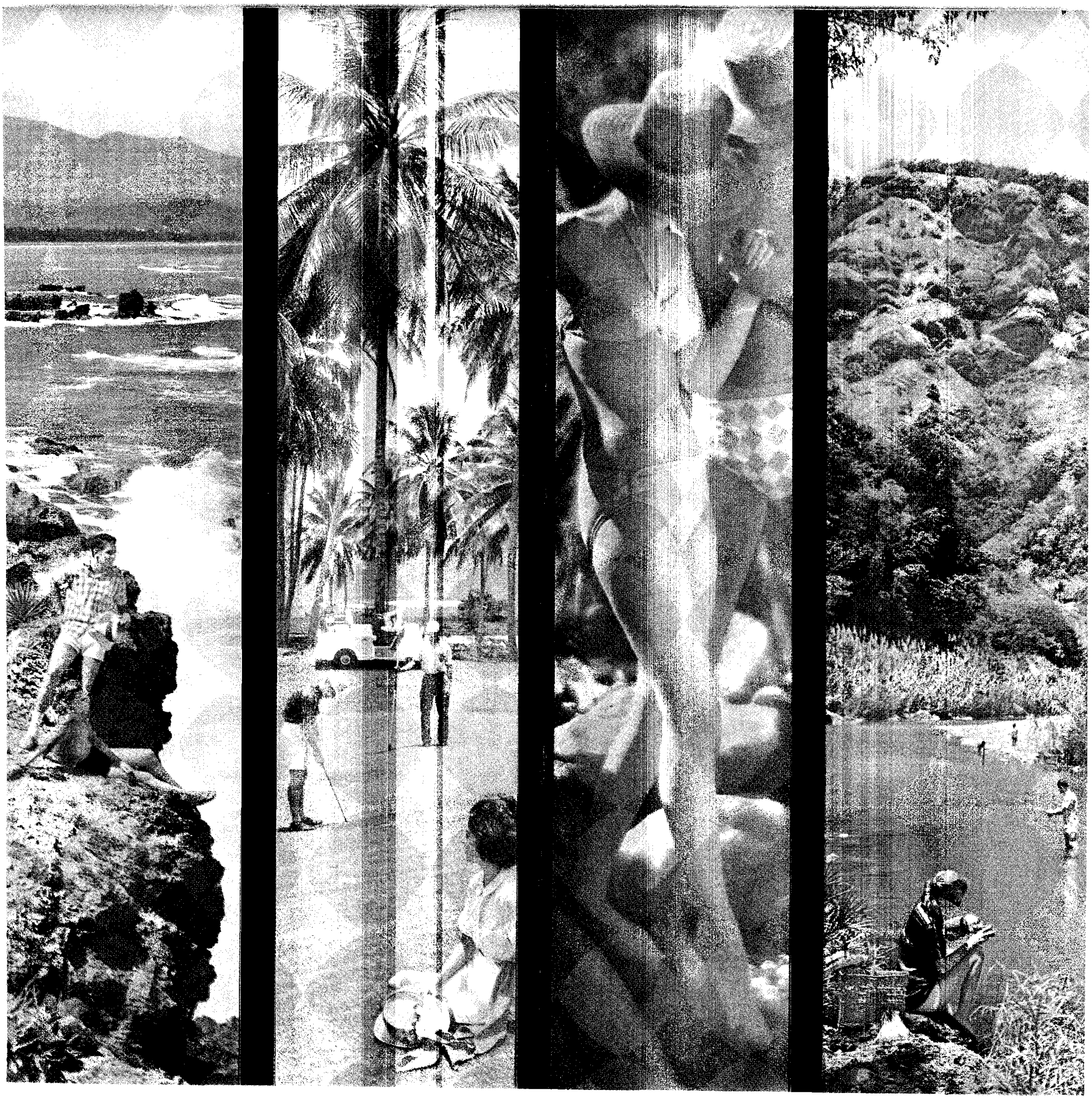
Many Loves—Three prose playlets within a verse play, all by William Carlos Williams. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays at 8:30.)

The Merchant of Venice—Shakespeare's play, presented by Gateway Productions. Opens Friday, Feb. 2. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Misalliance—A breezy revival of Shaw's comedy about a busy weekend at the country house of Mr. Tarleton, the underwear mogul. Among the actors who best respond to Philip Minor's nimble direction are Emery Battis and Lidia Prochnicka. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Feb. 11.)

Moon on a Rainbow Shawl—A good Negro cast headed by Vinnette Carroll and James Earl Jones lends spirit and dash to an essentially tame script about a group of Trinidadians on the move. The setting is a back yard in Port of Spain. (East Eleventh Street Theatre, 206 E. 11th St. SP 7-8383. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Three new one-acters by Thornton Wilder: "Someone from Assisi," "Childhood," and "Infancy." "Childhood," in which a father makes a wish that he can be an invisible witness at his children's games, and becomes a participant instead, is Mr. Wilder at his magical, almost best; and Dana



come to Jamaica

it's no place like home!

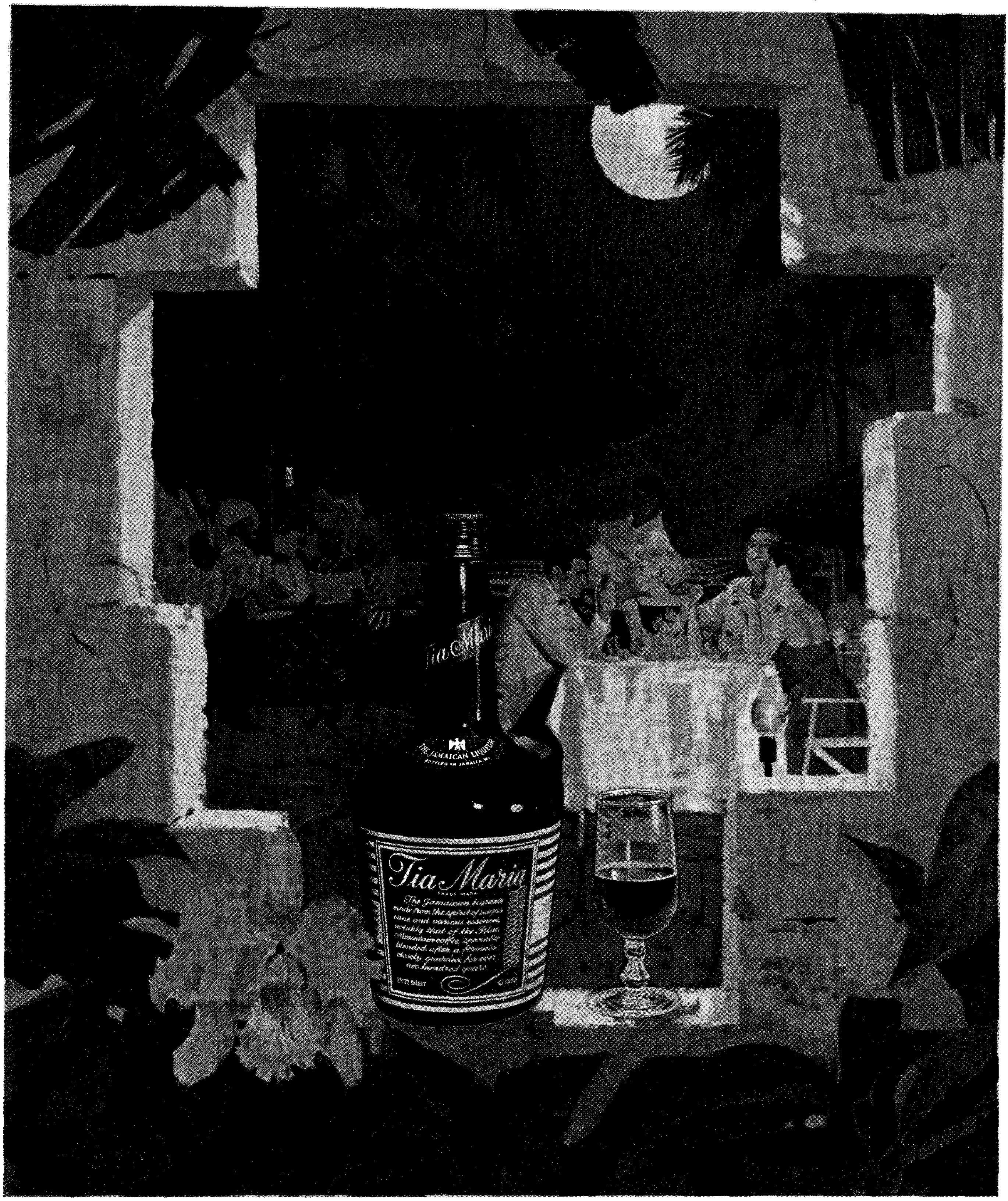
to see: beauty! Jamaica has 4411 splendid square miles of it. Every acre abounds with sights you haven't seen before. Anytime. Anyplace. There's Blue Mountain Peak, all 7402 majestic feet of it. Unexplored lush rain forests. Dunn's River Falls. Waves and waves of exotic flowers.

to do: anything! Play golf on one or all of Jamaica's 8 superbly conditioned courses. Swim. Surf. Sail. Skin dive. Walk the white beaches. All 450 miles of them. That's about 3 acres per person. Or, if you prefer, relax and dream in your own private little cottage shaded by red hibiscus.

to enjoy: life! Jamaica's 5947 miles of paved roads lead to *five* fabulous resort centers nestled around the island. Each different from the other. All different from any you've seen before. Free-port Jamaica is a veritable shopper's paradise of life's good things. And need we say more?

to go: easy! Put yourself on the next jet. Take the family along! Children love Jamaica and Jamaica loves them. Stay in a cozy guesthouse. A fine hotel. Or a fully serviced cottage. 8 international airlines serve Jamaica. Weekly sailings: Grace Line, N.Y.; Eastern Steamship Corp., Miami.

See any travel agent or Jamaica Tourist Board, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York. Also Chicago • Miami • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Seattle • Toronto


Tia Maria
THE JAMAICAN LIQUEUR
Tia Maria

Grand Finale

. . . Tia Maria, Jamaica's celebrated coffee liqueur

You bring it to your lips . . . the fragrance of finest Blue Mountain coffee greets you. You sip . . . and the perfect meal begins its grand finale.

Tia Maria

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A. 63 PROOF

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Elcar, Susan Towers, Debbie Scott, and Philip Visco do him proud, as father and children, respectively. José Quintero is the director. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Red Roses for Me—Sean O'Casey's play. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

Signs Along the Cynic Route—It is the edged wit and originality of Will Holt, as both writer and performer, that set the tone of this deft little revue, but he is also well supported by the two other members of the cast—Dolly Jonah and Robert Barend. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Who'll Save the Plowboy?—A play by Frank D. Gilroy. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Moves on Tuesday, Feb. 6, to the Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St., OR 4-8140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Note—A revue without music, partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting, is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances—Thursday evening, Feb. 1: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 2: "Interplay," "Serenade," "Illuminations," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 3: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 3: "Serenade," "Pas de Dix," "Ebony Concerto," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 4: "Swan Lake," "Donizetti Variations," "Pas de Deux," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 4: "Liebeslieder Walzer," "Agon," and "Valses et Variations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Talley Beatty—With his dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

Dancers of Bali—A company of fifty, with the palace gamelan (native orchestra) from the village of Tabanan. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A form of social security not provided by the government. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra never pause for breath.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A neatly trimmed "Music in the Air," which was Jerome Kern at his most bountiful, happens in the Cotillion Room twice a night Tuesdays through Saturdays, and at dinner on Sundays. Wilbur Evans, Harry Snow, and Marthe Errolle are the mainstays of an all-right cast. In between, Stanley Melba's dance orchestra and Phil Wayne's trio take the usual turns. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet hums dance music at cocktails, dinner, and supper every evening in the Café Pierre, a highly social occasion.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Johnny Desmond, handsome is as handsome does, carefully decants one love lyric after another. He's there at dinner and supper. Betweentimes, the bands of Emil Coleman and Mark Monte roll out an endless carpet of dance tunes. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Kurt Maier, a glissando sort of pianist, takes tea from four to six-thirty in the Palm Court and dinner from seven-thirty to nine-thirty in the Edwardian Room every night but Monday. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, which has dowager dignity but a touch of mischief, too, is where Payson Ré and Nick D'Amico's bands dispense dance music after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Guy Lombardo's vast orchestra is handing out goblets of soothing syrup. Closed Sundays.

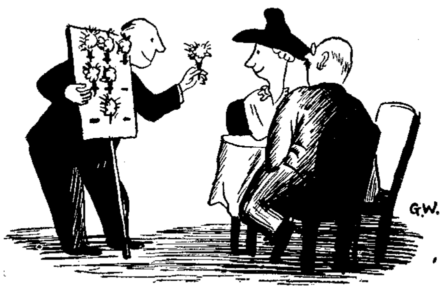
St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—At dinner and supper in the Maisonette, a close approach to a throne room, Charles Trenet spends the dinner and supper hour explaining in mottled English what he's singing about in lucid and clarion French. He knows the answers, too, since the ballads are of his own devising. Chauncey Gray's small orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band burble happily from early evening until curfew. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Seekers of space find enough of it in the middle of the Columns, a placid and moonlit pavilion, for the most expansive dance forms. Gunnar Hansen's little band does knife-and-fork music from seven to eight-thirty, then alternates with the breezy trio of Arturo Arturos in the production of prance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the concise and well-informed piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper. Closed Sundays.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two state occasions operate side by side belowstairs: the suitably widespread Embassy Club (*on y danse* to Lazaro Quintero's orchestra and a trio from eight-thirty until two) and the compact little Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's violin plies its trade at dinner and supper. Both events suspend on Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Pearl Bailey, a complaint department of nearly unparalleled virtuosity, is airing—in the jauntiest of words and music—her dissenting opinions about practically everything. This comes to pass during dinner and supper in the Empire Room. The dance orchestras of Milt Shaw and Emery Deutsch come earlier and stay later. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley now has piano, both single and double, from five to twelve-thirty, by Sam Hamilton and George Cory, who know the score. They're at leisure on Sundays.

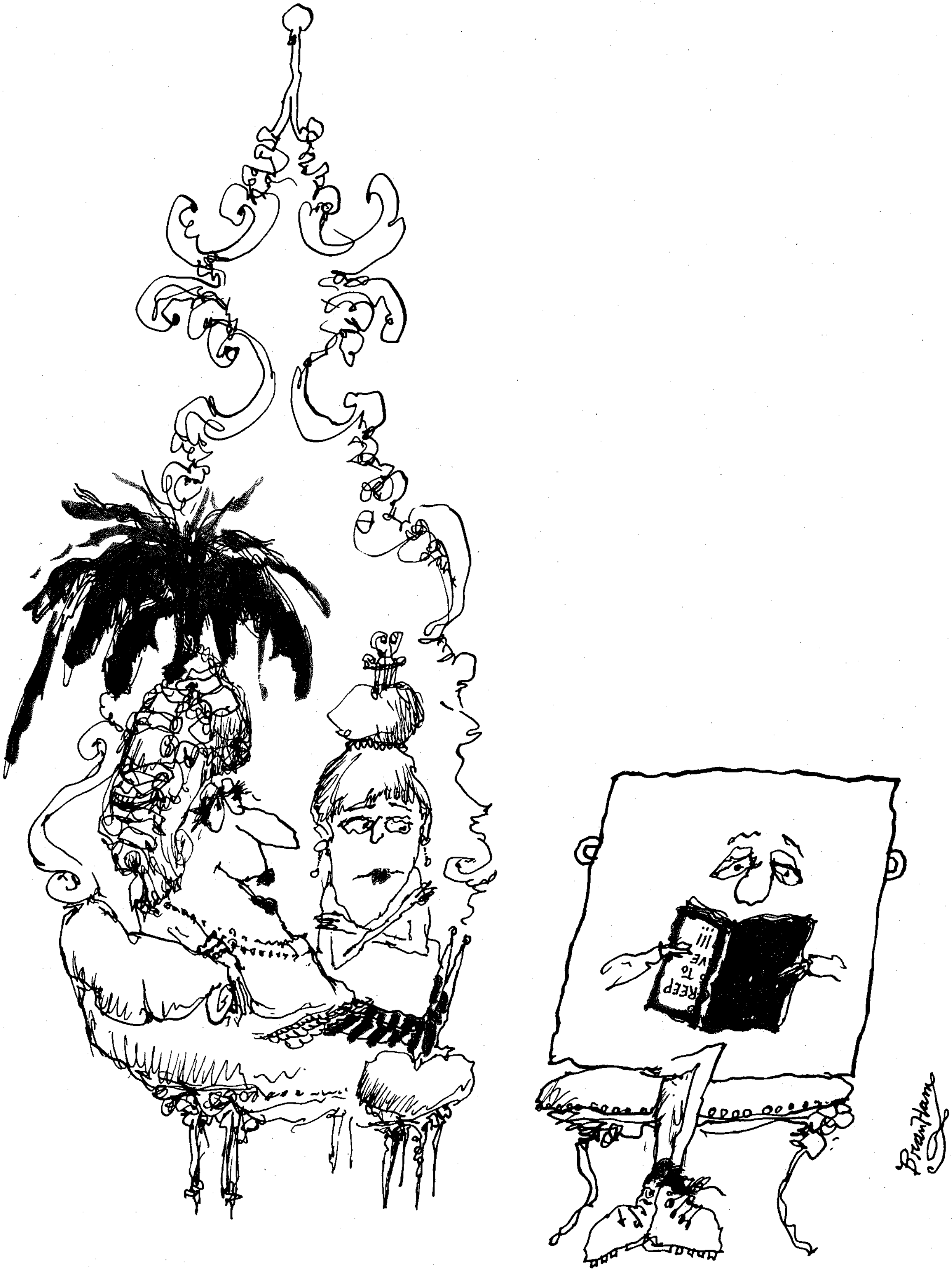
Note—The Twist, a form of physical violence that seizes impartially upon both young and old, has made rapid inroads upon our civilization. The in-patients are being given the best of care in a number of humanitarian institutions, among them the **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310), where the Orchids and Ronny Hawkins' band urge on the madding crowd every night; the **CAMELOT**, 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135), where the Camelots and the Mantarays, two parcels of backwoodsmen, cavort; and the **PEPPERMINT LOUNGE**, 128 W. 45th St. (CI 5-9363), where another pair of bands cleave asunder every night of the week and every Sunday afternoon from two to seven.



SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A New York cityscape made up of people who honestly believe that only one state has yet been admitted to the Union. They are accompanied from dinner until a late bedtime by Paul Sears' piano. Mondays are dedicated, if that is the word, to the Twist. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The old playground at a new address. The concert artists perform as follows: Bob Printz at the piano from five-thirty to eight, Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists on the uprights until suppertime, when they converge as hubble-bubble, roil-and-double pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of practically ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday and Monday driver. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The new Roman Empire is at its zenith in this banquet hall, which is completely encircled by Herman Honigsberg's crew of mobile violinists and a set of outriding accordionists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The consumers' research that goes on here is concerned with Italianate cuisine and Italianate opera. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Every evening, too, Mr. Bruschi is impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Not a castle in Spain, or even in France, but in never-never land. Norbert Faconi, whose faint violin can win many a fair lady, wanders from table to table in a manner that proves him to be a skillful cruise director. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A house of many mansions, each one depicting a stage of the royal moves toward the Saracen foe. Through it all drift a violinist and a tenor, as bewildered as the establishment's decorator. No music Sundays. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A small, comfortable cul-de-sac at the southwest corner of a celebrated hotel. The theme, which is part Vienna and part Tyrol, is carried out to some extent by the chef, the sommelier, and the zither of Hans Durst (which twangs away from six until ten), but it is crystallized by Greta Keller, who—serene, regal, and yet offhand—arrives soon after ten for a few goes at Kurt Weill and other worthy authors of lieder. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A brace of Mexican jumping beans will become entangled, on Saturday, Feb. 3, in the choreography, which is otherwise thumpingly Andalusian. There's plenty of singing, flamenco and otherwise, too. Dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Status quo ante, not penny ante, is the favorite game. George Feyer's piano cruises aimlessly along from eight-thirty until (if necessary) two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): In the town's smallest art gallery, after ten, there is music—now tense, now tender, and always constructive—from a trio ornamented chiefly by Billy Rubenstein's piano. Occasionally Chris Rayburn, a gay little wisp, adds her knowing voice to the harmonics. The rest of the time, Andy Hamon mingles his song with his piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet strolling minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Conrad



"Square? Of course, he's square. But he's buying me tinted stockings for Valentine's Day!"

Yes, I suppose my Hilary is a bit *dèmodè.* Loves to do the Peabody at parties. Or, on occasion, the shag. But all is not lost, Beryl. For Valentine's Day, he's giving me an extensive collection of tinted stockings. A color for every costume and (such astonishing astuteness!) all Du Pont Nylon. Dare I hope that Hilary is hip? I mean, how very cunning of him to understand—**every fashion needs a stocking all its own!**

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Monjoy's tiptoe piano emulates the scrollwork that's the trademark of the Moorish architects who left this restaurant as their monument. He functions from six to midnight during the week and until one on Saturdays. Eddie Lane's trio plays for dancing on Fridays and Saturdays from ten until one. Silence on Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): A captain's-table sort of operation. Victor del Monte's unobtrusive piano discourses from five until one every evening but Sunday. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): To the manner born, and all that. In the bar next to the restaurant, Jules Kuti communes with his piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The tranquil landscape of the Casino-on-the-Park accommodates Steven Weltner's cool, clear, collected piano between cocktails and supper, except on Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): *Kaffeeklatsch* time on the East Side, augmented by musicians who never lay down their weapons and singers who never stop vocalizing. The best of the vocalizing comes from Fernanda Montel, who cottons to *la langue française* and leisure-class ballads. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The cup that cheers, the song that sighs, the violin and the zimbalon that dwell on the good old days in Mitteleuropa. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Spain is passion's plaything—or that's what the resident Spanish guitar, piano, voice, and feet keep trying, with considerable success, to tell us. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): In the plaza of this quiet Central American village, a flamenco sextet suddenly goes up in flames a couple of times every night. In between, piano or guitar rustles in one corner. Tea dancing on Sundays from two to seven. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): A crossroads tavern, set forth with a certain amount of opulence in an alcove of the Hotel Delmonico. Marty Berns' baby grand gives a good account of itself between six and one every night but Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ DE LA PAIX,** 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): This segment of the St. Moritz offers the pulsing tonic devices of the Jimmy Lyons trio from dinner through supper every night but Monday, and from two until eight Sundays as well.

BIG AND BRASSY

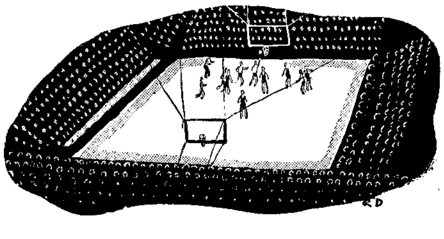
LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The Garden of Eden, and not an apple or a serpent within miles. There are millions of supple young ladies, not to mention Rafael de Cordova's young troupe of perfectly furious flamenco dancers and singers, as well as such honorable turn-of-the-century variety acts as the Arnaut Brothers and the aerial Wallendas. Dave Barry, who talks, is right off the Broadway beat. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Wednesday, Feb. 7, is the last call for Charlie Manna, who likes to give a lot of thought and polish to a joke before he puts it in the display window, and for Della Reese, a handsome girl who's apt to shout the house down when she gets her hands on a microphone. Next evening, Dick Haymes, casual and smooth as silk, starts singing duets with Fran Jeffries, another handsome girl, though a soprano who's not yet through finishing school. Kindergarten is the place the young ballerinas who surround them are playing hooky from. Dancing for the guests, too.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Peter, Paul, and Mary, possibly the funniest and definitely the most picturesque assortment of folk musicians in months, are laughing up their well-tailored sleeves at the things they sing. Nichelle Nichols, a vivid soprano who started for New York in the demised musical "Kicks & Co.," is finally making it on her own. The pianos of Otis Clements and Peter Daniels give the cast a nice cushion to fall back on. . . . ¶ The lounge is the playground for Bobby Short, whose hey-nonny-nonny ditties and night-march piano—available from ten until as late as the law allows—make New York seem once again like a twenty-four-hour town. He skips Saturdays, but does a Sunday matinée, five to eight. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his outfielders. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's winter revue, "Seven Come Eleven," is a peppery biography of New York and the Western world in their dotage. Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson, who can cast an aspersion with fearsome accuracy, lead a set of bright-as-buttons troupers, including Rex Robbins, Steve Roland, William Bogert, and Donna Sanders. William Roy and Carl Norman bring the two-piano orchestra thoroughly to life. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): One more agreeable example of the small revue, also done in the customary wise and witty style of Mr. Monk. The dramatis personae are a lissome girl named Lovelady Powell, a girl firecracker named Freddie Weber, and two boy harum-scarums, Jim Sheridan and Pat Fox. Robert Colston and Robert Milrad play piano all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Restoration comedy (i.e., a full-strength revival of the Victorian music halls of London) is the point of "Time, Gentlemen Please!," whose second edition, now in flower, is to a considerable extent merrier than its predecessor. Fred Stone, Sheila Bernette, and Archie Harradine are the triumphs of a tongue-in-cheek cast from London's Players Theatre. They show up at eight-forty-five and eleven-forty-five on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine the rest of the week; Sundays, they're at leisure. In the bar, Larry Carr plays piano from seven until nine and from ten-thirty until blackout time. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The current innocent and lovely chorus (reputedly Greek, Italian, and Spanish but in fact from Amazonia) decamps on Tuesday, Feb. 6, and so does the minute and magnificent Mexican Puck known as Tun Tun. A night later, the young Spanish ballet of Roberto Iglesias, *premier danseur*, takes over. Pupi Campo's dance band gets every ounce of energy out of the customers. And in the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the flamenco voice of Domingo Alvarado describe in fervid detail the by-love-obsessed night life of Spain. The tea dancing on Sunday afternoons is by fury possessed. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St. (AL 4-0480): The "Second City" troupe (such welcome Chicagoans as Severn Darden, Barbara Harris, Alan Arkin, Eugene Troobnick, Lynda Segal, Andrew Duncan, and Howard Alk) are simultaneously doing a jolly revue and thumbing their smart little noses at a long list of irks. Guests should be at table during the week by eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; by seven, nine-thirty, and midnight on Saturdays; and by seven and nine-thirty on Sundays. Recess on Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Betty Kean, tomgirl though she loves to be, is nevertheless pretty funny when she's driving Lew Parker, her husband onstage and off, into overt despair. Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames unload quantities of completely improbable jazz, and Burke McHugh is master of what ceremonies there are in this rough-and-ready evening. Closed Mondays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Max Kaminsky, like any other proper Bostonian, is steeped in tradition, and so is his band, in which Bob Wilber takes part. Mr. Condon sits in when the spirit moves. Sundays, sad to say, are for Twisters. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, a pair of cool heads and cool voices (hers has the flowered essence of a French horn), do some commendable acrobatics with the tunes they sing; the four Montgomery Brothers do music that is never a waste of time. Afternoon sessions every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): One of the two plantations left on a once flourishing thoroughfare. An old Southern cottage industry, sometimes a trifle too artful-and-crafty, is still being carried on here by Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk, to say nothing of Don Frye, the intermission pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye in giving the varsity some competition. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, who can drive all night without a falter, is conducting his trio, musicians of tomorrow, at a very steady pace when he's not adventuring in soliloquies and tone poems. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The irresistible force of Wild Bill Davison's trumpet is sufficient unto the night even without its supporting cast of traditionalists. There is dancing for the customers again. Mondays are holidays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): One crash landing after another is executed by Gene Krupa's quintet and Charlie Shaver's quartet. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the hall. . . . ¶ Fridays and Saturdays, the Twist burns unchecked in the second-floor attic. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Clark Terry and Bob Brookmeyer, along with three cronies, are playing music the way they like it, and it comes out fine. On Tuesday, Feb. 6, they'll give way to Sonny Stitt's foursome. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Joe Williams, who raises his giant voice more in sorrow, has Harry Edison's band at his heels; the quintet of Johnny Griffin and Eddie Davis is the rest of the cast. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones' horn, which can attain a blast-furnace hue, is the main event of his quartet, which will be retiring on Saturday, Feb. 3. On Monday, Feb. 5, Red Allen's foursome will be taking up the cudgels—instruments that are necessary for anyone who wants to make himself heard in this room. Sundays are assigned to irregular troops; that is, just about anyone with a union card. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Many of the words spoken in jest by Dizzy Gillespie have their foundations in truth, and many a jest issues from his homemade horn. His quintet is flanked by Oscar Brown, Jr., poet, philosopher, humorist, singer (he does well on this four-way split), and the energetic threesome of Mal Waldron. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): An ancestral hall for ancestral music. Among the exhibits on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 2-3, should be Tyree Glenn, Buster Bailey, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Henry Goodwin, Johnny Letman, and Panama Francis. Dancing. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): Art Farmer and Benny Golson are doing their commendable best to keep their Jazztet in high gear; Herbie Mann is making a career out of his West Indian squadron of drummers. Visiting musicians show up on Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The prominent figure of this early Villagescape is Donald Byrd, whose horn

. . . croaked the frog prince to the enchanted princess. And so they were married and lived happily ever after on a 14 karat gold lily pad. Here they are to enchant your own special Valentine.

Enchanted Princess pin—14 k gold with ruby eyes $23.

Also as a charm $23.

Enchanted Prince tie tack—14 k gold with ruby eyes $16.

Federal tax included
Jean Tree, PL 7-8100

BLACK STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.
MANHASSET MILLBURN WHITE PLAINS

rules a quintet. The Byrds nest elsewhere on Tuesdays; the local trio stays home Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Sid Abrams—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes; through Tuesday, Feb. 6. (Sherman, 306 E. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Alexander Archipenko—Bronzes, including some early examples never exhibited before; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Will Barnet—Figurative and abstract oils; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Louis Bouché—Landscapes mostly, a number of them done during a stay in Italy a year ago; through Feb. 17. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Byron Browne Memorials—A retrospective of paintings (and a few sculptures) covering thirty-one years; through Feb. 16. (Art Students League, 215 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 4.) . . . ¶ His latest portraits; through Feb. 15. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Edward Burne-Jones—Drawings by the nineteenth-century English painter; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Minna Citron—Abstract collages and graphics; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

Lindsey Decker—Abstract metal sculptures; through Feb. 24. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

Jim Dine—Abstract Expressionist works on canvas; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Raoul Dufy—A large survey of his oils, water colors, and drawings, dating from 1900 almost to his death, in 1953; through Feb. 17. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Robert Gwathmey—Gaunt, effective studies of Southern sharecroppers; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Stanley William Hayter and Atelier 17—Graphics made in Hayter's studios, here and in Paris, by Hayter himself, Giacometti, Tanguy, Seong Moy, and others; through Feb. 17. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

Henry Koerner—Paintings and drawings, most of them centering on the main exhibit—a large, symbolic, many-panelled composition on the aspects of man; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Peter Lanyon—Abstractions by the British painter; through Feb. 17. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leonid—Paintings of Ireland and other European and Far Eastern countries; through Feb. 24. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Arthur Lieneck—Drawings and encaustic paintings; through Feb. 15. (James, 70 E. 12th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Eugene Ludins—Impressionistic landscapes, seascapes, and figurative oils, and a selection of drawings; through Feb. 17. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Piet Mondrian—Early and late works and works in progress at the time of his death, in 1944; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Kyle Morris—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Moses—Assemblages, paintings, collages, and drawings by a California artist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Ernst Wilhelm Nay—Paintings, Abstract Expressionist in manner, by a contemporary German artist rather new to this country; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Louise Nevelson—Terra-cotta figure and animal sculptures; through Feb. 17. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edouard Pignon—Semi-abstract paintings by a top-ranking School of Paris artist; through Feb. 17. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings, 8 to 10.)

G. R. Santosh—Paintings by one of the leading young Indian abstractionists. First one-man show in New York; through Tuesday, Feb. 6. (Mayer, 61 E. 82nd St.)

Syd Solomon—Large, lusciously colorful Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joaquín Torres-García—Stylized abstract paintings, gouaches, and drawings (1928-45), by the late Uruguayan artist; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Marks, 50 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Weber—A memorial exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and woodcuts; through Feb. 18. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Elbert Weinberg—Bronze figure sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Neil Welliver—Paintings on Biblical and mythical themes; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Wols—Non-objective aquarelles by this German painter, who died in 1951; through Feb. 17. (Cordier & Warren, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

George E. Woodman—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Chase, 31 E. 64th St.)

Audubon Artists—Their twentieth annual, containing works in various mediums by both members and non-members from all over the United States; through Sunday, Feb. 4. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Drawings—Gustav Klimt, Elie Nadelman, and Yves Tanguy are three of the artists represented in a showing of American and European works; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Amel, 63 E. 57th St.)

Sculptures—Pieces dating from 1880 to 1961 by Rodin, Gauguin, Lipchitz, and others; through Feb. 17. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chinese Art—Paintings by masters of the Ming (1368-1644) and Ch'ing (1644-1912) dynasties; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Americans; Group Show—Drawings and water colors by George Bellows, Edward Hopper, Ben Shahn, and others; through Friday, Feb. 9. (Valente, 119 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **contemporaries**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Works on paper by such artists as Paul Delvaux, Marino Marini, and Henry Regis; through Saturday, Feb. 3. . . . **st. etienne**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Expressionists—Lovis Corinth, Egon Schiele, and Marvin Meisels, to mention a few; through Feb. 21. . . . **thibaut**, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Jean Fautrier, Antonio Music, Paul Jenkins, and Stuart Devlin are among the participants in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Saturday, Feb. 3. . . . **willard**, 23 W. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures by artists introduced at the gallery between 1936 and 1948, including Lyonel Feininger, Vieira da Silva, and David Smith; through Saturday, Feb. 3.

French; Group Show—Drawings, water colors, and lithos from Delacroix to Renoir to Picasso; through Feb. 17. (Bayer, 51 E. 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

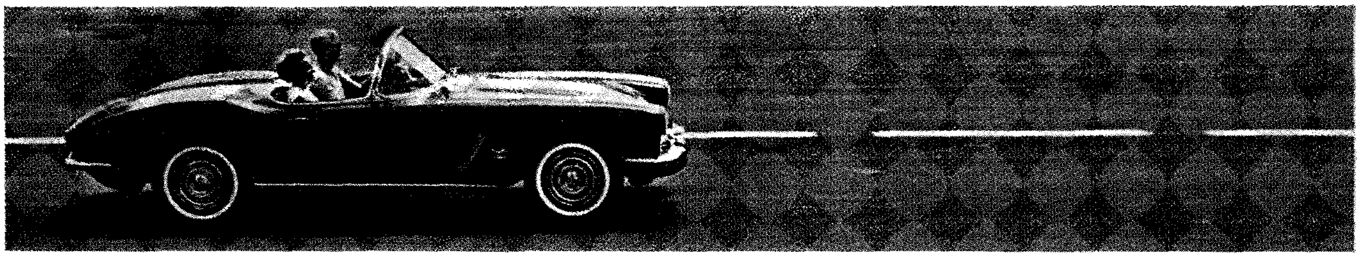
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Approximately sixty recent additions to the collection of European drawings, including examples by Boucher, Rubens, and Veronese; through March 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Recent acquisitions of paintings and sculptures from twenty-three countries. Among the artists are Jean Dubuffet, Raphael Soyer, and John Chamberlain. Through Feb.

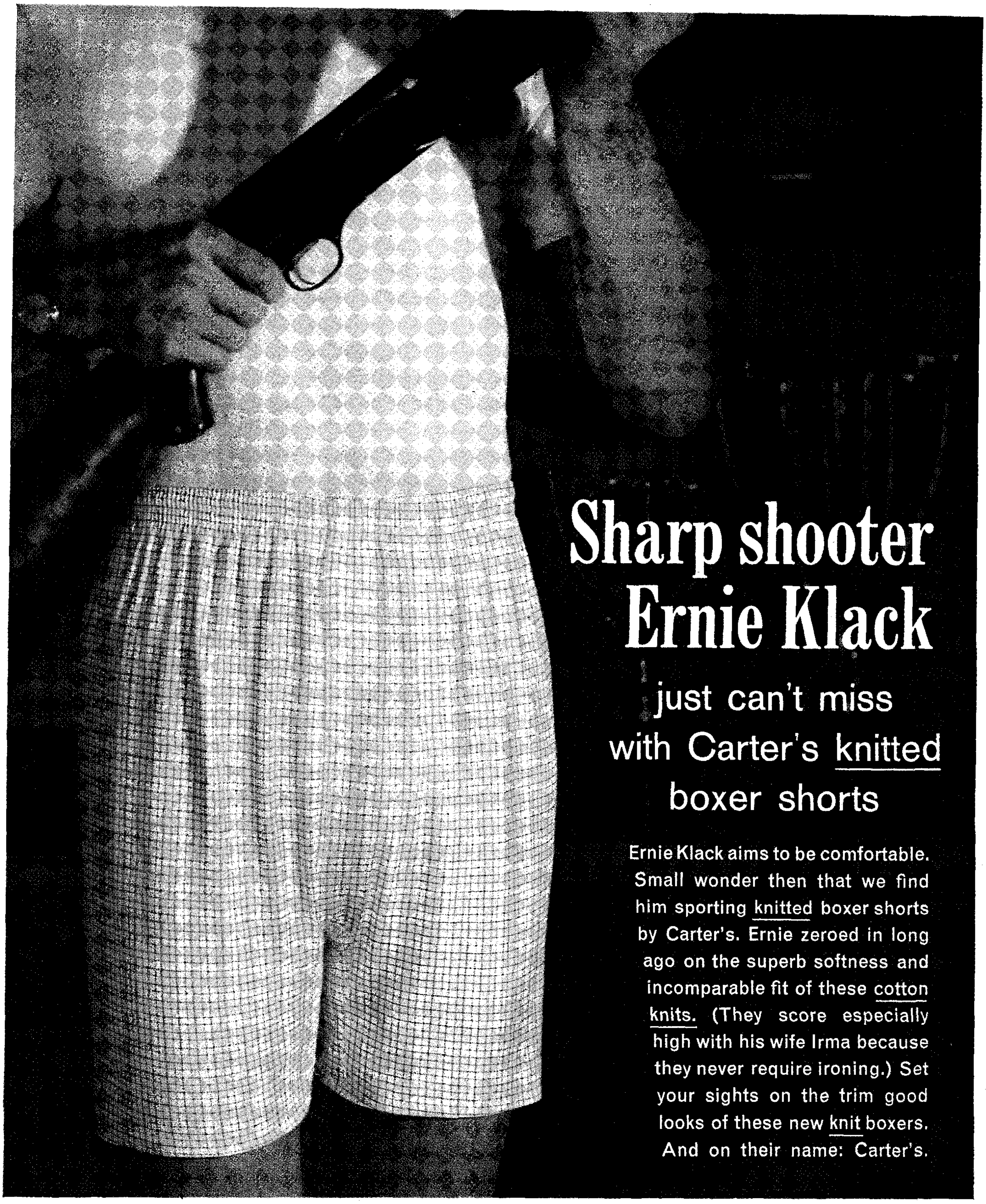
'62 CORVAIR MONZA

GOES AROUND PRETENDING IT HAS POWER STEERING. We'd like to see the look of pleased surprise on your face the first time you park a '62 Corvair. It's hard to pinpoint the reason, but there's a feeling of fun connected with the simple act of steering a Corvair. Who'd guess that you could get this effortless ease without power steering? You also get the crisp control and superb response of a *real* road car, due to all the sports car ideas that went into the Corvair. Four-wheel independent suspension and the air-cooled rear engine make this one of the nicest cars anybody ever transported a family in. And, what's more, you get all this pleasure and practicality at a remarkably low price. It's a real sugar-coated way to save money without giving up even a nickel's worth of luxury.

A New World of Worth
Chevrolet • Chevy II • Corvair • Corvette
CHEVROLET



'62 CORVETTE . . . MAKES GOING BETTER THAN GETTING THERE. The Corvette has proved that you can have a full measure of sports car driving pleasure without the slightest discomfort or inconvenience. 1962 should be your year to try this approach to fun; get your dealer to give you a test drive in one. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



Sharp shooter Ernie Klack

just can't miss with Carter's knitted boxer shorts

Ernie Klack aims to be comfortable. Small wonder then that we find him sporting knitted boxer shorts by Carter's. Ernie zeroed in long ago on the superb softness and incomparable fit of these cotton knits. (They score especially high with his wife Irma because they never require ironing.) Set your sights on the trim good looks of these new knit boxers. And on their name: Carter's.

Ernie Klack is any guy who wears Carter's knitted boxer shorts and considers it uncivilized (and uncomfortable) to wear any other kind.

Carter's

THE WILLIAM CARTER CO., NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.

KNITS *EVERY* UNDERWEAR STYLE —
BRIEFS . . . T-SHIRTS . . . ATHLETIC SHIRTS

TATTERSALL PRINT Knit Boxers, $1.75 . . . at these and other fine stores: ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, Hess Bros. • BALTIMORE, Hutzlers • BOSTON, Kennedy's — all stores, R. H. Stearns Co., Jordan Marsh Co. — all stores • CHICAGO, Baskin — all stores • CLEVELAND, The Halle Bros. Co. Downtown & branches • GRAND RAPIDS, Paul Steketee & Sons • MINNEAPOLIS, Dayton's • NEWARK, Hahne & Co. NEW YORK, B. Altman & Co., Wallachs — 14 stores, Franklin Simon • PHOENIX, Diamond's • PITTSBURGH, Kaufmann's • RICHMOND, Miller & Rhoads • ROCHESTER, Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co. • ST. LOUIS, Boyd's — all stores • WASHINGTON, D. C., Raleigh Haberdashers • WILMINGTON, Kennard's

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Creative work by children of the Soviet Union—sculptures, paintings, drawings, and about a hundred working models of machines; through Feb. 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Three exhibitions: Mystical Expressionist paintings by the late Jan Müller, sculptures from the Museum's collection, and 1961 acquisitions; through Feb. 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Artists and Autographs," an exhibition of drawings by Michelangelo, Rubens, Fragonard, and others, along with a selection of their letters; through Feb. 24. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Designs, photographs, and stage or architectural models for eight proposed theatres created by eight designer-architect teams, including Ralph Alswang and Paul Rudolph, Eldon Elder and Edward D. Stone, and Ben Schlanger and Donald Oenslager; through March 4. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1961 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, consisting of one work apiece by a hundred and thirty-six artists, including Elaine de Kooning, Conrad Marca-Relli, and Reuben Tam; through Sunday, Feb. 4. . . . ¶ Retrospectives of paintings by Paul Burlin and Karl Zerbe; starting Wednesday, Feb. 7. (Daily, except Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 5-6, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Feb. 1, at 7: "Götterdämmerung," with Margaret Harshaw, Gladys Kuchta, Jean Madeira, Karl Liebl, Norman Mittelmann, and Gottlob Frick. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Salome," with Jane Rhodes, Blanche Thebom, Ramon Vinay, Walter Cassel, and William Olvis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 3, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Gabriella Tucci, Helen Vanni, Sandor Konya, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Laurel Hurley, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 5, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, Mildred Miller, Giorgio Tozzi, and Kim Borg. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 8: "Tosca," with Zinka Milanov, Franco Corelli, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Salome," with Jane Rhodes, Blanche Thebom, Ramon Vinay, Walter Cassel, and William Olvis. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Leonie Rysanek, Jean Madeira, Anneliese Rothenberger, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 9, at 8: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Brenda Lewis, Ferruccio Tagliavini, Lorenzo Testi, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 10, at 2: "La Périchole" (in English), with Laurel Hurley, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, and Alessio De Paolis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8: "La Traviata," with Gabriella Tucci, Dino Formichini, and Frank Guarrera.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Thomas Schippers directing on Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 2, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 4, at 3 (all with a chorus; Judith Raskin, soprano; Shirley Verrett-Carter and Helen Vanni, mezzo-sopranos; and others). Mr. Schippers will also conduct on Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 9, at 2:15; and Sunday, Feb. 11, at 3 (all with Abbey Simon, piano). . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting a program of Viennese music on Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8:30 (with Phyllis Curtin, soprano).

Cleveland Orchestra—George Szell conducting, with Clifford Curzon, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Symphony of the Air—Alfred Wallenstein conducting the third in a series of seven concerts presenting a Beethoven cycle of orchestral works, this one with Igor Oistrakh, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Nicola Rescigno directing a performance of Handel's "Samson" in concert form, with Judith Raskin, soprano; Jon Vickers, tenor; Russell Oberlin, countertenor; and Chester Watson and Norman Treigle, bass-baritones. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 8.) . . . ¶ The Society will hold a preview of "Samson" at the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (TR 9-5512), on Sunday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.

Augustana College Choir—Arnold Running directing. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple directing a program of the sacred and secular music of Josquin des Prés, with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Blake Stern, tenor; and instrumentalists. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Feb. 9, at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 7-9025.)

Concordia Choir—Paul J. Christiansen directing. A benefit for Camp Sharparoon of the New York City Mission Society. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Miriam Burton—Soprano. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 2, at 5:30.)

Artur Balsam and Joseph Fuchs—In a program of sonatas for piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

Quartetto di Roma—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Christian Ferras—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

Four Seasons Consort—Helen Boatwright, soprano; Eric Leber, recorders; Patricia Livingston, harpsichord; Barbara Mueser, viola da gamba; and Lois Wann, oboe. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:40.)

Nicanor Zabaleta—Harp. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

Mischa Elman—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

Joseph Victor Laderoute—Tenor. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

David Montagu and Mitchell Andrews—In a program of sonatas for violin and piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-62—The second in a series of seven concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Max Pollikoff, violin; Harold Morris, guitar; and composers Edward Boagni and Morton Feldman. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

Leslie Parnas—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

David Abel—Violin. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

Artists' Choice Concert—The New York Woodwind Quintet. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

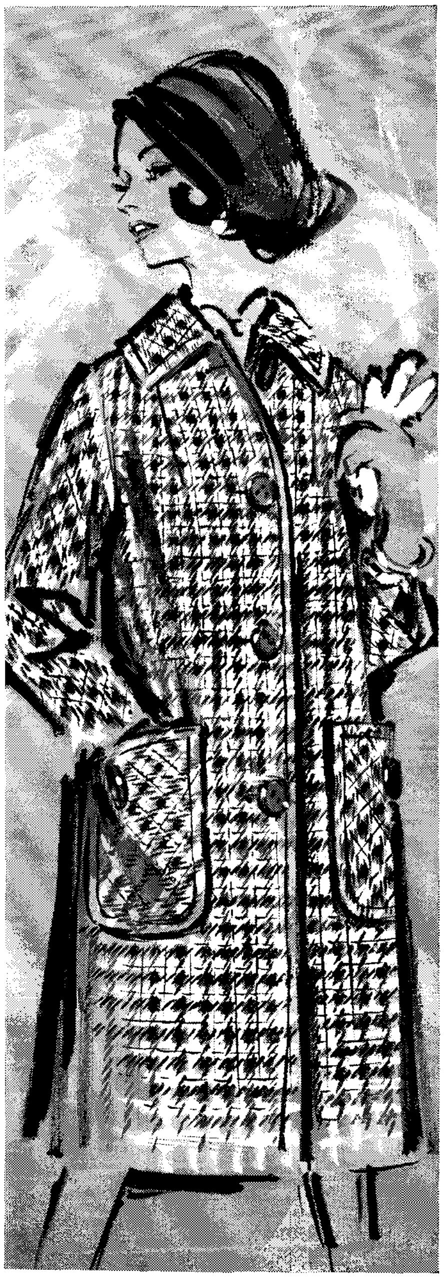
Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Rita Streich—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

New York Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Jud-

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.



Weather wiles

pose no problem to this Young Cosmopolitan® ready for anything in Sherbrooke's dashing rain-or-shine coat . . . a brightly styled wool and Orlon acrylic check with convertible collar and patch pockets . . . completely water-repellent. Black or red with white. Sizes 5 to 15. (*N-16*) **35.00**

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000
Also at our 17 convenient Branches

New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Detroit
Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis • Atlanta • St. Paul
Minneapolis • Indianapolis • Buffalo • Kansas City
Cincinnati • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

Swing to the beach ensemble

From our Moana Collection, made in Hawaii exclusively for Peck and Peck. Blue or green print swimsuit and sarong skirt in Dacron® polyester. 10 to 18. Ensemble, 29.95

son Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Leon Bibb—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8:40.)

Note—The Quartetto di Roma will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 11, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 5, in the order written applications are received on that day (*not before*). *Two separate requests may be* sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

WNYC American Music Festival—Among the events of interest will be a concert by the National Association for American Composers and Conductors Festival Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Herman Neuman and Vincent La Selva. Also, Walter Piston will conduct his "Concertino for Piano and Orchestra," with Jesús-Maria Sanromá. (Town Hall. Monday, Feb. 12, at 2:30. Free tickets can be had by writing WNYC, New York 7, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 3, at 2:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 7: Syracuse vs. Chicago and Knicks vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 9, at 9: Knicks vs. Syracuse.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 3: Charley Scott vs. Ralph Dupas, welterweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 10: Eddie Machen vs. Cleveland Williams, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Dartmouth Winter Carnival—The annual four-event ski meet. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 9-10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 4, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 10, at 2: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, Feb. 9, through Tuesday, March 27.

Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Men's Indoor Championships, singles and doubles—Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 7-9, at 6; Saturday, Feb. 10 (semifinals), at 1; and Sunday, Feb. 11 (finals), at 1. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. BU 8-0200.)

Track Meet—Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 2, at 7:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Mozart program, with soloists. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.) . . . **NEW YORK CHAMBER SOLOISTS:** A program of chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 3. Children under eight not admitted; adults admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Ballet—The Brooklyn Ballet Company presenting "The Seasons," "Mother Goose Suite," and "Hag Habikurim." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **AMERICAN THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Inside Out Adventure." (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **CAVKAP PRODUCTIONS:** "The Adventures of Highjump." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD:** "Beauty and the Beast." (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) . . . **MERRIMIMES:** "The Firebird." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Tom Sawyer." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:15 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "The Sleeping Beauty." (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . ¶ "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Rip van Winkle." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 2:30.) . . . **VERA-DEE PRODUCTIONS:** "Petey and the Pogo Stick." (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.) . . . **GIA WALLACE PUPPET THEATRE:** "Candy Princess" and "Circus Revue." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets, call WA 9-0485.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," *an exhibit of more than a hundred* works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and paper mosaics by children of Jordan; through *Feb. 18. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 5.)*

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Design of the Universe," explores the structure of the world and how it came into being. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour *conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at* 8.

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 3-4, from 10 to 10.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 2-3, at 1:45: English and French furniture, Oriental Lowestoft porcelain, Georgian and other silver, table porcelains, gold snuff boxes, paintings and drawings, Audubon bird prints, Dorothy Doughty bird statuettes, and Oriental rugs; the property of Patrick A. Valentine and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 1:45: Lincolniana and other American Presidential autographs and manuscripts, John Brown documents, and a Volk bust of Lincoln; from the collection of Dr. Charles Wesley Olsen and from an anonymous source.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Feb. 11, 14, 17, 20, 23, and 27, and March 4, 6, and 9.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Feb. 17: Sugar Ray Robinson vs. Denny Moyer, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Feb. 19: Golden Gloves Tournament: New York City Finals.

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Feb. 12-13.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 18, 21, 25, and 28, and March 4, 11, and 14.

Skating—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships. (Iceland Rink. March 2-4.)

Track Meets—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** New York Athletic Club, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ National A.A.U. Indoor Championships, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Knights of Columbus, March 2. . . . ¶ I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships, March 10. . . . **102ND ENGINEERS ARMORY:** Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events, Feb. 21.

Trapshooting—New York Athletic Club shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Feb. 24-25.)

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 21. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7460): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 20. . . . ¶ Emil Gilels, piano, Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 12 and 19. . . . ¶ Vronsky and Babin, pianos, Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Orchestra of America, Feb. 14 and March 14. . . . ¶ Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Symphony of the Air, Feb. 20 and March 12. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Feb. 21 and 24. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Robert Shaw Chorale, March 7. . . . ¶ Cantata Singers, March 9. . . . ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, March 11. . . . ¶ American Opera Society, March 13. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Laszlo Varga, cello, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Chieko Hara de Cassadó, piano, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Town Hall Festival of Music concerts, Feb. 15 and March 8. . . . ¶ Hanna Ahroni, Israeli singer, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Olga Coelho, soprano-guitarist, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Dave Brubeck's Quartet, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Jean Casadesus, piano, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Carlos Montoya, flamenco guitarist, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Esterhazy Orchestra, March 1. . . . ¶ Fordham University Glee Club, March 2. . . . ¶ Odetta, folk singer, March 3. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, March 7. . . . ¶ Augustana Choir, March 11. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Arnold Steinhardt, violin, Feb 23. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna, March 3 and 10. . . . ¶ Erica Morini, violin, March 9. . . . ¶ American Opera Society Preview, March 11. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL** (RE 7-8490): John Corigliano, violin, and Heida Hermanns, piano, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Emil Gilels, piano, March 10.

Dance Programs—Martha Graham and her dance company, at the 54th Street Theatre, March 4-18.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "A Gift of Time," Garson Kanin's dramatization of the Lael Tucker Wertenbaker book, "Death of a Man," with Henry Fonda and Olivia de Havilland. . . . ¶ William Bendix and Ann Harding in a play by Ira Levin called "General Seeger." . . ¶ The new Richard Rodgers musical, "No Strings," with a book by Samuel Taylor and starring Richard Kiley and Diahann Carroll. . . . ¶ "I Can Get It for You Wholesale," a musical adapted by Jerome Weidman from his own novel. The music and lyrics are by Harold Rome and the cast includes Elliott Gould and Marilyn Cooper. . . . ¶ Patty Duke and Noel Willman in "Isle of Children," a play by Robert L. Joseph.

Poetry Readings—At the Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A. (AT 9-2400): E. E. Cummings, Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Richard Wilbur, Feb. 25.

Other Dates—Lincoln's Birthday is Monday, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Winter Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Washington's Birthday is Thursday, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 28-March 8. . . . ¶ Ash Wednesday falls on March 7. . . . ¶ Coliseum Antiques Fair, at the Coliseum, March 10-18. . . . ¶ International Flower Show, at the Coliseum, March 10-18.

Tiffany diamonds
have set America's standard of quality
for over one hundred years

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK

Rings shown: 75. to 114,400.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

L'Avventura—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. Their search is unsuccessful, and so is the movie. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Feb. 6, tentative.)

La Belle Américaine—All heaven breaks loose when a poor young couple in Paris contrive to purchase an enormous American automobile. Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and innumerable colleagues, human and canine, keep this comedy rolling at ninety miles an hour for a hundred minutes. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's—A rich, richly colored, hollow, and occasionally very funny picture, derived from, but not in the least resembling, the famous Capote *novella*. Audrey Hepburn is beautiful, and George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Buddy Ebsen, and Martin Balsam are some of the people she quaintly flutters among. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Feb. 6.)

A Cold Wind in August—A somewhat faded stripper of twenty-eight and an immaculate Italian boy of seventeen fall in love. If their affair ends as badly as you might expect and offers few surprises along the way, the vigor of the writing and camerawork and the acting make this a film worth seeing. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Feb. 7, tentative.)

La Dolce Vita—The pleasures and vices of Roman society, as herein revealed, haven't changed much since the days of the Twelve Caesars. The movie also reveals a number of other things, among them that Federico Fellini is a script-writer and director of dazzling imagination, and that Marcello Mastroianni, who plays the leading role, is the brightest star to appear here in quite some time. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

From a Roman Balcony—Testimony to how dark life can be in sunny Italy. Jean Sorel is the handsome young man who goes crooked in order to go straight. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Feb. 6, tentative. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Feb. 7, tentative.)

The Joker—In as funny a movie as you could hope to see, Jean-Pierre Cassel plays a young man about Paris determined to conquer every woman he encounters and consoled between conquests by a happy lunatic family in a lunatic house. The director, Philippe de Broca, is plainly a very great man. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Feb. 7, tentative.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—A powerful debate on the unmentioned topic "Resolved, that I am my brother's keeper." Four Nazi judges are made to face their infamy and a punishment that will not last in a series of wounding confrontations that feature, among others, Spencer Tracy, Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, Montgomery Clift, and Marlene Dietrich. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

The Mark—A harsh, highly effective study of a sexually disturbed man who fights his way up from sickness and despair to something like health, something like hope. Wonderfully acted by Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Murder She Said—Margaret Rutherford, who is as roly-poly as West Sussex and twice as funny, stars in a high-spirited version of an Agatha Christie mystery. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

No Love for Johnnie—Peter Finch is a middle-aged politician on the make in this English import, which gives glimpses of Parliamentary hanky-panky that one hopes is wholly fictional. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

One, Two, Three—James Cagney plays the manager of a Coca-Cola bottling plant in West Berlin, and by the time the director, Billy Wilder, gets through inventing preposterous situations for him to blow his stack in, West Berlin seems every bit as suitable a subject for ridicule as Atlanta, Georgia. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Paris Blues—Paul Newman and Sidney Poitier are members of a jazz combo playing in a Paris *cave*. A couple of American tourists (Joanne Woodward and Diahann Carroll) fall in love with them, and many romantic and some sad things ensue. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Feb. 7.)

Secrets of Women—An early Ingmar Bergman, well worth resurrecting. Three sisters-in-law start spilling the beans about their love lives, and, thanks to Mr. Bergman's wit and tact, the revelations are, by turns, harsh, touching, and funny. The cast includes Anita Björk, Eva Dahlbeck, and Gunnar Björnstrand. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Feb. 7.)

A Summer to Remember—Life through the eyes of a five-year-old. A Russian picture, humorous and occasionally sentimental, with a stunning performance by Master Borya Barkhatov, who looks like Carl Sandburg, only more serious. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Feb. 5, tentative.)

Tomorrow Is My Turn—A French picture about the Second World War, starring Charles Aznavour and Georges Rivière. Remarkable for acting, direction, and photography, and containing, of all things, an urgent plea for international fraternity. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

A View from the Bridge—An Italian dockworker in Brooklyn is unwittingly in love with his wife's niece, who is wittingly in love with someone else. Arthur Miller made a strong play of this sorry situation, and the movie is even better, owing to brilliant direction by Sidney Lumet and fine acting by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, and Carol Lawrence. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

West Side Story—Bigger but not better than the Broadway original, this gaudy study of J.D.s in torment is marvellously danced and photographed, but for anyone over twenty it is apt to prove more wearying than exciting. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Feb. 3.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 1.)

Carmen Jones (1954)—Oscar Hammerstein's way-down-South version of the Bizet opera. Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte play the lovers. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Feb. 4-6.)

Compulsion (1959)—Dean Stockwell, Bradford Dillman, and Orson Welles have joined forces in representing, respectively, a pair of killers and a defense attorney in this re-enactment of the Loeb-Leopold case. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Feb. 4-6.)

Go West (1941)—Life on the wild plains interpreted by the Marx Brothers. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

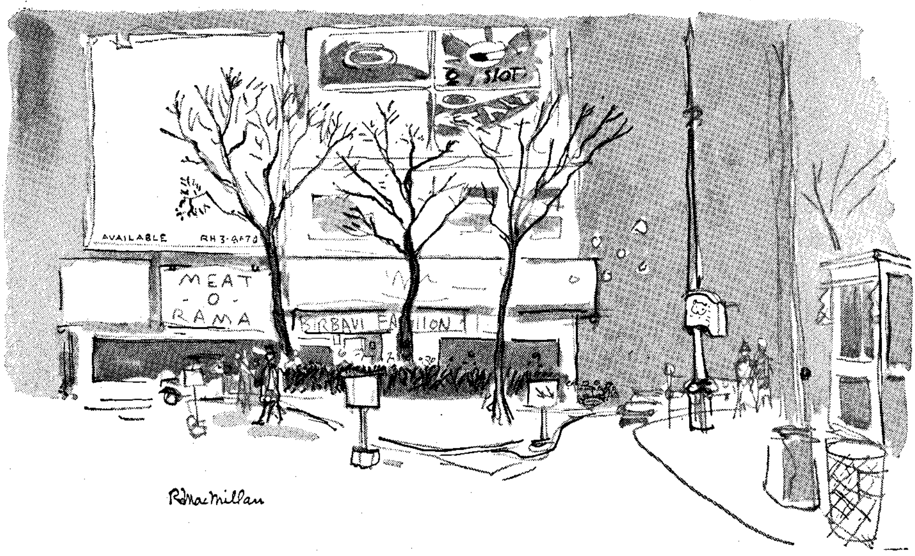
Pinocchio (1940)—A full-length Disney cartoon, with Figaro the Cat and Cleo the Goldfish, among others. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting Feb. 7.)

Rouge et Noir (1958)—The Stendhal novel, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi. A French film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Feb. 1.)

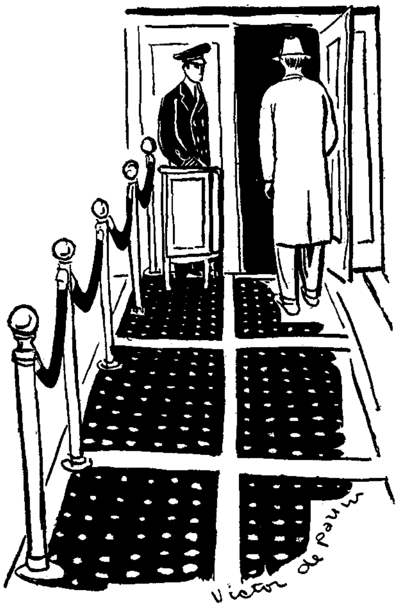
The Seventh Seal (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Feb. 2-5.)

We Are All Murderers (1957)—Raymond Pellegrin and Marcel Mouloudji in a French film that inveighs against capital punishment. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 6.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Feb. 3: "Pull My Daisy" (1959) and "The Sin of Jesus" (1961)—both photographed by Robert Frank. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 4: The first in a series of films directed by Roberto Rossellini—"Open City" (1945), with Anna Magnani. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)



THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ONE, TWO, THREE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Feb. 1: "The Innocents," Deborah Kerr, Michael Redgrave.
From Feb. 2: "Sail a Crooked Ship," Robert Wagner, Dolores Hart.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Feb. 4: "Bachelor Flat," Terry-Thomas, Tuesday Weld.
From Feb. 5: "Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"A Majority of One," Rosalind Russell, Alec Guinness.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Tender Is the Night," Jennifer Jones, Jason Robards, Jr.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:15, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Feb. 6: "Pocketful of Miracles," Glenn Ford, Bette Davis.
From Feb. 7: "Light in the Piazza," Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 4 (tentative): "Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.
From Feb. 5 (tentative): **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Feb. 6: "The Second Time Around," Debbie Reynolds, Steve Forrest; and "Seven Women from Hell," Patricia Owens, Denise Darcel.
From Feb. 7: **PINOCCHIO,** revival; and "Pirates of Tortuga," Ken Scott.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 6 (tentative): "Flower Drum Song," Nancy Kwan, James Shigeta.
From Feb. 7 (tentative): **THE JOKER** (in French); and **A COLD WIND IN AUGUST.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Feb. 4: **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian).
From Feb. 5: "Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Feb. 6: "Pocketful of Miracles," Glenn Ford, Bette Davis.
From Feb. 7: "The Outsider," Tony Curtis.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Feb. 3: "The Second Time Around," Debbie Reynolds, Steve Forrest; and "Seven Women from Hell," Patricia Owens, Denise Darcel.
Feb. 4-6: "The Happy Thieves," Rex Harrison, Rita Hayworth; and "Season of Passion," Ernest Borgnine, John Mills.
From Feb. 7: "The Errand Boy," Jerry Lewis, Brian Donlevy; and "Hey, Let's Twist," Joey Dee, the Starliters.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th St. (PL 5-6030)
ONE, TWO, THREE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Tender Is the Night," Jennifer Jones, Jason Robards, Jr.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
MURDER SHE SAID.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Loss of Innocence," Kenneth More, Danielle Darrieux.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Feb. 1: "The Innocents," Deborah Kerr, Michael Redgrave.
From Feb. 2: "Sail a Crooked Ship," Robert Wagner, Dolores Hart.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Feb. 6: "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty.
From Feb. 7: "Light in the Piazza," Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Feb. 6: "The Second Time Around," Debbie Reynolds, Steve Forrest; and "Seven Women from Hell," Patricia Owens, Denise Darcel.
From Feb. 7: **PINOCCHIO,** revival; and "Pirates of Tortuga," Ken Scott.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Feb. 2: "Bachelor in Paradise," Bob Hope, Lana Turner; and "Bridge to the Sun," Carroll Baker, James Shigeta.
Feb. 3-6: "The Happy Thieves," Rex Harrison, Rita Hayworth; and "Season of Passion," Ernest Borgnine, John Mills.
From Feb. 7: "The Errand Boy," Jerry Lewis, Brian Donlevy; and "Hey, Let's Twist," Joey Dee, the Starliters.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Feb. 1: **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French), revival; and "The Titan: Story of Michelangelo," revival, a documentary film.
Feb. 2-5: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish), revival; and "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), revival, Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.
From Feb. 6: "The Strange Ones" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Feb. 3: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival; and "Girl with a Suitcase" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale.
Feb. 4-6: **COMPULSION,** revival; and **CARMEN JONES,** revival.
From Feb. 7: **SECRETS OF WOMEN** (in Swedish); and "Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 7 (tentative): "Call Me Genius," Tony Hancock, George Sanders.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE MARK.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Feb. 2: "Bachelor in Paradise," Bob Hope, Lana Turner; and "Bridge to the Sun," Carroll Baker, James Shigeta.
Feb. 3-6: "The Happy Thieves," Rex Harrison, Rita Hayworth; and "Season of Passion," Ernest Borgnine, John Mills.
From Feb. 7: "The Errand Boy," Jerry Lewis, Brian Donlevy; and "Hey, Let's Twist," Joey Dee, the Starliters.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Feb. 6 (tentative): **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian).
From Feb. 7 (tentative): **FROM A ROMAN BALCONY** (in Italian); and "The Man Who Wagged His Tail" (in Spanish), Peter Ustinov, Pablito Calvo.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
TOMORROW IS MY TURN (in French).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Bernadette of Lourdes," Danièle Ajoret.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"La Notte Brava" (in Italian), Rosanna Schiaffino, Elsa Martinelli.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Odd Obsession" (in Japanese), Machiko Kyo.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE (in French).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Feb. 1: "The Fugitive Kind," revival, Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani; and "Where the Hot Wind Blows," revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Yves Montand.
Feb. 2-6: "The Happy Thieves," Rex Harrison, Rita Hayworth; and "Season of Passion," Ernest Borgnine, John Mills.
From Feb. 7: "The Errand Boy," Jerry Lewis, Brian Donlevy; and "Hey, Let's Twist," Joey Dee, the Starliters.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
NINOTCHKA, revival; and **GO WEST,** revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 6: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S;** and "Picnic," revival, William Holden, Rosalind Russell.
From Feb. 7: **PARIS BLUES;** and "Come September," Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida.

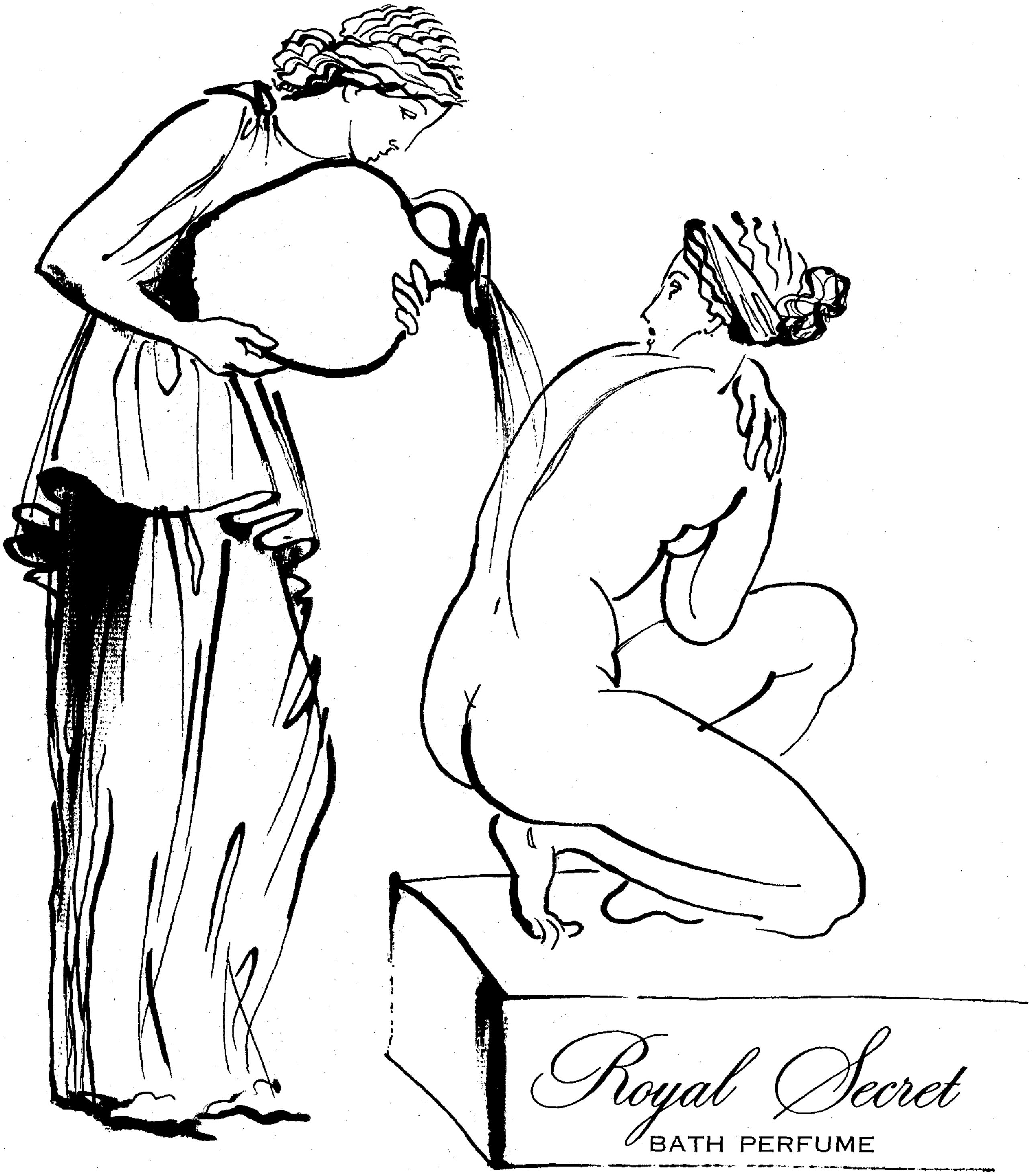
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 1: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "The Bridge" (in German).
Feb. 2-5: "Madame Butterfly," with Japanese actors and Italian singers, revival; and "Specter of the Rose," revival, Michael Chekhov.
From Feb. 6: **WE ARE ALL MURDERERS** (in French), revival; and "Panic" (in French), revival, Viviane Romance.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"The Second Time Around," Debbie Reynolds, Steve Forrest; and "Seven Women from Hell," Patricia Owens, Denise Darcel.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Feb. 6 (tentative): **FROM A ROMAN BALCONY** (in Italian); and "The Man Who Wagged His Tail" (in Spanish), Peter Ustinov, Pablito Calvo.
From Feb. 7: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Feb. 1: "The Fugitive Kind," revival, Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani; and "Where the Hot Wind Blows," revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Yves Montand.
Feb. 2-6: "The Happy Thieves," Rex Harrison, Rita Hayworth; and "Season of Passion," Ernest Borgnine, John Mills.
From Feb. 7: "The Errand Boy," Jerry Lewis, Brian Donlevy; and "Hey, Let's Twist," Joey Dee, the Starliters.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Feb. 6: "The Second Time Around," Debbie Reynolds, Steve Forrest; and "Seven Women from Hell," Patricia Owens, Denise Darcel.
From Feb. 7: **PINOCCHIO,** revival; and "Pirates of Tortuga," Ken Scott.



FOR THAT FEELING OF UTTER LUXURY

Start your day or evening with a bath that leaves your skin soft and sweetly scented. A few drops in your tub or on your skin perfume your bath — and you — with a fresh and heartlifting fragrance that clings for hours with sweet persistence.

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

HAS the Chase Manhattan Bank been naughty? You remember that old schoolboy punishment of being made to write the same thing—say, "I will not stick my tongue out at Teacher"—fifty or a hundred times? We have just received a brochure from Chase whose cover says "The Chase Manhattan Bank Annual Report to Stockholders for 1961" fifty-seven times. That's all it says, but inside we found "Net operating earnings in 1961 declined moderately." A moderate decline is forgivable; no remorse is called for. Let President David Rockefeller raise his head. His head.

Information Chief

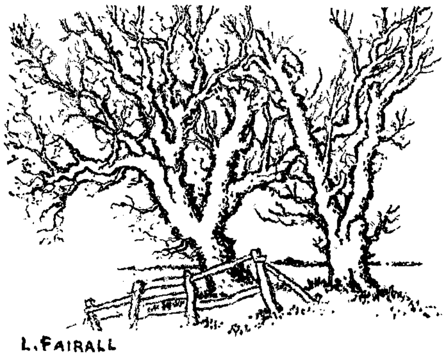
CONTINUING, through the decades, our intermittent information service on the director-generals, or directors-general, of the British Information Services here, we have just paid our respects to the newest one, Peter Telford Hayman, a forty-seven-year-old veteran of the Ministry of Defence, the Home Office, the Foreign Office, and the Balkan Air Force, who has beetling eyebrows and looks like a younger and brisker Charles Laughton. He began his Home Office career, which followed his graduation from Oxford, where he was a member of Worcester College, by dealing with "an enormous variety of subjects, including prison-reform problems, children's welfare, local-government bylaws, and the care of wild birds." Next, he became an official in the War Room of the Ministry of Home Security, which controlled Civil Defence air-raid precautions, and subsequently he was assistant private secretary to the Home Secretary, Herbert Morrison (now Lord Morrison of Lambeth), whom Mr. Hayman characterized as "a very good Home Secretary, and a self-made man in the best tradition of the U.S.A."

"I've been frightfully lucky with the men under whom I served," he told us. "During the war, after joining the ranks of—and presently being commissioned an officer in—the Rifle Brigade, I had as my chief Sir William Elliot, Air Officer Commanding, Balkan Air Force, because he was also in charge of the interservice headquarters at Bari, where I was stationed. I had a desk job and was concerned with liaison with Tito's Partisans. In 1945, I visited Tito in Belgrade with my boss. Incidentally, on my first night in the Army I pulled out from my suitcase a particularly violent pair of yellow pajamas that my wife had packed—we'd been married only a month—and, having observed that everyone else was wearing a shirt, or nothing, I tried to scuttle into bed unobtrusively. 'Look at that blasted canary getting into his cage!' one man exclaimed."

Hayman was Sir William Elliot's personal assistant in the war, and in 1949, after four years of dealing with the problems of aliens and criminals in the Home Office's Aliens and Criminal Justice Departments, he resumed his old post with Sir William, who was by then the Defence Minister's chief staff officer and a member of the Chiefs of Staff Committee. "I was transferred to the Ministry of Defence," he said. "Elliot accompanied the Minister to NATO conferences in Copenhagen, Rome, Brussels, The Hague, Luxembourg, Ottawa, Washington, and New York, and I accompanied *him*, as a fourth-row boy. Well, maybe a third-row boy."

"Eh?" we said.

"The fourth-row boy passes papers to the third-row boy, and the third-row boy passes them to the second-row boy, and so on," he said. "When Elliot was succeeded by Sir Kenneth McLean, in 1951, I continued as *his* personal assistant, and the next year, when NATO headquarters was established in Paris, I was lent to the United Kingdom delegation as defense adviser. The formative period of NATO was extremely interesting. It's a remarkable peacetime organization—a link between defense and foreign policy—and it did an outstandingly effective job in stopping the Russians in Europe. I like military men. I like dealing with soldiers and sailors and airmen. They're among the nicest and most intelligent people you could find."



The erstwhile canary, who wound up a major, said that his luck in getting good bosses held in 1954, when, transferring to the Foreign Office ("much more exciting than working as a Home Civil Servant"), he became counsellor in the British Embassy in Belgrade under Sir Frank Roberts, "an enormously stimulating Ambassador;" in 1958, when he became information adviser to Sir Robert Laycock, the Governor of Malta ("a small island with complicated big problems"); and in 1959, when he was posted to Baghdad as counsellor in the British Embassy there, under Ambassador Sir Humphrey Trevelyan, "also an enormously stimulating man."

Mr. Hayman paused, then continued, "We tried to bring Iraq and the West into friendly relations. The most difficult posts—in my case, Belgrade and Baghdad—are the most interesting ones. Yugoslavia and Iraq were also fun for the family—I have a seventeen-year-old daughter, now at a finishing school in Sussex, and a son of fourteen at Eton—and we did a lot of touring in both places, and made a lot of personal friends. We camped in the desert in Iraq. I enjoyed the wild scenery in Yugoslavia, and its gay, cheerful, argumentative people. They like parties, and so do the Iraqis, and so do I."

•

SIGN beside a painting at an art exhibit in Uganda: "Mr. Kaggwa's painting has been inadvertently listed as 'A Banana Flower' but should read 'The Maternity Centre.' "

Milk

AT the National Conference on Milk and Nutrition held in Washington a week ago Tuesday, President Kennedy downed a glass of milk and pronounced the country's dairy products safe. He pointed out that, as a result of an identification in the minds of some people between fallout and milk, and between cholesterol and milk, two or three billion pounds of dairy products had remained unsold during 1961, and then, putting down his glass, he said, "The milk supply offers no hazards." We have since made the rounds of local dairymen to find out what effect his words have had on the waning milk market. At our first stop, the office of the Market Administrator of the New York-New Jersey Milk Marketing Area, we learned that the metropolitan area had done its bit to pull the milk market down, the city's consumption of fluid milk having declined by 31.8 million pounds during the first eight months of 1961—as far as the office had got with its tabulating. The effect of the President's speech, however, proved harder to measure. A man we talked to at the headquarters of one of the local milk companies said, "It's too early to tell. The industry was delighted by the speech, of course. The milk industry gets it in the neck, because milk is the food product most generally available for testing; it's produced evenly all year around all over the country. Nobody, after all, cares much about the strontium-90 content of artichoke hearts. In St. Louis, a group is analyzing the strontium-90 content of the calcium in baby teeth; in kindergartens there, the children have contests to see how many teeth they can hand in. Actually, per gram of calcium, milk has less strontium 90 than any other food. The cow screens out seven-eighths of it before it can get into the milk." The Dairylea Milk & Milk Products Co. hadn't noticed any increase in sales since the President's speech, but just the same its people had got off a telegram to Mr. Kennedy thanking him for "encouraging our citizens toward the increased consumption of Nature's most beneficial food—the milk produced by America's dairy farms." Largely as a result of the scare, the Carnation Company, purveyors of evaporated milk, which contains almost no strontium 90, was able to report that its sales were up twelve per cent in 1961.

When we went on to talk with some retailers, we learned that the A. & P. Food Stores had detected no increase since the speech. Neither had the Friendly Supermarket, 3607 Broadway; Gus's Grocery, 2116 Eighth Avenue; or Joy's Self Service, 2892 Broadway. However, the Ultra Food Market, 2022 Seventh Avenue, had a different story to tell. "People *are* buying a little extra," a salesman said. "People mention the speech. They say they used to protect themselves from milk but now they don't have to."

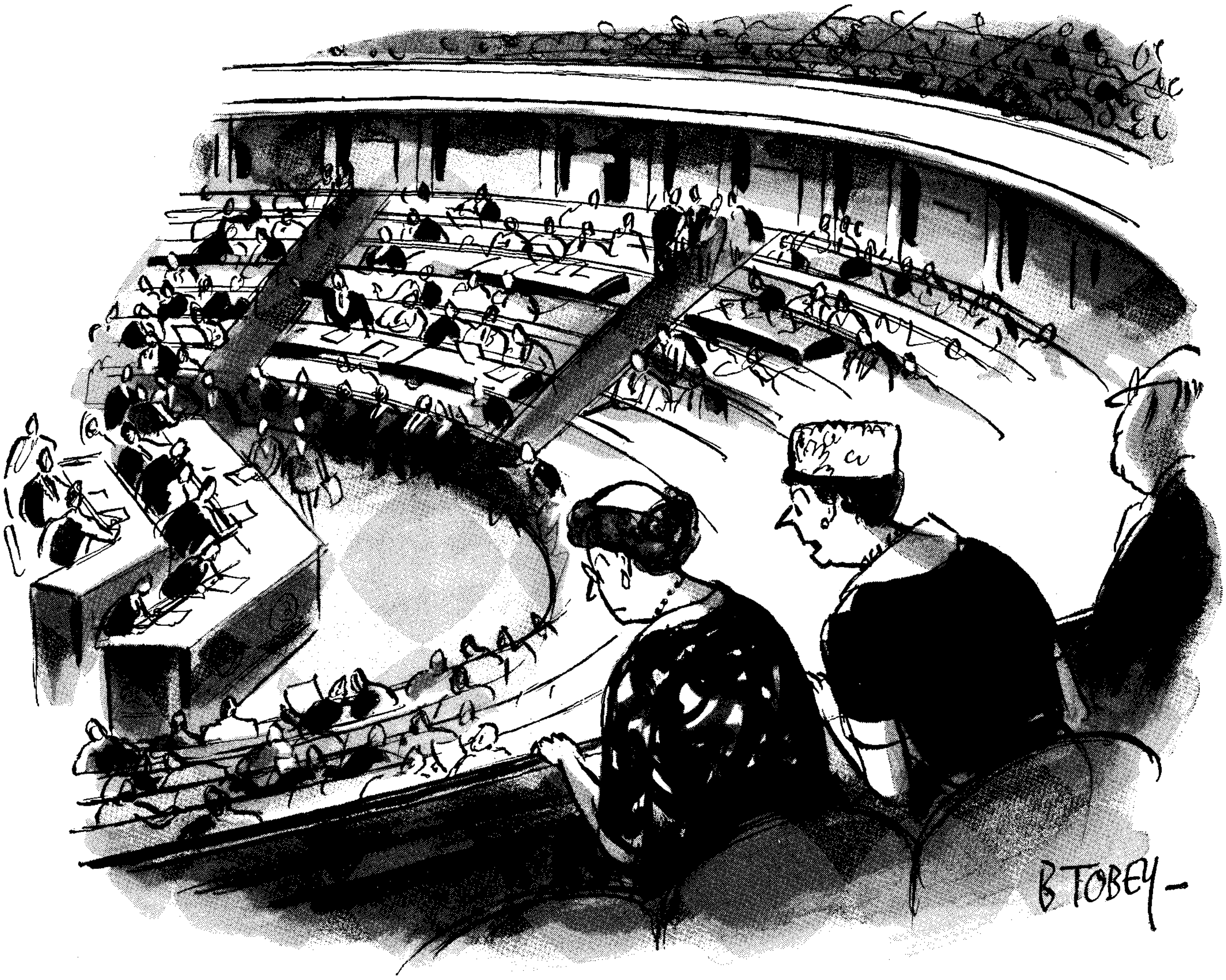
•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Presumably for the Communist who has everything, a Leipzig (East Germany) publisher has announced a three-volume edition of "Das Kapital," gilt-edged, bound in parchment and beige leather, and with spines and cover titles in gold, for seven hundred and seventy marks, or about a hundred and ninety-two dollars.

Possessed

CIVIL WAR enthusiasts are in full cry across the land these days, and one of the pleasantest of them is Dr. Frederick Fennell, whose specialty is re-creating marches and other tunes played by military bands of both the Union and the Confederacy. A wiry and diminutive man in his late forties, Dr. Fennell is, in civilian life, a faculty member of the University of Rochester's Eastman School of Music, the founder and director of the Eastman Wind Ensemble, and the conductor of the Eastman Chamber Orchestra and the Eastman-Rochester Pops Orchestra. If in general his musical credentials are impressive, in respect to the Civil War they are formidable, a fact about which he left us in little doubt when we lunched with him at the Plaza recently. "I was born in a replica of a Civil War encampment," he told us at the outset. "It was built around 1900 on my family's farm in Newburgh, Ohio—that's now a part of southeast Cleveland—by my Uncle Charles Ransom Putnam and his four brothers. My forebears had acquired the property through a land grant awarded to those who had served in the Continental Army. They were direct descendants of General Israel Putnam, of the Revolution. Strangely enough, there's no record of any Putnam participation in the Civil War, but that didn't deter Uncle Charles, whose idea it was to build the encampment. He and his brothers were so devoted to the Civil War that they even took trips to Gettysburg in order to pattern the fields and fences of the family property after those of the old battle site."

Dr. Fennell went on to say that Uncle Charles named his project Camp Zeke, after a pet American bald eagle whose wing he had mended as a child, and whose stuffed remains later held a place of honor among the family trophies. "Uncle Charles was a stickler for authenticity," the Doctor said. "Camp Zeke contained an exact reproduction of practically every kind of tent used in the Civil War, including a copy of General Meade's field-headquarters tent; an ordnance tent, in which were stored a brace of Springfield rifles, a four-pound fieldpiece, and an assortment of fifes and drums; a sutler's tent, which was the post exchange of its day; a platoon tent, with sleeping accommodations for twelve; and a large pavilion tent that was used for concerts and Fourth of July oratory, and also for dancing, at which time its wooden floor was made slippery with applications of corn meal. The family was officially in camp each weekend from Decoration Day to Labor Day, and the men, who wore uniforms, went under military orders every Friday afternoon at five o'clock. Uncle Charles was a captain, Uncle Will was a lieutenant, Uncle Morris was a sergeant, and my father, who had married into the Putnam family, was a corporal. I myself was a drummer boy in the fife-and-drum corps, which was much in demand. Why, over the years I bet we must have dedicated nearly



"Isn't that ours taking the little white pill?"

• •

every monument in northern Ohio!"

Dr. Fennell shook his head at the wonder of it all, and told us that although his early Camp Zeke enthusiasm for the Civil War diminished while he was acquiring a classical-music education, it never disappeared entirely. "It came back with a bang in the summer of 1956, when my wife and daughter and I stopped for the night in Gettysburg on our way home from a vacation," he said. "I was in bed, reading a guidebook that contained extracts from the diary of a Colonel Freemantle, of the Coldstream Guards, who had accompanied Lee as an observer. It was after midnight when I suddenly came across a passage that told how, on the second day of the Battle of Gettysburg, a Confederate band had struck up a medley of polkas and waltzes in the very midst of the fiercest cannonading. I jumped out of bed at once, groped my way over the dark fields to the approximate spot described by Freemantle, and sat for a long time astride the barrel of one of Longstreet's Napoleon cannon. From then on, I was a man possessed. I knew that somehow I would have to recapture the sound of that bizarre moment in American history." Dr. Fennell pounded his fist into his palm like a man still possessed, and said that he spent the next four years tracking down the identity of the Confederate band that had performed so bravely, acquiring copies of its music books, and securing a sufficient number of vintage Civil War saxhorns to realize his dream. "To start with, I knocked my brains out reading books on Gettysburg and hunting through junkshops for instruments," he said. "I even took guest-conducting engagements in small towns in Virginia and the Carolinas—any place with a museum that I could rattle around in. Then, in March of 1959, I chanced upon a history journal that contained an article identifying the regimental band of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina as the one that had played on the second day at Gettysburg. So off I went to Winston-Salem, where, miraculously, I found that the band's original books had been carefully preserved in the archives of the Moravian Music Foundation and the Wachovia Museum. The following year, I was able to obtain from the Library of Congress a set of Union Army music books belonging to the Port Royal Band of the Third New Hampshire, which, by the way, was the outfit that played 'The Star-Spangled Banner' at the raising of the flag over Fort Sumter on April 14, 1865."

Dr. Fennell went on to tell us that by this time he had interested Mercury Productions in his venture, and had also received a University of Rochester Research Project grant to defray expenses. The arduous search for authentic instruments was just beginning. "The Smithsonian people had only seven Civil War saxhorns in their collection, but by another miracle I found five more almost at my own back door, in the Rochester Museum of Arts and Sciences," he said. "Five additional horns came from private collections, which made a total bag of seventeen, including

E- and B-flat sopranino, soprano, tenor, alto, and bass cornets—a good-sized brass section by any standard. Saxhorns are really just bugles with valves, you know. They differ considerably from modern cornets and trumpets. For one thing, their bells go back over the shoulders of the players, which directs the sound perfectly for troops marching behind, and, for another, the shape of their bores is conical instead of cylindrical, which makes for a tone that is beautifully sombre and mellow.” Dr. Fennell explained that although each of the saxhorns was completely restored at the Eastman School of Music, the fact that they were fixed-pitch instruments without modern throw rings, to control tonal deviation, and without spit valves, to reduce moisture, presented great difficulties to the members of the Wind Ensemble, who undertook to play them. “My musicians had to work like beavers, but in one month’s time they mastered those old cornets well enough to record seven sides for Mercury,” he said proudly. “I, of course, played the drums. The result is ‘The Civil War—Its Music and Its Sounds,’ in two volumes, each consisting of two long-playing records. Volume I, which was released last month, covers the period from Sumter to Gettysburg, and Volume II will carry things on to Appomattox. In addition to music as played by the regimental band of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina and the Port Royal Band of the Third New Hampshire, there are fife, drum, and bugle calls, and marching tunes for fifes and drums, and a side devoted to an audio re-creation of Pickett’s famous charge, in which the sounds of gunfire were produced on the fields of Gettysburg by authentic Civil War cannon, muskets, and carbines, and were recorded by Mercury technicians on thirty-five-millimetre magnetic film.”

At this point, we asked the Doctor to give us a rundown on his favorite Civil War melodies, and he smiled happily and told us he had a great many. “My Confederate hit parade would have to include ‘The Bonnie Blue Flag’ and ‘Maryland! My Maryland!’ but the No. 1 song of the South was unquestionably ‘Dixie,’ ” he said. “On the Union side, I’m very partial to ‘Marching Through Georgia,’ which may have unpleasant connotations for some but is certainly one of the most stirring military songs of all time. Then there’s ‘When Johnny Comes Marching Home,’ which was written by Patrick Gilmore, bandmaster of the Twenty-second Regiment of New York. Oh, I could go on and on. They’re all wonderful songs. Why, they’re tunes of glory!”

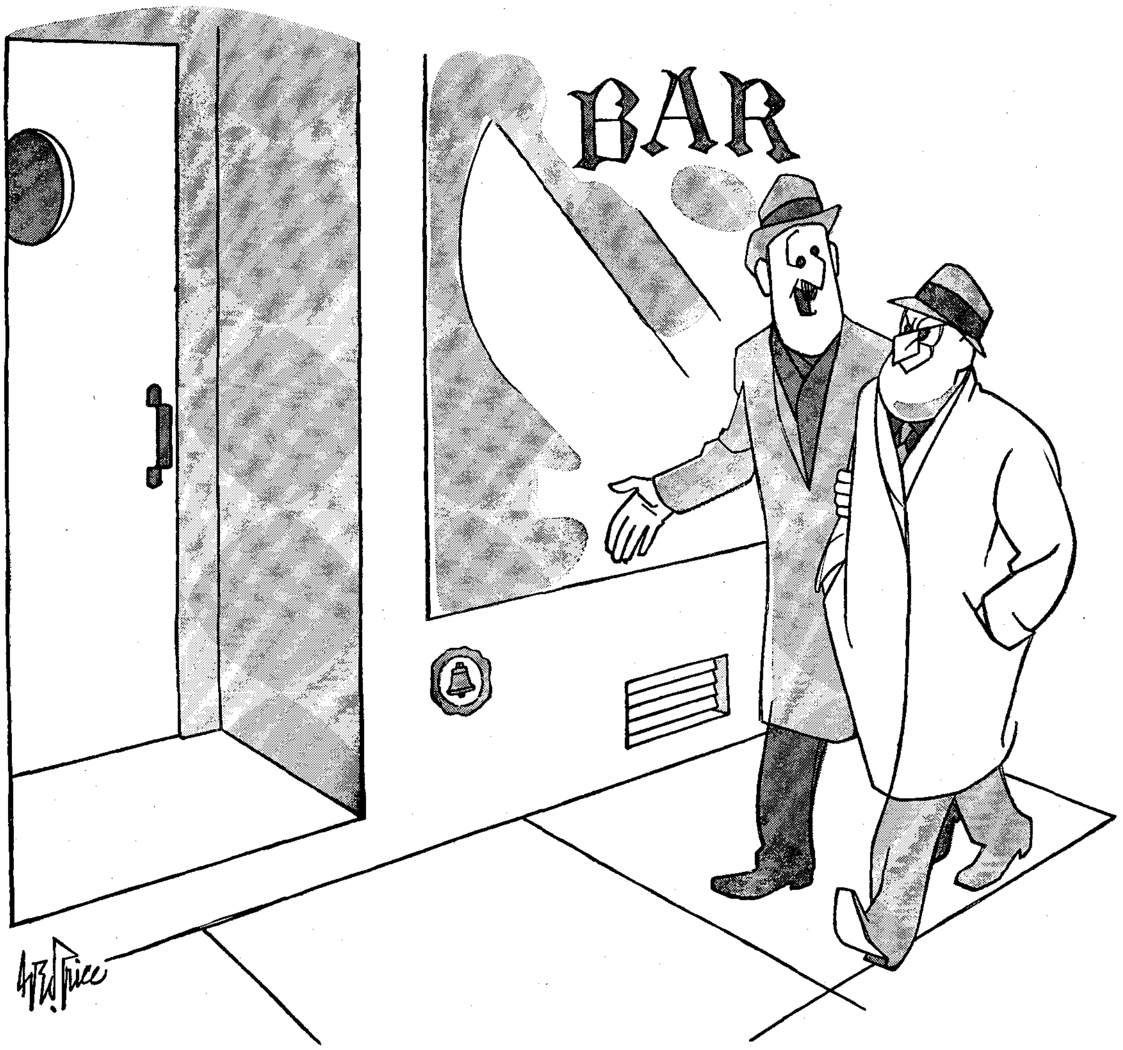
•

OVERHEARD at the Fifth Avenue Stouffer’s: “I was just wondering what happens to people when they lose faith in their own shortcomings.”

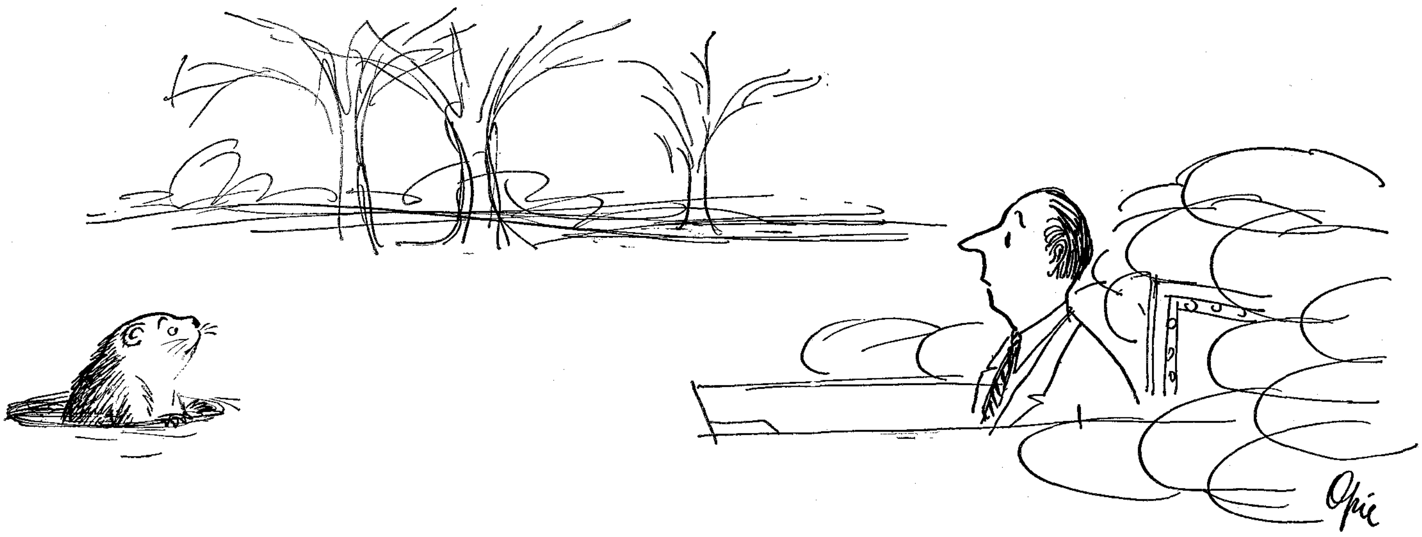
Scramble

OUR man Stanley, crisply attired in his new Hong Kong suit, breezed into the office the other day, cried “The pedestrian is here to stay!,” and deposited the following dispatch:

“Was on hand at intersection of Forty-second Street and Vanderbilt Avenue during noon hour last week when Traffic Commissioner Henry A. Barnes inaugurated his new traffic-control system, known, variously, as The Barnes Dance, The Scramble, The Cha Cha Walk, and Everyman’s Twist. System has pure, almost simple motivation—keep the pedestrian alive. Idea alone is enough to brand Barnes a dangerous man. Idea requires vehicular traffic to stop periodically along both Forty-second Street and Vanderbilt Avenue while ‘WALK’ signs flash on at all intersections, permitting pedestrians to cross streets every which way—directly, diagonally, sidewise, or backward. Under old system, with cars turning right and left onto Forty-second Street (Vanderbilt a dead end), it was every man for himself and hindmost get the fender. Inauguration Day bright, clear, brisk. Perfect crossing weather. Found approximately four hundred pedestrians lined up along curbs awaiting start of new system. Old system still in effect—buses screeching, cabs honking, hindmost getting the fender. Half-dozen cops blowing whistles at same



“I think you’ll like the spirit of hostility that prevails here.”



• •

time. Incredible din. Spotted Commissioner Barnes in center of tight knot of humanity across street, at northwest corner of intersection, standing in front of silver-painted traffic-control box. Had feeling Barnes about to be crushed to death. Had feeling everybody about to be crushed to death. Started across street toward Barnes but was blown back to curb by police whistle. 'Take it easy, bud!' said policeman. 'He's going to throw the switch.' 'Yes, Officer,' I said. Spotted Barnes opening traffic-control box, presumably throwing switch. 'WALK' signs flashed on at all corners. All vehicular traffic stopped. 'Go, go, go!' cried policeman, and several hundred pedestrians poured out into street, crossed in all directions. Started off myself. Was halfway across when lights started flashing 'DON'T WALK . . . DON'T WALK,' so picked up speed. Gained other side as steady 'DON'T WALK' came on. Nick of time.

"Elbowed way through to Barnes. Barnes calm, cool, efficient-looking, wearing tan gabardine coat and gray-green hat. Barnes pulled long cigar from pocket and lighted it with gold cigarette lighter. Barnes squinted at crowd. 'We'll see, we'll see,' he said. 'We won't know much for a week.' Barnes fell into esoteric traffic talk with technician who was fiddling with dial inside traffic-control box.

" 'We're on thirteen walk and ten flash, Commissioner,' said technician.

" 'Never saw such a crowd in my life,' said Barnes, puffing on his cigar.

" 'Shall I make it twelve walk and eleven flash?' asked technician.

"Barnes nodded. 'I'm going over,' he said suddenly as all lights flashed 'WALK.'

"I walked diagonally across street with Barnes. 'Never saw so many people in my life,' said Barnes. Lights flashed 'DON'T WALK . . . DON'T WALK.' Barnes maintained steady pace. Nerveless man. Barnes and I reached other side without injury. 'Give it time,' said Barnes. 'It's a matter of education. Not a fair test yet—most of these people are down here to rubberneck. There she goes again!' All lights flashed 'WALK.' Headed back across street with Barnes. He maintained imperturbable pace. 'They thought I was crazy in Denver when I installed this method,' he said. 'Soon everybody loved it. Papers said people danced in the streets. *Danced in the streets!*' Lights flashed 'DON'T WALK . . . DON'T WALK.' 'Origin of the phrase "Barnes Dance"?' I asked. 'Correct,' said Barnes as we jumped up onto curb. Nick of time.

" 'Make it eight point six and fourteen point four,' Barnes said to technician. 'Eight point six to walk, fourteen point four to flash.'

" 'Perfect,' said technician, spinning dial inside box.

" 'Ah, they're scrambling, look at them scrambling,' said Barnes. 'I think I'll cross again.'

"Crossed over with Barnes. 'The average person can make four feet a second,' said Barnes. 'Older people may take somewhat longer.' I picked up speed. Barnes indomitable. We made opposite curb. Nick of time.

" 'They are catching on,' said Barnes. 'They are spilling out into the streets. I'm off again!' He was. I went along. 'My engineers tell me this was a spot where there were few chances for pedestrians, especially at commuter times,' he said. We reached control box, barely.

" 'They used to have two forty-five-second periods,' Barnes said to technician.

" 'Correct,' said technician.

" 'May I have your autograph, please?' lady asked Barnes.

" 'Delighted,' said Barnes, 'but I have to scramble.'

"Lady handed him piece of paper, Barnes signed, scrambled. Nimble figure.

"Went back later in afternoon, when crowds had thinned out, rubberneckers departed. 'WALK' and 'DON'T WALK' signs flashing on and off with inexorable regularity. *Everybody* scrambling. People wearing expression of freedom on their faces. Sense of safety, new-found liberty in air. Asked policeman at corner how he liked new scheme. 'It's working,' he said. 'It will require enforcement but not harassment. I hate harassment.' Nice, freedom-loving cop. Scrambled myself for a while. Left Whelan's corner, scrambled over toward Peterson's tobacco shop. Scrambled to Grand Central, then scrambled to Lincoln Building. Scrambled back to Whelan's, then scrambled to Horn & Hardart. Wonderful feeling! Free as a bird!"

Menu

A PLANE-SHY woman we know phoned a transcontinental airline to make a reservation for a flight three weeks later. After the particulars had been taken down, the clerk asked her whether she would prefer filet mignon or Long Island duckling for her dinner. The prospective passenger answered that she really had no way of knowing what condition her taste buds would be in at flight time, but she thought she'd settle on duckling. Fine, said the clerk. When the three weeks had passed and our friend was about to leave for Idlewild, the same clerk phoned and told her breathlessly that he was sorry but there was a change in plans. Our nervous friend asked if her flight had been cancelled. No, the young man said, but she would have to dine on the filet mignon after all, because the airline was no longer serving duckling.

UNSTUCK

IN his dream, he was mixing and mixing on an oval palette a muddy shade of gray he could never get quite right, and this shade of gray was both, in that absurd but deadpan way of dreams, his marriage and the doctrinal position of the local Congregational church, which was resisting the nation-wide merger with the Evangelical and Reformed denomination. He was glad to awake, though his wife's body, asleep with a pale and somehow disappointed weight beside him, resharpened—restored, as it were, to focus—his sense of failure.

As the webs of gray paint lifted and the oppressive need to get *the exact precise shade* dawned upon him as unreal, a sensation of childhood infiltrated his eyes. The air of the bedroom was tinted blue. The very sheen on the wallpaper declared: snow. He remembered. It had begun to spit late yesterday afternoon and was streaming in glittering parallels through the street-lamp halo when they went to bed.

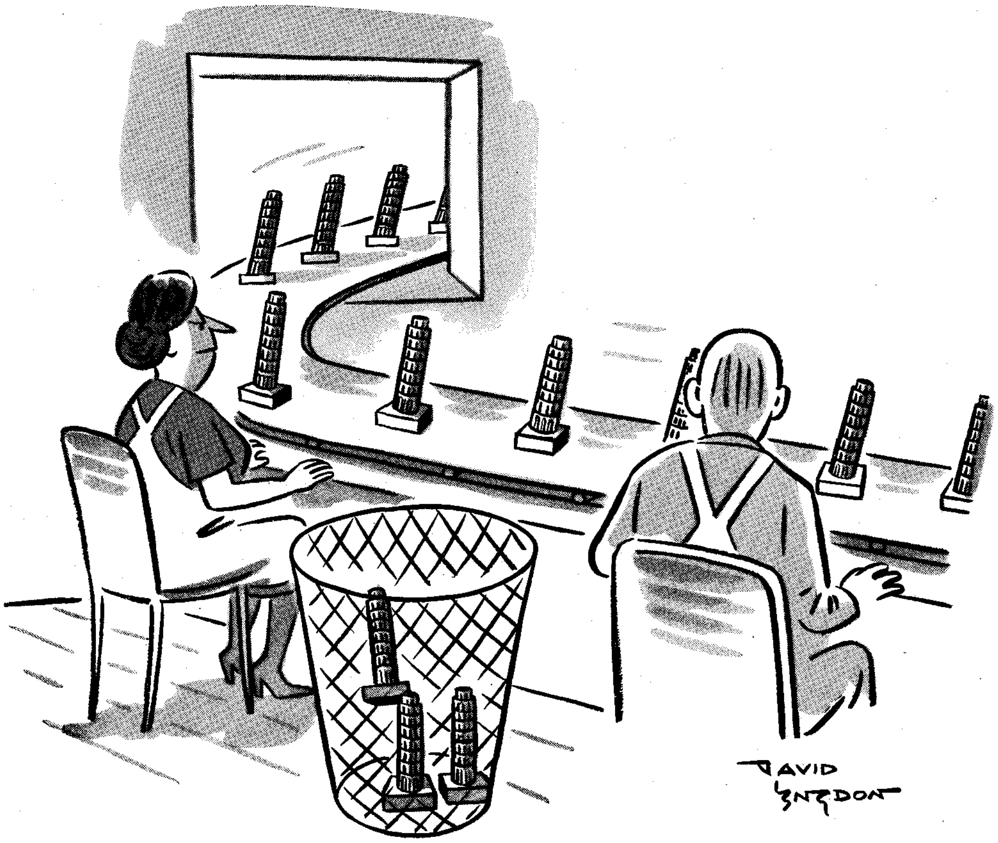
A car passed, its chains chunking with that solemn holiday sound. From farther away in the morning, a stuck tire whined. The bedside clock, whose glassy face seemed to have been scrubbed, said six-fifty-five. The windowpanes were decorated with those concave dunes that he had often counterfeited in cotton. By profession he was a window decorator—a display man—for a department store. He arose and saw that the storm had stopped; a few final dry flakes, shaken loose by an afterthought of a breeze from the top twigs of the elm, drifted zigzag down to add their culminating particles to the luminous weight that transformed the town—bewigged roofs, bearded clapboards, Christmas-card evergreens, a STOP sign like a frosted lollipop—into one huge, exquisitely executed display. The Congregational church steeple, white already, told whiter against the heavy grayness that was fading northward, having done its work here. About a foot, he guessed. On the street below their windows the plows had been busy. Perhaps it had been their all-night struggle that had made his dreams so grating. Scraped streaks of asphalt showed through, and elsewhere the crust had been rutted and beaten into a gloss by the early traffic. So the roads were all right. He could get to work if he could get the car out of the driveway.

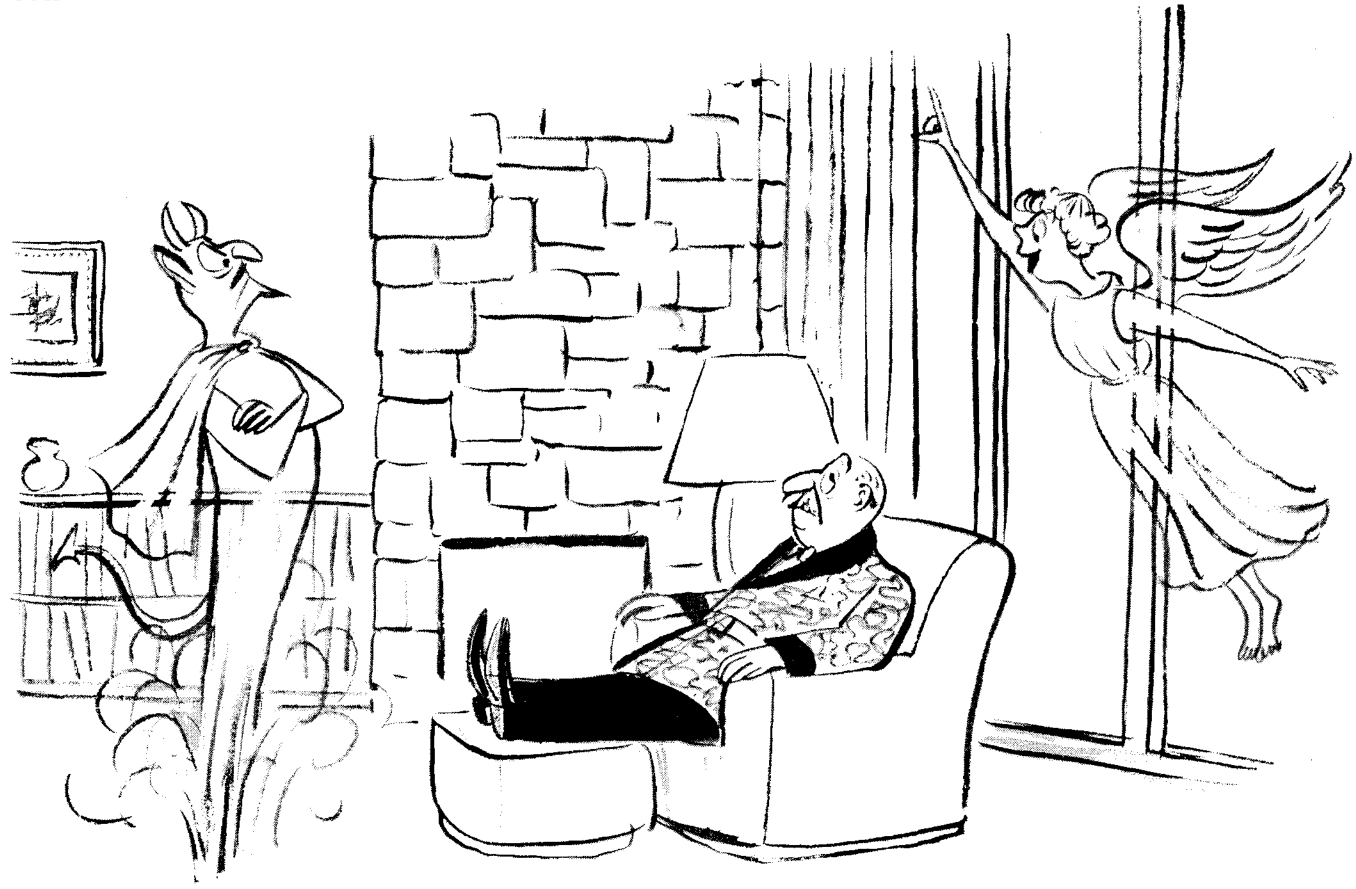
Now, at seven, the town fire horn blew the five spaced blasts that signalled the cancellation of school for the day. It was a sound that commandeered the air for a mile's radius. She opened her eyes in alarm, counted, and closed her eyes in relief. They had not been married long and had no children.

While she made breakfast—the air of celebration that follows a snowfall and perhaps some wifely wish to bury his guilt in food led her to inaugurate an ambitious program of bacon and waffles—he went out to rescue his car. Last evening, after watching the forecast on television, he had prudently reparked it closer to the road, pointed nose outward. No garage had come with the big old house they had bought and they parked the car in the open. Their driveway curved in from Hillcrest Road at the back of their yard. The plows had heaped a hip-high ridge of already dirty snow crumbs between his bumper and the cleared street, but he imagined that with the momentum his rear tires could gather on the bare patch beneath the car body he could push through. It was just snow, the closest thing to nothing there is.

But, getting in behind the steering wheel, he found himself in a glowing tomb; all the windows were brightly sealed. The motor turned over readily and he felt absurdly thankful for this miracle of ignition. As the motor idled, he staggered around the car, clearing the windows with the combination brush and scraper the car dealer had given him. When he cleared the windshield, the wipers startled him by springing to life and flapping happily. He had left them turned on last evening. He got back in behind the wheel and turned them off. How blue, through the clean windshield, the sky looked above his neighbor's rooftop! There was smoke rising from the chimney, a host of small brown birds were scuffling and settling for warmth in the dark bare patch in its lee, and his neighbor herself, a middle-aged woman wearing a checkered apron, came out of the front door and began banging a broom around on the porch.

Snow had blown in under the sides of the car, so the momentum he had hoped to achieve was sluggish in coming. Though his front tires broke through the ridge, the underside dragged and the back tires slithered to a stop in the shallow gutter that ran down the side of Hillcrest Road. He tried reverse. The rear of the car lifted a fraction and then sagged sideways, the wheels spinning in a void. He put it in first, and was gingerly on the accelerator, and gained for his tact only a little more of that sickening sideways slipping. He tried reverse again and this time there was no motion at all. An abrupt, outraged sense of injustice and impossibility—as if he were trying to turn a doorknob with soapy hands—swept over him. He panicked, tried to push open the door, discovered that snow blocked it,





"*Hold it! We have a counter-offer.*"

• •

shoved savagely and opened a space he could wriggle through, wriggled through, took an icy shock of snow into his galosh, and to the neighbor across the street called, "Good morning!"

She laughed. The sound made a strip of snow fall from a telephone wire.

"Isn't it lovely?" he called.

Her lips moved, but the words "If you're young" came to him faint and late, as if, because of some warping aftereffect of the storm, sound crossed the street from her side against the grain.

He slogged down through his back yard, treading in his own footsteps to minimize his desecration of their yard's virginal purity. Their bushes were bowed and splayed like bridesmaids overwhelmed by flowers; bird feet had festively crosshatched the snow under the feeder. The kitchen struck his face like a diffused oven. He told his wife, "I got the damn thing stuck. Get out of your nightie and come help me."

She looked querulous and sallow in her drooping bathrobe. "Can't we eat breakfast first? You're going to be late anyway. Shouldn't you call the store? Maybe it won't be open." The department store that employed him was twenty miles and thirty minutes away.

"It'll be open and anyway it doesn't affect me. Easter isn't going to wait." The precise shade of gray he had been mixing in his dream perhaps belonged to some beaverboard cutouts of flowering trees he was preparing for windows of spring fashions.

"The schools are closed," she said.

"Well, let's eat," he conceded, but ate in his coat, to hurry her. As he swallowed the orange juice, the snow in his galosh slipped deeper down his ankle. He said, "If we'd bought that ranch house you were too sophisticated for, we'd have a garage and this wouldn't happen."

"It's smoking! Turn the thing! I don't know *why* I bother to try to make you waffles; that iron your mother gave us has *never* worked."

"Well, it should. It's not cheap."

"It sticks. It's awful. I hate it."

"It's self-greasing, or some damn thing, isn't it?"

"I don't know. I don't understand it."

"Well, don't wail. The waffles are fine." But he ate them without tasting them, he was so anxious to return to the car and erase his error. If a plow were to come along, his car would be jutting into its path, evidence of ineptitude. Young husbands, young car owners. He wondered if the old girl across the street had been laughing at him. Just that little ridge to push through; he had been so sure he could do it. "I don't suppose," he said, "this will cancel the damn church thing tonight."

"Oh, let's not go. Why do we have to go?"

"Because," he said. "These Reformeds, you know, are high-powered stuff. They're very strict about things like the divinity of Christ."

"Well, who isn't? I mean, you either believe it or you don't, I would think."

He winced, feeling her thin temper as his fault. He told her, "This is an amazing breakfast. How do you make the bacon so crisp?"

"You put it on a paper bag for a minute," she said. "Did you *really* get the car stuck?"

"It just needs a little push," he promised. "Come on, bundle up. It'll be fun. Old Mrs. Watsername across the street is out there with the birds, sweeping her porch. It's really lyrical."

"I *know* it is," she said.

"Where's the shovel?"

She went upstairs, the belt of her sad bathrobe trailing, and he found the snow shovel in the basement. The furnace whirring and softly stinking to itself

BEACH LETTER

Driftwood lying in dark, menacing heaps lies far
up the beach, not in fact bony and gray but black,
wet, and rusty-nailed. Breaking
high, entangled in kelps, the waves

pounding over the hard sand feel a kind of dark
pain surrounded by damp chills and the roaring blasts
howling windily, fading
down the empty stretches of pale,

bricky sand. I am far, now, from you and from calm
childhood days when I sat watching this frantic strand
take like beatings. Today the
light gives less geometric shapes

(cool, but dry) to the stark shadows extending from
every contour, while, flat, shiny, and moist, the patch
left all smooth by the breakers
gleams but faintly. Just now, amazed

waves, retreating in shock from the debris they dropped,
have uncovered the flash (pink and fleshy) sent back
toward the tentative daylight
from a surprising conch. (What gray,

random dance of unlocked tides sent it whirling, washed
so far northward?) I ran, once, on a beach to grasp
such a conch, but it faded
into a piece of curly, gay

plastic toy. If I stop writing this now and march
slowly over the sand, stalking, until my hand
closes over the face of
all that mother-of-whorl, I may

fasten it to my parched, salt-covered lips. If harsh,
bleating sounds then attack silences sorely that
bury noises of wave and
windy moan, let them pass, and take

nothing thus to be mocked, nothing as really marred
by such braying. But stand close to your window, hang,
even, out of its casement,
and, from across the kind of space

separating the far-distant moments of our
general lives, a faint crash may, perhaps, carry back
over acres and ages,
over reaches of miles and days,

while in lowering darkness, now, I hold that conch
next to my head and jammed hard against my salt-splashed
ear, and hear the outrageous
roaring of blood-tides near my brain,

while, incessantly throbbing here, the sea's great heart
now seems louder, perhaps, now even fainter than
all the more unreal raging,
deep in my ear, of a distant phrase.

—John Hollander

• •

reminded him pleasantly of what other householders told him, that snow on the ground reduced your fuel bill—sealed the chinks or suppressed radiation or something. On his way out through the kitchen he noticed a steaming cup of coffee she had poured and left on the table for him, like one of those little caches of pemmican one explorer leaves behind for another. Touched, he took two scalding swallows and went on into the wilderness. By the time she joined him, looking childish and fat in her hood and mittens and ski leggings and fur-topped boots, he had shovelled away as much of the snow underneath and around the car as he could reach. The woman across the street had gone back into her house, the birds on her roof had flown away, and a yellow town truck had come down Hillcrest Road scattering ashes. He had leaned on the shovel and waved at the men on the back as if they were all comrades battling together in a good war.

She asked, "Do you want me to steer?"

"No, you push. It'll just take a tiny push now. I'll drive, because I know how to rock it." He stationed her at the rear right corner of the car, where there happened to be a drift that came up to her knees. He felt her make the effort of not complaining. "The thing is," he told her, "to keep it from sloughing sideways."

"Sluffing," she said. He had pronounced it to rhyme with "plowing."

"No," he told her, sure of himself at least in this. "You sluff off your mortal coil; you slough around in the snow." Which is what they did; though with maniac deftness he rammed the gearshift back and forth between first and reverse, the effect of all that rocking was to work the right rear tire deeper into the little slippery socket on the downhill side. He assumed she was pushing, but he couldn't see her in the mirror and he couldn't feel her. When he got out of the car, his stomach leaden, her face was pink with the exhilaration of exertion. Her hood was back and her hair coming unpinned.

"You're closer than you think," she said. "Where's the shovel?" She dabbled with it around the stuck tire, doing no good that he could see.

Irene
EYES EXAMINED

"It's *that* damn gutter," he said, impotently itching to grab the shovel from her. "In the summer you're not even conscious of its being there."

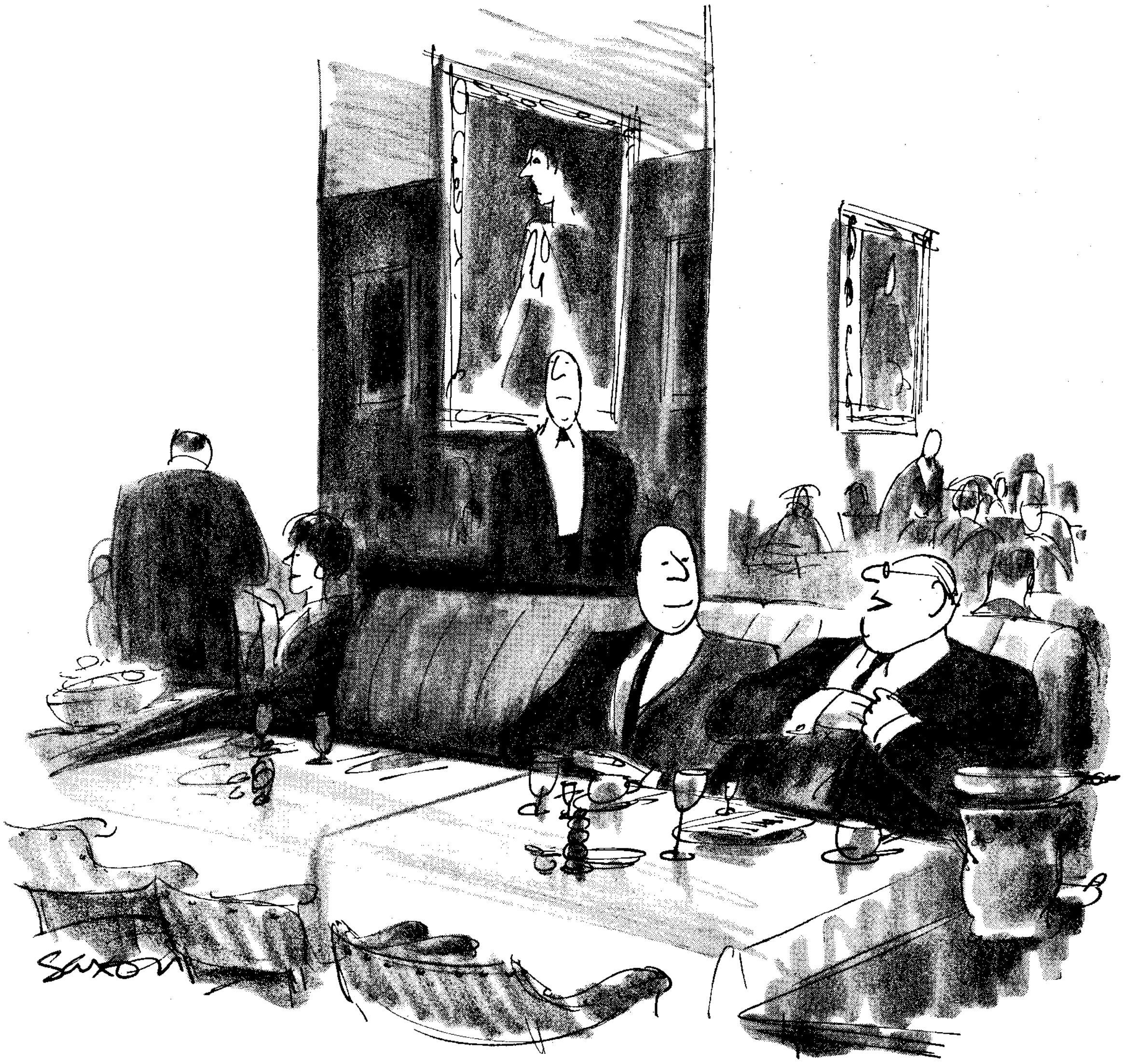
She thrust the shovel into a mound so it stood upright and told him, "Now you push, darley. You're stronger than I am."

He supposed, though he hadn't thought of it, that this was true; grudgingly, he felt flattered. "All right. We'll try it. Now with the accelerator, don't gun it. You just dig yourself deeper with the spinning tires."

"That's what you were doing," she said.

"That's 'cause you weren't pushing. And steer for the middle of the street, and rock it back and forth gently, back and forth; and don't panic."

As she listened to these instructions, a dimple beside the corner of her mouth kept appearing and disappearing, like a



"My analysis is beginning to work. I don't have to overtip any more."

• •

spectral comma. When she got into the driver's seat, a little shower of snow, loosened by the climbing sun, fell rustling through a nearby tree, and the woman across the street came onto her porch without the broom, openly intending to watch.

Grimly he squatted down and pressed his shoulder against the trunk and gripped the bumper with his hands. A scratch in the paint glinted under his nose. How had that happened? Young vandals? He still thought of their car as too new to show wear. Snow insinuated its chill bite into his galosh and, crouched on the taut plane of his determination, he was grateful for the pain. Nervous puffs of soiled brown smoke rippled out of the exhaust pipe and bounced against his legs. She eased out the clutch, the tires revolved, and the slippery ton of the rear threatened to slide farther sideways; but he fought it, and she fed more gas, and they seemed to gain a forward inch. *Good girl.* Doing what he had told her, she rocked the car back, and at the peak of its backward swing gunned it forward again, and he felt their forward margin expand. He heaved; they paused; the car rocked back and then forward again and he heaved so hard the flat muscles straddling his groin ached. He seemed to feel, somewhere deep in the dark conflux of the imponderable inertial masses they were striving to manage, his personal strength register a delicate response, a feminine flicker in the depths. She relaxed backward and in this remission he straightened and saw through the rear window the back of her head, a thin neck bolt upright under an oval of unpinning hair. She looked so dainty and game, he loved her. Smoke battered forth from the exhaust's bent lips, the car dipped forward through the trough it had worn, and its weight seemed to hang sustained by his strength on the hair-fine edge of a massive release. "Once more," he shouted, trembling through the length of his legs. The car came back through an arc that had noticeably distended, and in chasing its forward swing with his pushing he had to take steps, one, two . . . *three!* The rear tires, frantically excited and in their spinning spitting snow against his lower half, slithered across the hair-fine boundary. The ridge was broken through, and, as he continued to push, it was with gratuitous exertion, adding himself through sheer affection to a delicious, irresistible momentum. They were free.

Feeling this a second late, she whipped the steering wheel to head herself downhill, and braked to a stop some yards away. Stuttering blue perfume, the car perched safe in the center of the ash-striped width of Hillcrest Road. Its driver, silhouetted with her nose tipped up, looked much too frail to have managed such a sizable thing. He shouted "Great!," and leaped over the shattered ridge, brandishing the shovel. Their one witness, the woman on the porch, with a neighborly smile called something to him he couldn't quite catch but took kindly. He walked to his car and opened the door and got into the front seat beside his wife as if back into a bed redolent of satisfaction.

—JOHN UPDIKE

•

The current population of Birmingham, which is 1,488 per cent more than it was 50 years ago, is also some three per cent taller than then, on the basis of the national findings.

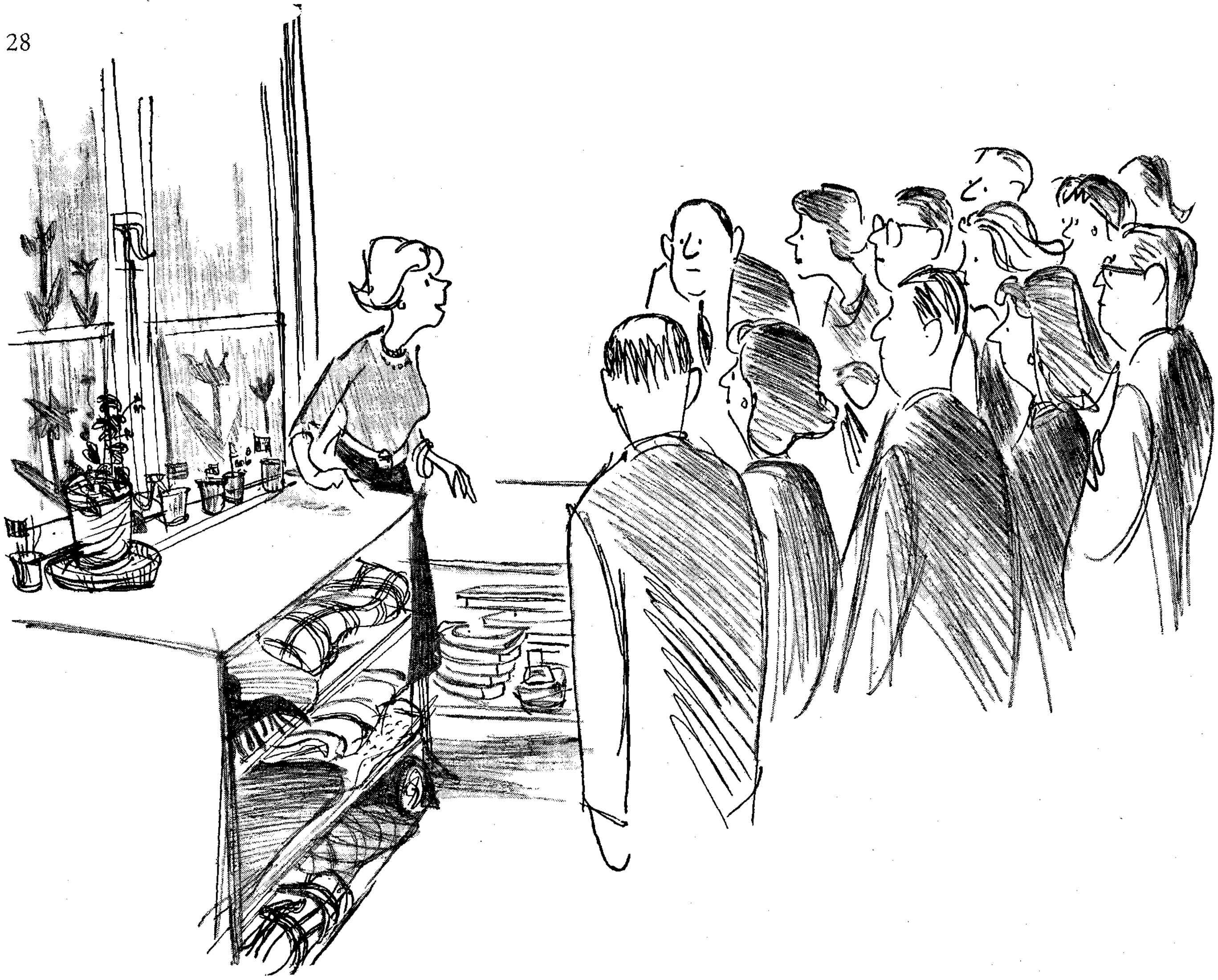
If both kinds of growth were to be taken into account—the increase in number and the increase in size—the local population would appear in a new light. It would loom larger than the mere totals in the last census indicate.

According to the data, if everyone in the city were set lengthwise along a straight line, head to foot, they would cover a distance of 25.0 miles, compared with the 1.5 miles that would have been spanned by the 1910 population.

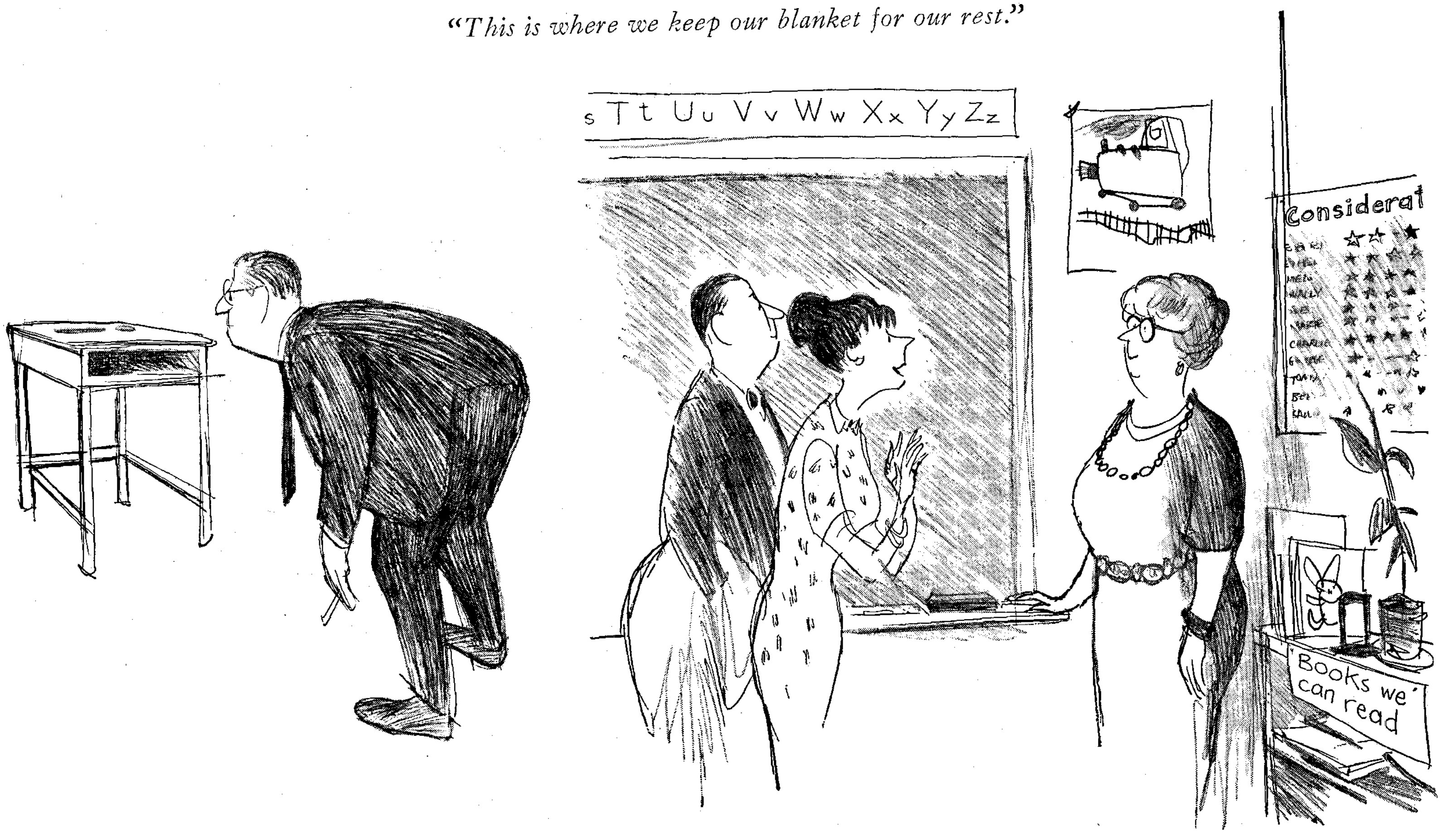
Although it may never be done . . .

—*Birmingham (Mich.) Eccentric.*

Come, now, no sagging of spirits!

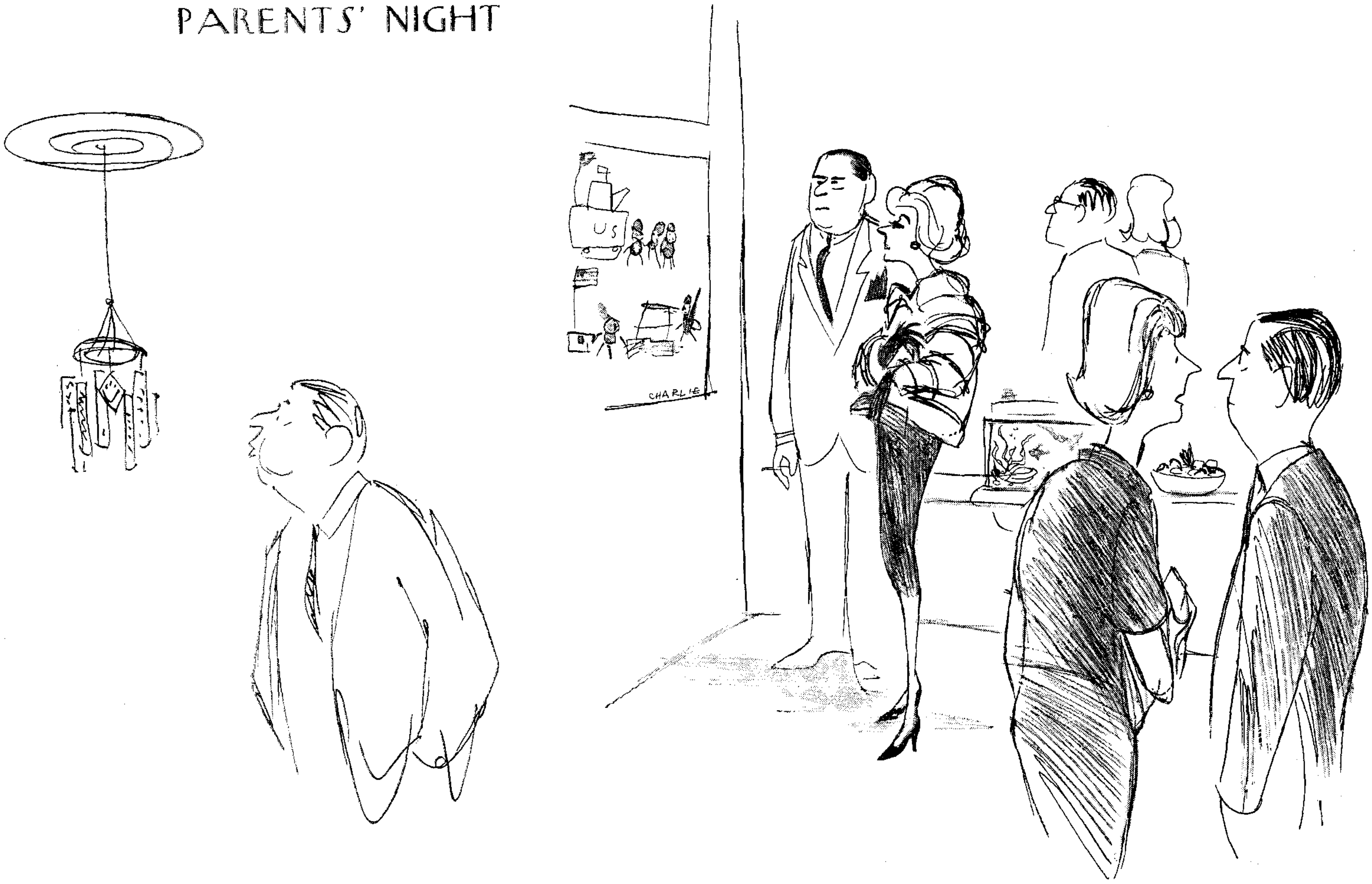


"*This is where we keep our blanket for our rest.*"

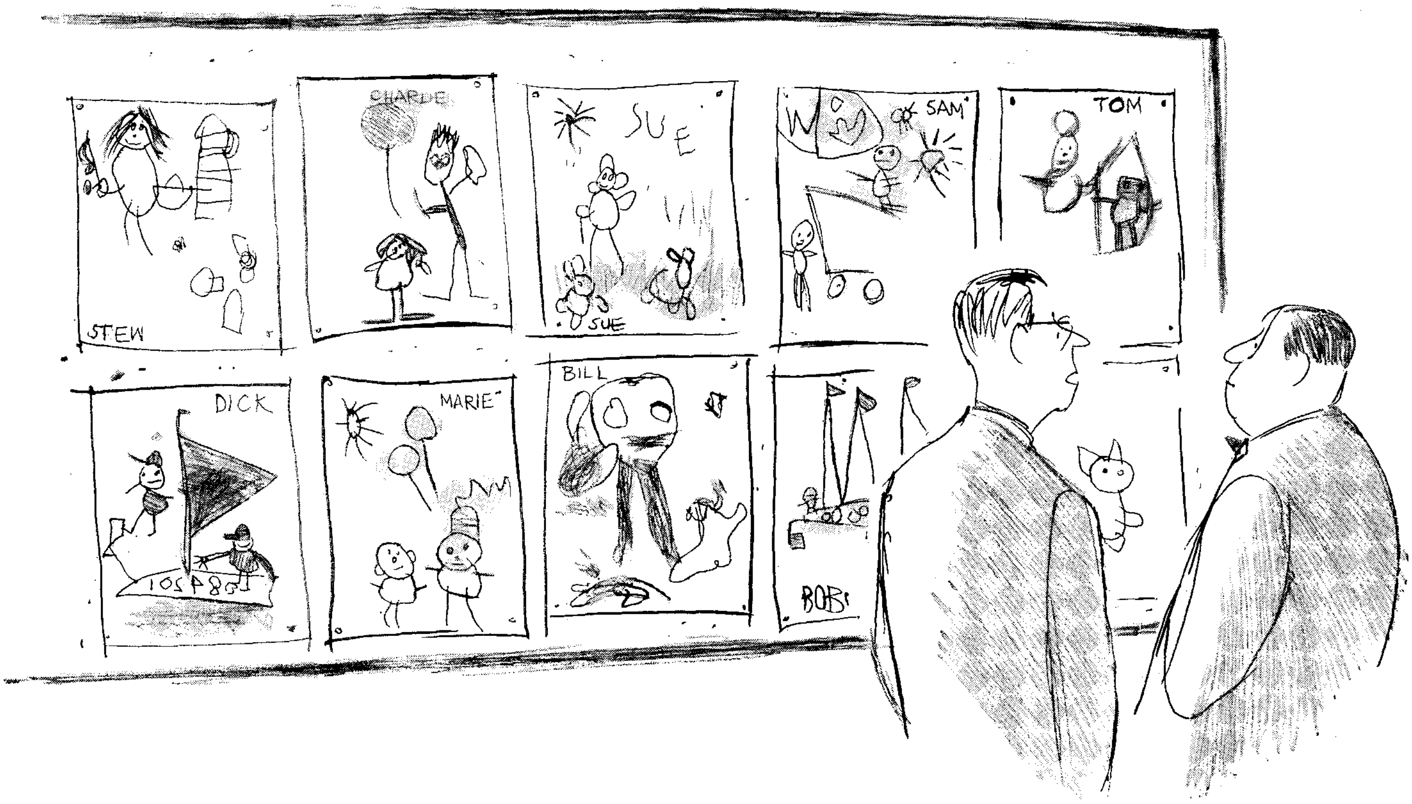

s T t U u V v W w X x Y y Z z
Considerat
Books we can read

"*We were thrilled with Freddy's last ashtray.*"

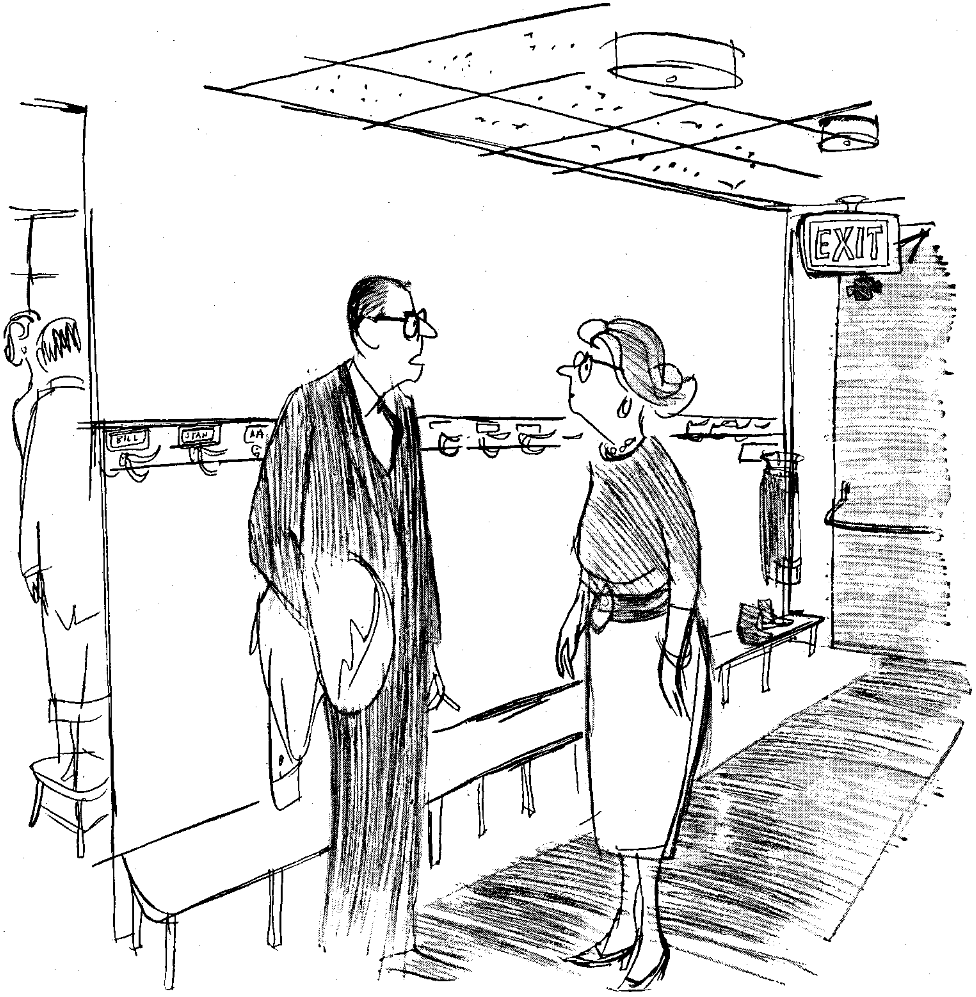
PARENTS' NIGHT



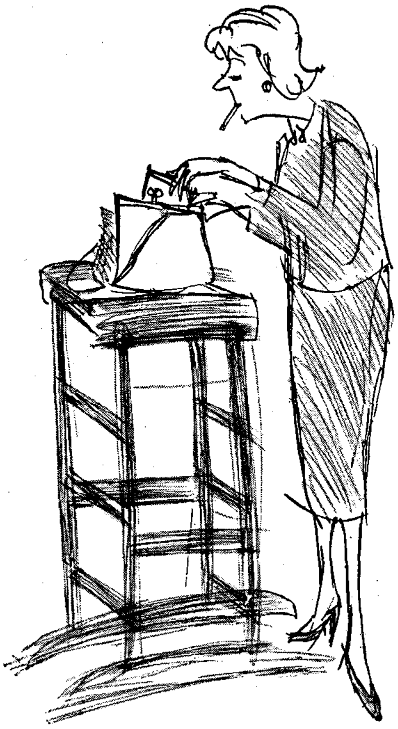
"No wonder the Hansen child is a discipline problem."

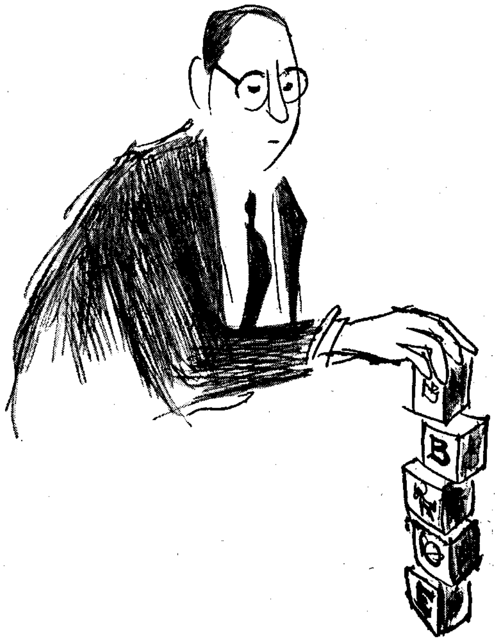

STEW
CHARLIE
SUE
SUE
SAM
TOM
DICK
MARIE
BILL
BOB

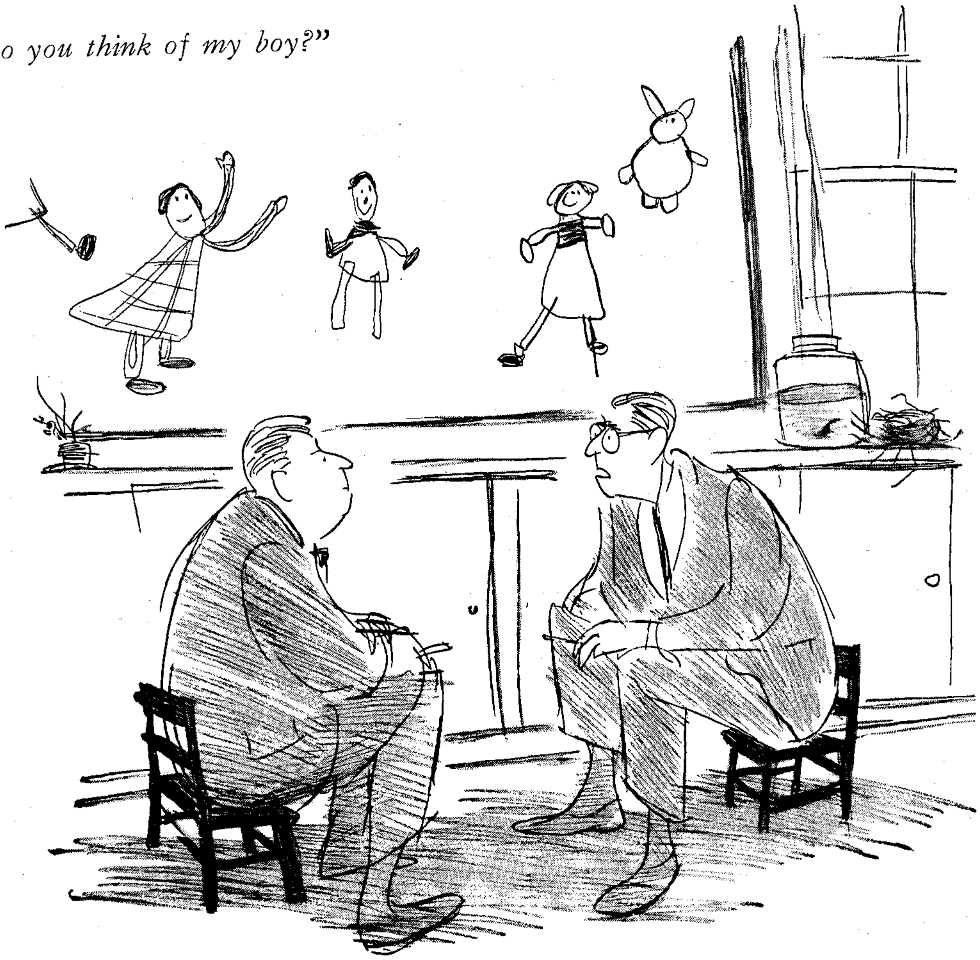
"Which is yours?"



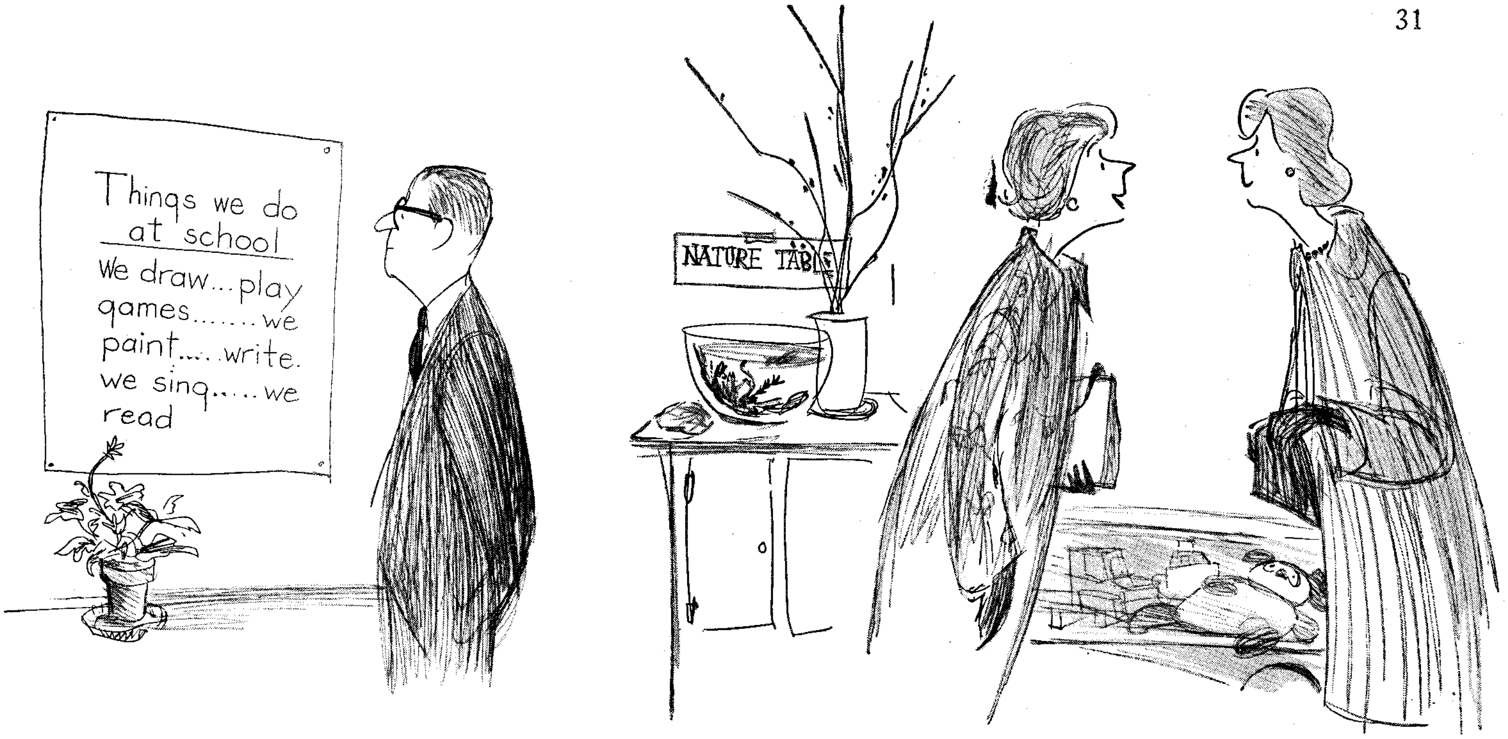
"Just between us, Miss Swope, what do you think of my boy?"



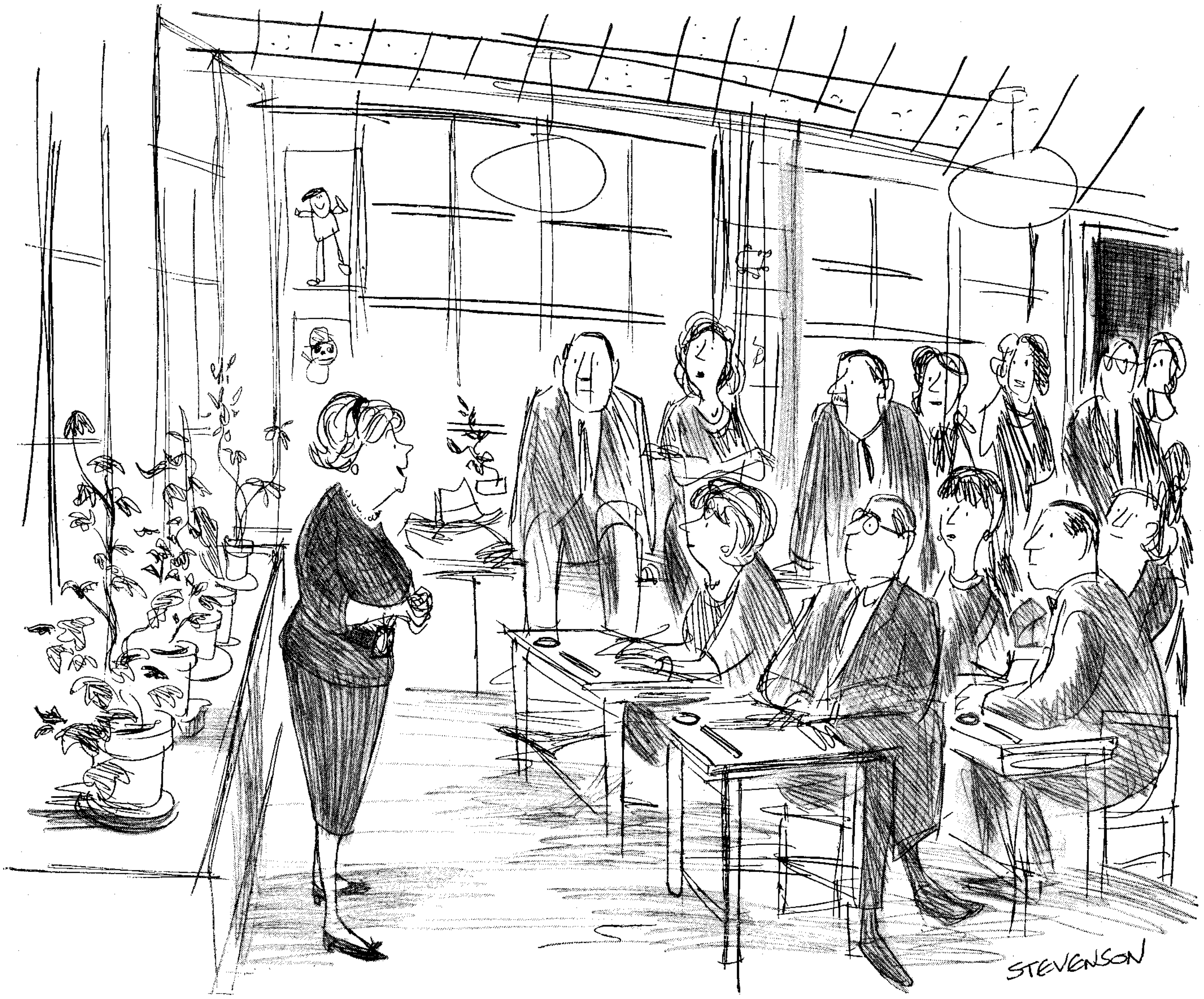




"If you ask me, this college-entrance thing is going to get a lot worse before it gets any better."


Things we do
at school
We draw...play
games.......we
paint.....write.
we sing.....we
read
NATURE TABLE

"In our house, all we hear is 'Sandy Phillips this' and 'Sandy Phillips that.'"



"If there are no more questions, we'll have our cookies now."

THE FIREFLIES

I'M in a position (he said) to take advantage of you, my brother; you're younger than I am, a lot younger. For the time being, I'm an elderly man. Not for another few years—maybe not for twenty years—will I be an *old* man. You never know, you see, just when it's going to hit you. There's the youth of life and the prime of life and, beyond that, the decline of life—all in the same life. And you, of course, know what comes after that. Or do you?

What's death? Can you tell me? Women? Do you know them? Did you know your mother? Not then, as you were then, but now, as you are now. And memory? How about memory? There are plenty of questions I could ask you, and you could tell me what you know, but that's not the proposition we have here. I'm going to tell you something *I* know.

When I get to be an old man instead of just an elderly one, I'll still go on talking to you, I suppose, but I'll talk in code. I'll talk in the code that can be understood only by other old men. Should you then get to be an old man yourself while I'm still able to talk to you, you'll get only a few words of any kind out of me. You've seen old men chatting and chuckling among themselves, but have you ever seen one old man really *talking* to another old man? Of course not. One old man has nothing to tell another old man. He wants to talk only to the young, and even to them he talks in code.

I'll tell you this straight. I haven't learned the code yet. And I'm on the mend, as you can see. I'm convalescing. And there's a word for you! It's boxed in, it's been made to smell of the sickroom, it's been shoved around on the shuffleboard courts, but the grandeur of it is still discernible if you look at it hard and dig to the root of it. *Valesco! Valeo! Valor!* Can you see the legions? Hear the trumpets? See the hillside in the dusk? See them falling back? See them having another try at it? And still another? See the banners waving? That's a man's word, my brother—convalescence. Look where it comes from. And where do all the words of men come from? I'm going to tell you. They come from women, from men's memory of women. As it was then and as it is now.

But it's about memory that I especially wish to speak to you. The terrain is deceptive and the maps are undependable. The lady who was in the room down at the other end of this corridor sent me a flashlight some days ago, when I was using damp matches in a cave. I saw her first when I was on my way to Penang. Oh, I know what that sounds like—and, in a way, that's what it *was* like. I was young. But youth's not what I'm telling you about. And I wasn't a seagoing man, as you know as well as I do. I was and am a Standard Oil man. And this lady down the corridor was never what our Aunt Mary would call one of my women. I saw her first on the boat going from San Francisco to Shanghai, and I saw her in a club in Shanghai—not a night club, a club. And then, later on, I saw a lot of her in Penang. After that, I never saw her again. And I didn't see her here in this place where we are now. She could only send messages to me by the nurses, and that was all I could do—send messages to her. By the time I was in good enough shape to write her a note or a letter, she'd left. Our acquaintanceship had never been anything but social, and I'd hardly even thought of her since that period in Penang forty years ago. I'd never realized she had a place in memory.

When I first got into this hospital, it was the memory of Nancy I was after, of course—not the Nancy you first met, after we got back from Penang with the two kids, but the Nancy you never saw. The memory I was after when I found myself in here was the Nancy I knew before all that, and, day or night, I was unable to get it. That's one of the troubles elderly men have, you see. We all have it. We try and we try to remember a woman we want to remember—we want all of her, we won't settle for fragments, and we go after it. We strip ourselves, we put aside all the paraphernalia we've collected in a long life, and we go after the memory as if we were what we used to be and as if there was just that memory of that woman, with nothing

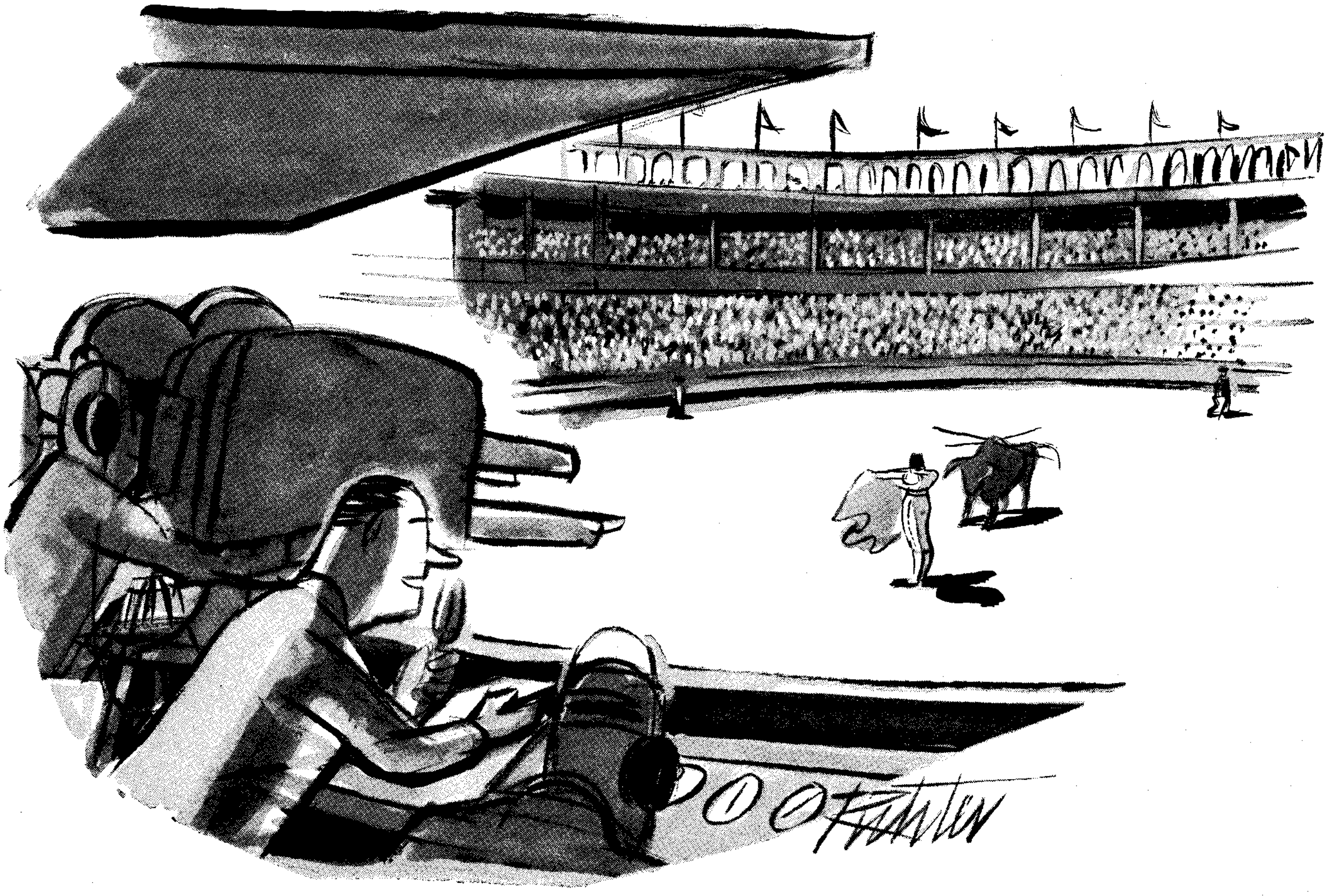
around it. It's a mistake to drop everything you've got when you go back into memory, because at any moment, in order to find your way through some woods you'd never known were there, you may require something you only picked up the day before yesterday. The trick is to take along everything you've got. I'm talking, of course, about the whole of memory. If it's just a man's own memory he's after, it's no problem. If that's all he wants, he can go look at one of his old battlefields with his son-in-law. That's just *his* memory.

But I was as ignorant as you or the next man when I first got into this hospital and started going after the memory of Nancy. I went after it like a bull terrier—white hair and pink eyes—as if I could grab what I was after and hold it between my paws. But the kind of memory I'm talking about isn't an object. It's part of something—a lot goes with it, there's a great deal around it. In a way, it's like the world, a part of the wide, wide world. And where it comes from is from everywhere. To get it, you've got to use a lot of things that are close to it and away from it. We think of memory—I mean memory like the memory of Nancy—as something that belongs only to us. But if that's all it is, it's not what we're after. It's not the whole thing. It belongs to a lot of people. That's part of what I mean when I say you've got to take everything with you that you can lay your hands on when you go after it. You need not only everything you've got but as much of what other people have got as you can borrow or steal. You need the eyes of other people as well as your own eyes, for one thing. You need what's behind their eyes, too.

It was after I'd been here in this bed a couple of days and nights and was beginning to feel fairly good for short flashes at a time that one of the nurses told me there was a lady down the corridor who thought she used to know me some years ago. "She said to ask if you weren't once in Penang. P-e-n-a-n-g—she spelled it out for me," the nurse said. "In Malaya."

I replied that I certainly was in Penang—for several years in the early nineteen-twenties.

The nurse said this lady's name was Mrs. Carter and that she'd said she thought maybe I was the Thomas K. Richards of Standard Oil she used to know in Penang, and that if I was, maybe I'd remember her—Betty Carter. "She said to tell you her husband's name was Jim—she seemed to think that might help you remember her," the nurse said.



"And now, ladies and gentlemen, the moment of truth. But first a word from our sponsors."

* * *

"Tell her I remember all about her," I said. "Tell her to come in here and see me as soon as I'm feeling better. Tell her I don't need Jim or anybody else to remember her by."

"She can't come to see you," the nurse said, "any more than you can go to see her. But I'll tell her what you said. She's nice. She's a nice woman."

"Tell her I'll be down to see her when I'm better," I said. "Tell her I remember the launch party she gave for the American Minister to Siam on his way to Bangkok."

"Minister?"

"Like an ambassador," I explained. "Mrs. Carter and her husband had this boat, you see, for giving launch parties on the river in Penang. What we'd call a cabin cruiser now. Tell her I can remember *all* her parties. Her dinner parties and her No. 1 boy, Ho Sing."

"I'll tell her," the nurse said.

"Is she very sick?"

"Not too bad. I'll give her your message before we get her to sleep. You can have another pill tonight if you need one, you know. And just put on your light if you want anything."

This was one of the good nurses, of course. Most of them are all right, but this one's young and not bad-looking, and she's bright, as well. If she'd been in Penang in 1921, before she was born, and was the way she is now, she would have been a very popular American girl.

I never asked for the second sleeping pill that night, because I didn't want to sleep or dream or do anything but lie here with the night light from the city streets coming in the window, remembering Mrs. Carter. I thought of her, and I still think of her, as Mrs. Carter—not as Betty—and that may be because, on the boat going from San Francisco to Shanghai, I first became aware of her as the Mrs. Carter who had all the children and the French governess. Her husband wasn't with her—he'd already gone out to Shanghai, to manage the branch that the Orient & San Francisco Bank had there in those days, and she and the children were joining him. They'd been with him in Paris before that. She just seemed like a kind of ordinary middle-aged American woman to me for part of that trip, but she was nowhere near middle-aged—she was probably not much over thirty. The thing is, of course, that I was exactly twenty-two, and she'd probably have seemed middle-aged to me even without all the children. Actually, there were only *three* children, and at the time I paid no attention to them. I was after the French governess. And can you beat this? I know now—just as I know a good many things I didn't know then, and yet I *did* know them then—that I was after the governess not so much because she was young and not unattractive but simply because she was French. I can't remember now just what that governess did look like.

Have you any idea how young men are at twenty-two? Does anybody have any idea? I'd never been anywhere, I'd gone to work for Standard Oil fresh out of Dartmouth, I wasn't a bad kid, as kids go, I wasn't even such a bad older brother, was I? But on that ship, that Dollar liner going to the Orient, I was insufferable, I was a snob, I was somebody I'd never been before and have never been since.

But I'm only going to touch on what *I* was. I'm trying to give you an idea of Mrs. Carter. Or, rather, I'm trying to give you my idea of Mrs. Carter. I know now—and I'd know this even if I'd never seen her later on in Penang—that she was just a nice woman and had these three children who tumbled around the ship. They were always playing around, and the French governess watched over them. Then, in

"Have you ever coveted another man's wife, Sylvester?"

the evening, the French governess would come on deck when they'd all three been put to bed, and I would moon at her and dance with her, and once or twice I lured her to my cabin. I never got that governess, but I scared her, I'm afraid, or confused her. One day, Mrs. Carter took my arm in a friendly way and walked up toward the bow with me and said in what I know now was a very tactful fashion that she was afraid I was turning the poor girl's head. Those were her words—old-fashioned words now. And do you know what I said to Mrs. Carter? I said, "I can see, Mrs. Carter, that you're not very accustomed to having servants." You can't believe it, I can't believe it, I hope nobody can believe it, but there it is! That's what I said. And *you* know how accustomed *I* was to having servants! I didn't choose to remember until years afterward that Mrs. Carter replied that day that of *course* she wasn't used to servants, that this one was the first she'd ever had, and I forgot as best I could that Mrs. Carter laughed at me in a way that wasn't at all derisive. I suppose it was sisterly—possibly it was sisterly. I did allow myself to understand eventually on that trip, though, that I might be making a fool of myself going after the French governess, because she'd turned out to be awkward and childish and her hands were large and rough-skinned. I'd presumed she was twenty-three or so, and experienced in addition to being French, but she was probably barely twenty and had come out of a convent. I spoke only inferior Dartmouth French, and she had very little English, and it dawned on me that the whole thing had got off on the wrong foot. So I convinced myself that I'd merely been being chivalrously democratic and worldly with the governess, and managed—at least in the mind's eye I was then using on myself—to rise above the situation.

Nevertheless, I was surprised and pleased when Mrs. Carter included me in a general invitation to the passengers who'd been in the cocktail crowd in the small ship's little bar—an invitation to join her husband (who'd met her at the dock, of course) at the Shanghai Club for drinks the next day, before the ship steamed on for Hong Kong and Singapore. I was surprised, but by the time I'd met her husband and we'd all had a pleasant hour or so at the Shanghai Club, I'd begun to realize that this middle-aged woman with the three children wasn't very old, after all; that her husband, Jim, looked like the sort of older man I'd like to get to know better; and that Mrs. Carter seemed to be at least as fond of me as she was of the other male members of the ship's cocktail crowd.

Whatever role it was I'd been playing for a good part of that voyage had vanished from my memory—at least, for years to come—like an unsuccessful costume rented for a fancy-dress ball and returned the next morning. The tumbling children came into the Shanghai Club with the governess while Mrs. Carter's little party was breaking up, and I think I probably saw those children distinctly for the first time then. Before that, on shipboard, they'd just been three small moving clumps of dresses and rompers, but now they were more or less motionless and were shaking hands with me and the other guests, one after the other—girls of four and three, and a boy of two. That night in the hospital those children's names came back to me, along with other things about that trip and about the years in Penang, and, as the days and nights in this bed went on, Mrs. Carter became an indispensable element in the chemistry of the memory of Nancy—the memory I'd been seeking. The children's names were Elizabeth, Katherine, and James, and all our crowd in Penang called them by their whole names after they arrived, later on that year, because Mrs. Carter said she thought it much nicer if grown people called children by their whole names and left it to other children to make up nicknames—if they had to have nicknames. Jim had been offered a better job at a new bank in Penang; they stayed there two or three years.

I can't tell you whether I began to know or to sense, or whether I was even vaguely aware of, what was going on in the memory department as I lay thinking about Mrs. Carter that first night, but what happened was that before I slept I knew I wanted to go on thinking about her and Jim and Elizabeth, Katherine, and James, and about all the people, small and large, who'd filled the days in Penang before I married Nancy.

As the hospital days proceeded, the messages went back and forth between Mrs. Carter down the corridor and myself in this room. The first thing in the morning, after that initial message, I asked the morning nurse about Mrs. Carter and how she was. But the nurse was one of the indifferent, overefficient ones, and her "Oh, she's doing nicely" meant nothing, and I didn't try to send a message by her to Mrs. Carter. The afternoon nurse was one I hadn't seen before and didn't much like the looks of, but while she was taking my pulse in a perfunctory way she told me, as if she were reciting a lesson, "The patient Mrs. Carter sent you her best wishes and said she'd forgotten all about the

American Minister's launch party but remembered everything about it when you reminded her of it last night, and that she'd recalled exactly how he looked when his dignified, fat red face appeared above the muddy river water, once he came to the surface after falling in so unexpectedly with his pongee suit on."

"Did you take that down in shorthand?" I asked, and I suppose I asked it suspiciously.

"I can remember things I'm told," the nurse said, but when she looked at me—I probably tried to seem sicker than I was—she said, "Well, she's a very nice patient, and I'm not wild about *all* patients. This seemed important to Mrs. Carter, and she repeated it several times to me, and so I've done what she asked me to do, that's all."

"It was a long time ago, and we haven't seen each other for many years," I said. "I knew her—everybody knew her—very well in those days in the Far East. She had three cute little children. Her husband taught me to play chess."

"She's a widow," the nurse said, "and she's had no visitors, but she reads a lot, and, of course, she sleeps a good deal of the time. She told me she had two daughters and a son and seven grandchildren, but that they were scattered around in Europe and on the West Coast. She was on her way back from Italy to see the ones in Santa Barbara when she had this attack."

"It's her heart?"

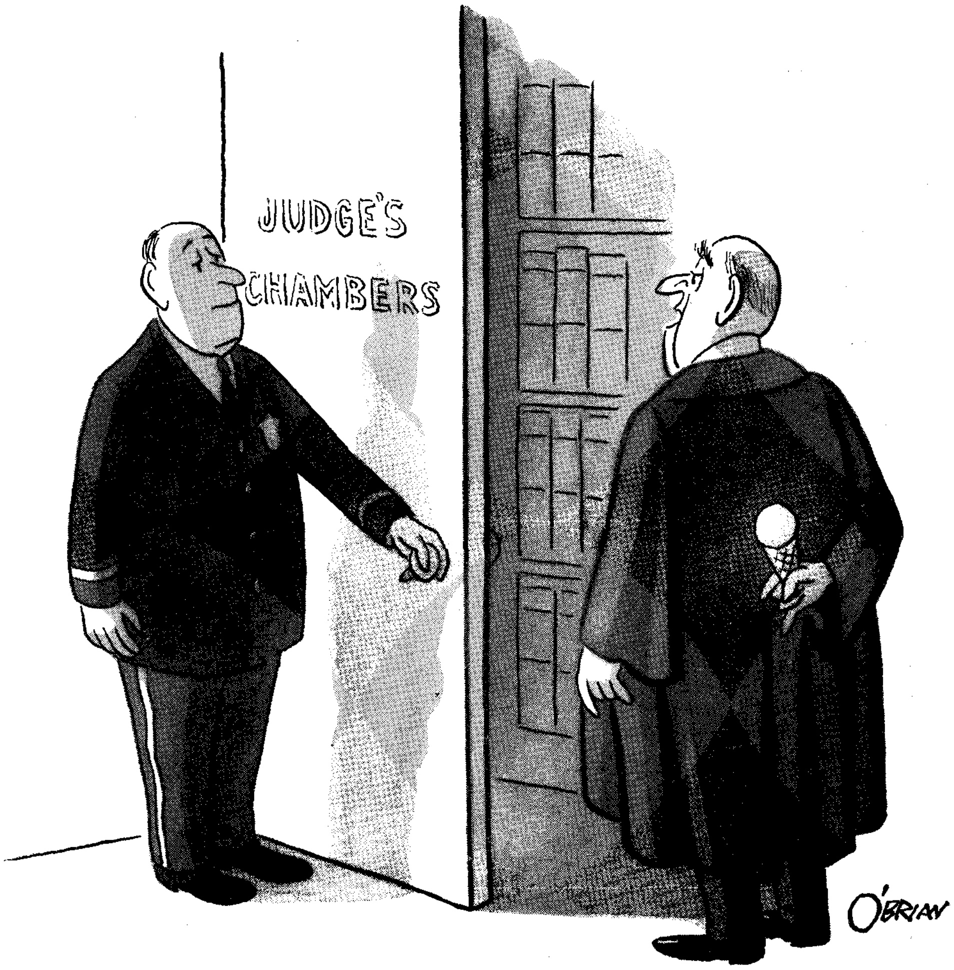
"No, she'd had some surgery. And you're supposed to rest, you know. Anyway, she said to remind you of the Polo Club. 'The club,' she said, 'not the polo.' "

"Tell her I'd forgotten about the Polo Club but was thinking of Dr. Smith's particular way of putting out his cigarette," I said, and the nurse grinned as if she'd been in Penang herself, and nodded, and went away.

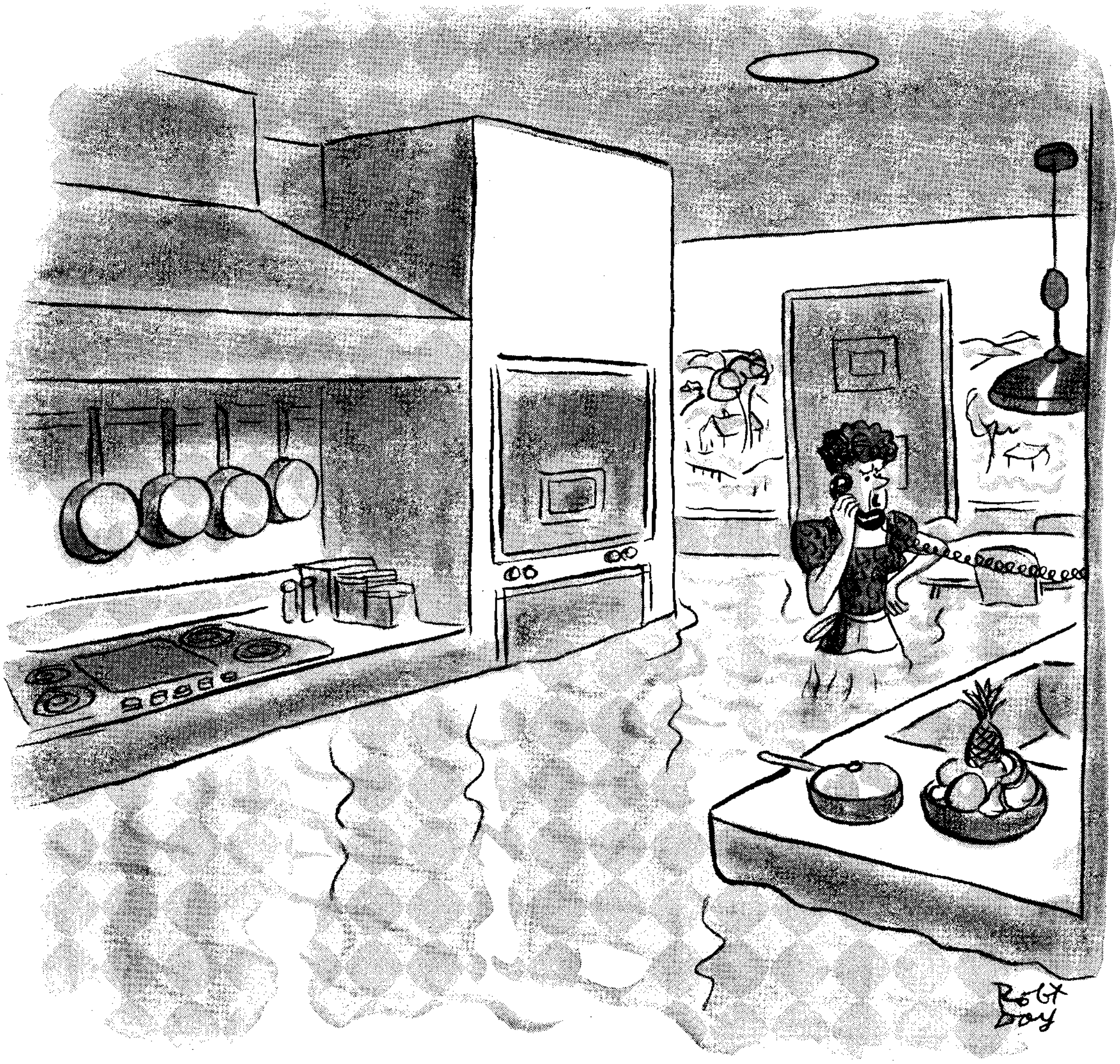
Dr. Smith was Nancy's father, of course, but I don't think I ever told you about his spitting fish. He was an ichthyologist and had started out in the nineties from the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, with his bride, when he was a young man. He was going around the world on his honeymoon, but he'd run across so many fantastic fish in Malaya and Siam that he'd stayed on there, first in one place and then in another, and Nancy was born out there, as you know, and they'd never gone back to the States except once in a great while, and to see Nancy graduate from school in Farmington. His spitting fish were the kind that spit up at insects on the branches of trees to make them fall in the water. Dr. Smith would hold his cigarette out over the pond at those garden parties when he was through smoking it, and one of these fish would come to the surface and spit out the light on the cigarette. But nobody else could get those fish to do that for them. Well, it's not much of a story—it's only that I knew Mrs. Carter would be seeing the whole scene, all those scenes there in the Smiths' garden in Penang at the same time I was seeing them in this room, and it's also that she'd know I'd know she'd heard about Nancy, or had read it in the paper somewhere. As a matter of fact, I think Mrs. Carter even knew what I was after. Mrs. Carter was that kind of woman.

She was the kind of woman people used to say was a wonderful hostess. In those days, you understand. Like so many other words, that word doesn't seem to mean the same thing now—not exactly. Maybe it takes servants to make a woman a wonderful hostess. Out there, even *I* became accustomed to servants. We all had servants, and Mrs. Carter had the French governess to start with, and she had a cook and a No. 1 boy and a coolie and a chauffeur and a gardener, and so on. But she knew how to handle them better than anybody else, and her dinner parties were always fun because, even with the little she had to go on as far as guests were concerned, she mixed people as perfectly as her No. 1 boy mixed drinks.

As the days in the hospital went on and I got better at it, there would be the whole scene, all those scenes in Penang—the parties at her house, at other houses there, the goings on at the Polo Club, and the young English faces and the young American faces, and the government people, the European diplomats and semi-diplomats and foreign advisers and financial advisers and the local princes. There were the white mosquito boots everybody wore in the evening—the men, that is—and the embroidered-silk skirtlike bags the ladies would put their feet in and pull up over their knees as gracefully as possible when the mosquitoes got bad, and the tennis on the lawn courts in the afternoon, and the golf on the flat course, but with plenty of over-water holes to make that course tricky. We exchanged messages as the days went on, but, as I say, I never saw Mrs. Carter. Yet I had her eyes and the eyes of all those Penang people—and what was behind



"I can't possibly see anyone at the moment."



"I want to report a party-line user who refused to relinquish the phone for an emergency."

• •

them—as well as what I had myself.

The night nurse who'd brought me the first message from her—it was she who finally told me about what was wrong with Mrs. Carter.

"It's C.A.," the nurse said one night when I kept on asking her.

Then the nurse had to tell me in the ugly word of two syllables what the third and the first letter of the alphabet mean in a New York hospital, because I'd never heard it called that. Did you know they call it C.A.? I hope I never hear anybody call it C.A. again.

I also found out from the good daytime nurse that it was cancer of the womb that Mrs. Carter had—that she still had after the surgery. I wondered why the son and daughters weren't there, but it seemed Mrs. Carter hadn't wanted to wire them or cable them at first, and now wasn't going to, because she knew it was only a matter of days. Or maybe hours. But in any case I couldn't think of the grown son and the grown daughters, but only of those tumbling children on the Dollar liner, and of where Elizabeth and Katherine and James had come from. When I found out from the nurse what the exact situation was, I expected, I suppose—oh, of course I expected!—to get some particular kind of message from Mrs. Carter. But I only expected it for a moment or two, I'll say that. She'd send no particular kind of message, I realized, and she wouldn't expect me to, and I didn't, thank Christ. She'd never sent any message at all about Nancy; she knew she didn't need to, and it wasn't what she'd have done even if she thought for a moment she ought to. And she'd send no message about herself or about Jim. Her last message to me was, "The fireflies that lit up all at once."

There were certain trees out there around Penang that a certain kind of lightning bug seemed to live in, or roost in at night—the way flocks of certain kinds of birds roost in certain kinds of trees, you see. Thousands, *tens* of thousands, of these fireflies would be in one of these trees, all over every branch and twig of it. And for some reason—nobody knows why, as I understand it—they would all light up at once on certain evenings. I don't mean they would all light up just once on one evening. I mean at intervals on certain evenings they would all light up. We used to see them most often on the boat rides we'd take sometimes along the *klongs*, the little canals, that ran through the paddy fields. They were ditches, actually, but in some seasons of the year they were deep enough and wide enough to hold four or five small boats in single file—the kind of boat that has an oarsman at the stern. The Far Eastern version of gondolas, I guess you might call them. Sometimes, after one of Mrs. Carter's dinner parties—it had to be clear and with no moon, only the stars—she'd have the boats and the oarsmen there at the dock where they kept the launch for the launch parties. The launch parties, you understand, were daytime affairs. And then, by fours and threes and sometimes by twos, her guests would get in the boats—long dresses and black ties and white mess jackets—and sit on cushions in the bottoms of the boats, and the oarsmen would take them a little way down the river and on into one of the *klongs*. It was always a long distance off, to the right or to the left across the paddy fields—the tree with the fireflies that lit up all at once. The whole dark shape of the tree would light up—not in a flash but in a glow, a golden glow. Then there'd be only the light of the stars. And after a while the same tree, or maybe another tree off on the other side in the distance, would light up all at once in a golden glow—all of it, like memory. —St. Clair McKelway

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Times*]

"If nuclear energy leads to nuclear war there will be no need for a Council on the Aging," he declared.

PROFILES

SOMETHING OUT THERE

LATE one afternoon a few months ago, I had occasion to visit the office of one of the financial district's less regimented workers, whose job is studying sunspots and planetary positions for a big communications company, and who does so with the help of what is, as far as I know, the only rooftop telescope between Fulton Street and the Battery. As I was leaving this anomalous downtowner's office, he casually introduced me to his next visitor—Edward Russell Dewey, a stocky, independent-looking middle-aged man with keen gray eyes behind rimless spectacles, and sparse, unruly hair. "Mr. Dewey is director of the Foundation for the Study of Cycles," my astronomer friend said. My curiosity aroused by the title, I waited around until Mr. Dewey had finished his business and then followed him into the elevator. On the way down, I asked him what sort of cycles the Foundation studied. "Rhythmic occurrences and fluctuations," he replied. "The tendency of events to repeat at more or less uniform time intervals. Cycles occur in everything—in the pulsations of distant stars, in the prevalence of sunspots, in weather conditions, in the abundance of mammals, birds, insects, and fish, and in the prices of securities. In fact, they occur almost anywhere you look in nature or social activity. Why is that?"

The question seemed to be rhetorical, so I didn't try to answer it. Instead, as we walked across the building's lobby and out onto the narrow sidewalk, I commented, a bit obviously, "I suppose if you understand cycles you can predict the future."

Dewey looked at me blandly. "Definitely so," he replied. "But remember Glendower's boast, in 'King Henry IV,' that 'I can call spirits from the vasty deep,' and Hotspur's reply—'Why, so can I, or so can any man/But will they come when you do call for them?' Well, with the use of cycles we can *predict* the future. Nothing simpler. But will it come when we call for it?"

With that, Dewey gave me a crisp wave of farewell and started off down the street.

"Wait a minute, please!" I called after him.

He stopped and turned, and I said I would like to hear more about his work.

"All right," he said. "I'm headed for the Foundation's headquarters, at 680 West End Avenue. Come on up there with me, and I'll give you enough reading matter on the subject to set your head spinning."

We hailed a cab, and as the driver swung away from the curb, I asked Dewey whether the cycles he was interested in had anything to do with the business cycle that economists were always talking about. Nothing at all, he replied. Although many of the cycles that the Foundation studies occur in economics and business affairs, what is usually called the business cycle is recurrent but not rhythmic—that is, its crests and bottoms do not necessarily occur at regular intervals—and so, in the view of the Foundation, it isn't a true cycle.

Edward Russell Dewey

"What, exactly, is?" I asked.

Dewey settled back in the seat and gave me a short introduction to the subject of cycles. It went about like this: "Start with a classic example from nature. From 1735 up to the present time, the Hudson's Bay Company, of Canada, has kept accurate and complete records of the annual number of lynx skins offered to it by trappers. Over that whole period, the number of offerings has varied—barring a few minor exceptions—in a distinct cycle, which has an average length of nine and six-tenths years. The swings have been extreme—as few as five or six thousand skins in the bottom years, as many as seventy thousand at the peaks. Fair enough. But the scientist faced with such a phenomenon must assume that it's a matter of chance unless he can prove otherwise. As a rule of thumb, an apparent rhythmic cycle has to be regarded as possibly fortuitous until it has been followed through ten or more successive swings, or unless it is extraordinarily regular. Well, the lynx cycle qualifies on both counts; it's been followed through twenty-three and it's extraordinarily regular. Having ruled out chance, the scientist next makes the assumption that the cycle is what we call dynamic, or primary—that is, that it is inherent in the environment of which it's a part, like the beating of a heart, or the swing of a pendulum, or the changing of the seasons. In this case, we know that the Canadian lynx feeds chiefly on the snowshoe rabbit, and that there is also a very marked snowshoe-rabbit cycle—undoubtedly caused by something in the rabbit's environment, though we don't know just what. Therefore, we assume that when the rabbit population is at a peak, the lynx population will be fat and abundant, and when the rabbit population is at a low, the lynxes will be dying off from hunger—to return when the rabbit supply has had time to build up again. Well and good; that would make the lynx cycle primary, and explain everything except the length of the rhythm, which can be considered arbitrary. But now suppose (as is the actual case) that over an extended period—1880 to 1930—the number of Atlantic salmon caught per fisherman per day in the Restigouche River, in eastern Canada, was meticulously recorded by a private fishing club, and suppose that the abundance of salmon was thus found to have a marked rhythm almost exactly nine and six-tenths years long, *with crests and bottoms at almost exactly the same time as those of the lynxes and the rabbits.* Suppose, further (as is again the case), that cycles of about the same length, with approximately synchronous crests and bottoms, have been found in the number of deaths from heart disease in the northeastern United States, in the abundance of chinch bugs in Illinois, and—with the crests and bottoms reversed—in the annual acreage of wheat harvested in the United States. These cycles are clearly not part of a primary cycle, in which one causes the others; reason will not accept the possibility that fluctuations in the salmon population in the Restigouche have a direct bearing on the number of Illinois chinch bugs or on the incidence of heart disease in the Northeast. Under the circumstances, logic drives us to a choice of alternatives: Either these cycles are purely coincidental—a matter of straight chance—or they're what we call secondary, or forced, cycles, produced by some outside agency. Now, the number of cycles involved would appear to rule out pure coincidence, so we go to the forced cycle, which is the kind of cycle the Foundation is interested in. The Foundation's hypothesis—and it's only a hypothesis—is that there is Something Out There [I could feel Dewey capitalizing the words] that is somehow forcing all those cycles. 'Out There' could mean in the sky, in the atmosphere, or even inside the earth."

For a block or so, Dewey silently contemplated our driver's back as the man fought his way uptown through rush-hour traffic, and then he went on, "Now, the Foundation. It has two main purposes. One is to discover more cycles, wherever they may exist, by engaging in original research and by collating the work of others. Obviously, it would be a boon to mankind if we could prophesy the precise dates when various cycles would reach specified stages. It would help the farmer plant his crops, help the weatherman make his forecasts, help the doctor ward off epidemics, and, of course, help the stock speculator make profits. Our other purpose is more basic. It is to find out what causes cycles—what, if anything, is Out There."

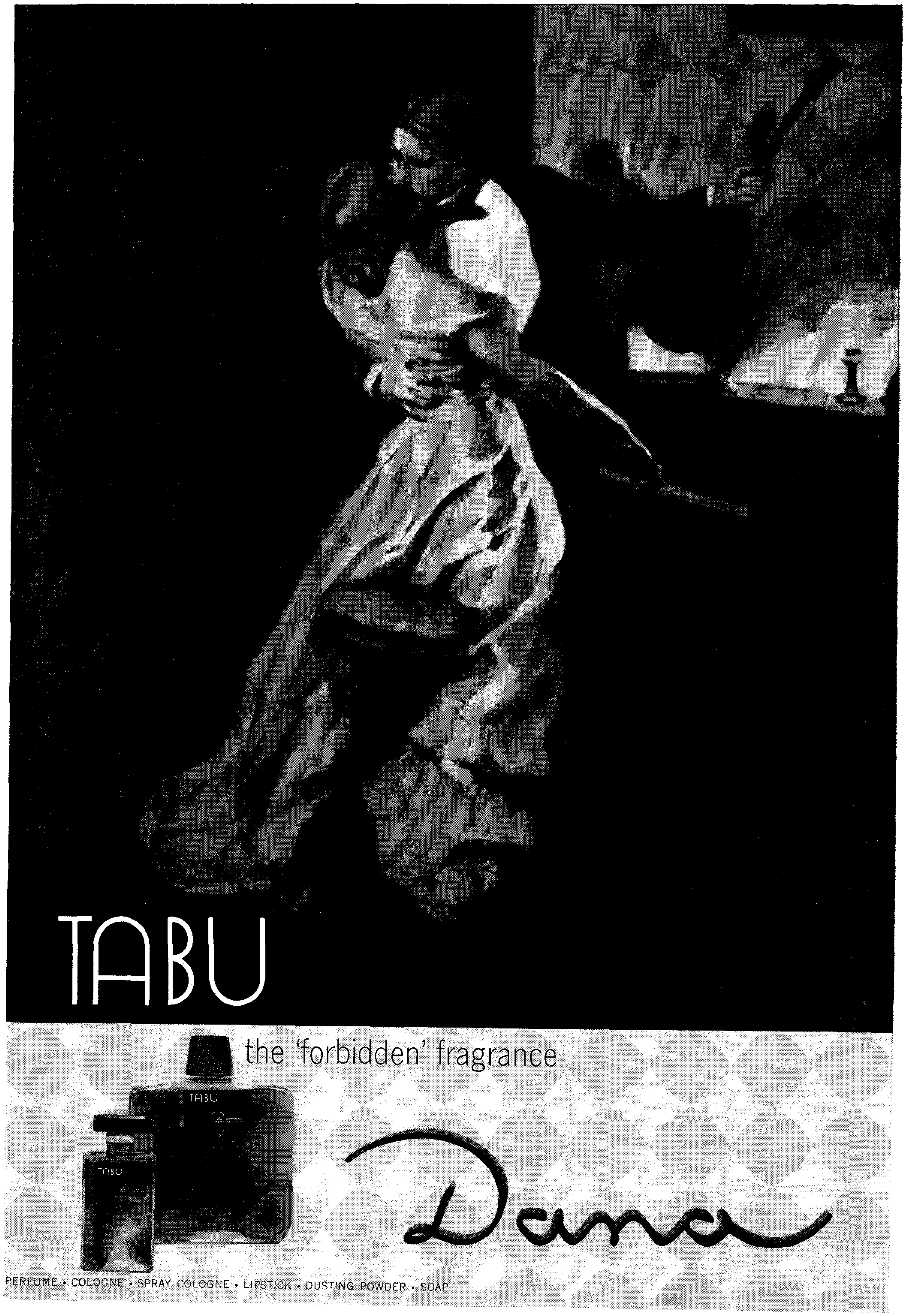
Our taxi was standing in front of 680 West End Avenue. The driver reached back to open the door for us, and as he did so, I caught him looking at Dewey with an expression—a splendidly eloquent expression—that combined amusement, skepticism, and a certain suppressed fascination. Dewey noticed it, too. "Cycles *get* people," he remarked as we walked over to the building's entrance. "Pro or con, the idea engages strong emotions. One of our greatest problems is to keep people's thinking about our work on a level-headed plane."

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

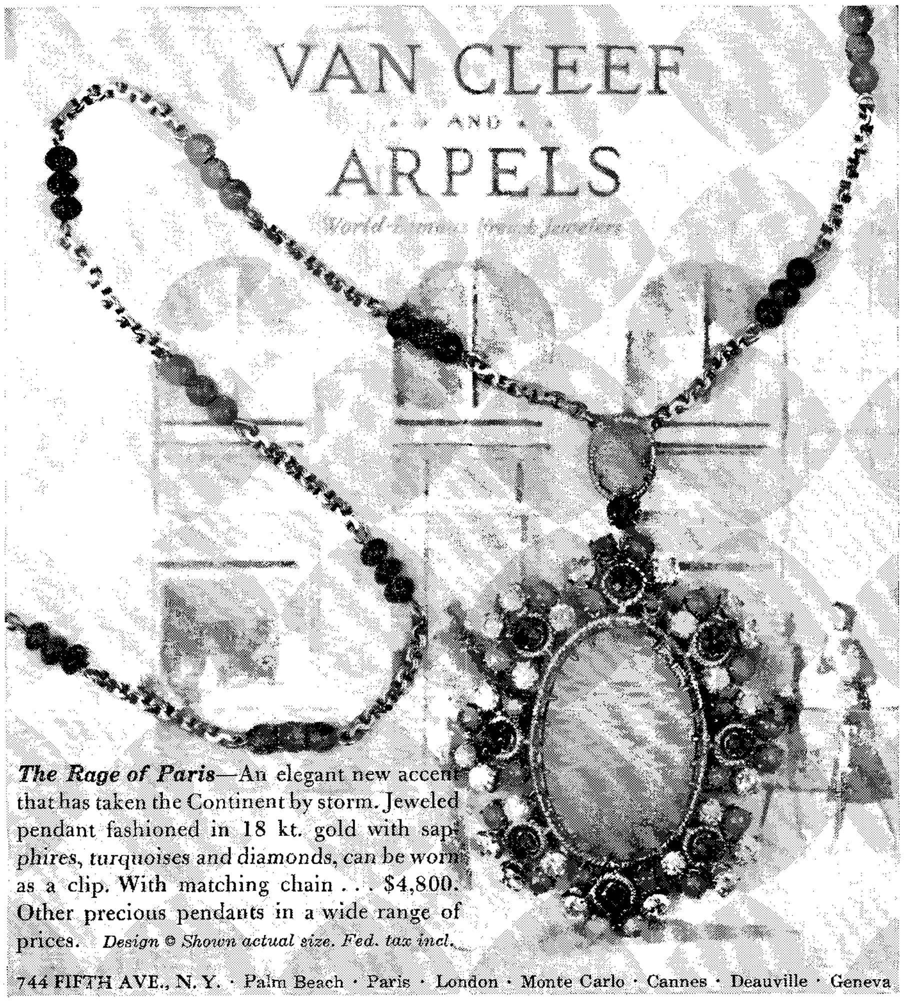
"Now, remember, dear. Speak softly and carry a big stick."

Dewey led the way into 680 West End, an undistinguished but substantial structure, and rang the bell of a ground-floor apartment. The door was opened by a kindly-looking woman with a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles balanced on her nose in a way that gave her a somewhat Dickensian aspect. "This is Mrs. Gertrude Roessle, our membership manager," Dewey said to me. "The Foundation has over six thousand members, each of whom pays dues of twelve dollars and fifty cents a year and receives our monthly magazine, *Cycles*, in return. Mrs. Roessle sees that they pay their dues and get their magazines." A tour of the apartment disclosed that it consisted of six rooms, three of which were used by the Foundation and three as the living quarters of Mrs. Roessle and her husband, who wasn't present. In one of the Foun-

©DANA PERFUMES CORP., 1961


TABU
the 'forbidden' fragrance
TABU
TABU
Dana
PERFUME • COLOGNE • SPRAY COLOGNE • LIPSTICK • DUSTING POWDER • SOAP

Denim Nor'easter . . .
fair cover under
rainy skies in blue or gold!
Cotton denim bonded to
Curon® foam. By American
Bazaar. Petite sizes 8 to 16.
Altman coats, sixth floor,
Fifth Avenue and
suburban stores, **25.00**


VAN CLEEF
AND
ARPELS
World-famous French Jewelers

The Rage of Paris—An elegant new accent that has taken the Continent by storm. Jeweled pendant fashioned in 18 kt. gold with sapphires, turquoises and diamonds, can be worn as a clip. With matching chain . . . $4,800. Other precious pendants in a wide range of prices. *Design © Shown actual size. Fed. tax incl.*

744 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. · Palm Beach · Paris · London · Monte Carlo · Cannes · Deauville · Geneva

dation rooms, three or four girls were working frantically at filing cases and addressing machines. Mrs. Roessle apologized for the confusion. "It's time for one of our monthly mailings," she said, peering at me over her spectacles, "and, frankly, we're going around in circles."

"Cycles," Dewey murmured absentmindedly.

Dewey told Mrs. Roessle that I was interested in cycle research, and asked her to round up some material on the subject for me. While I was waiting for it, he and I sat in a small Victorian parlor that serves as the Foundation's conference room. "This is our main office but not our only one," he explained. "I live at Brady's Bend—it's about sixty miles northeast of Pittsburgh—chiefly because I happened to inherit property there. I spend most of my working time at our research office—we have a total of five research assistants—which is in Pittsburgh, because Gertrude Shirk, our chief researcher and the editor of *Cycles*, lives close by. I usually come to New York once a month, partly to look after administrative matters here at headquarters and partly to see various people who are interested in cycles. On this trip, I've been in touch with half a dozen scientists at Princeton—an expert on animals' physiological clocks, a man who's trying to detect earthquake cycles, and so on—and half a dozen more here in town. But, look, let's get back to the lynx and the salmon and the chinch bugs. There are other reasons, besides the ones I've mentioned, for believing that cycles are caused by some outside force. Here's one reason: Cycles sometimes become distorted, or entirely eliminated, by identifiable causes; then, when the causes are removed, the cycles pick up again at the phase they would have reached if they had never been disturbed. For instance, United States passenger-car production showed several distinct cycles before the Second World War, and after the complete interruption of the war years they resumed at just about the point they should have reached. Another reason is the fact that you frequently find cycles of seemingly the same length on the earth and on the sun. The number of sunspots varies in a cycle with an average length of 11.15 years. Well, cycles of just about that length—some of them better authenticated than others—have been found in world pig-iron production, Wisconsin crop yields, international battles, human excitability, commercial crises, and the migration of the Siberian prairie hen. This correspondence doesn't prove anything in itself, but put together with the fact

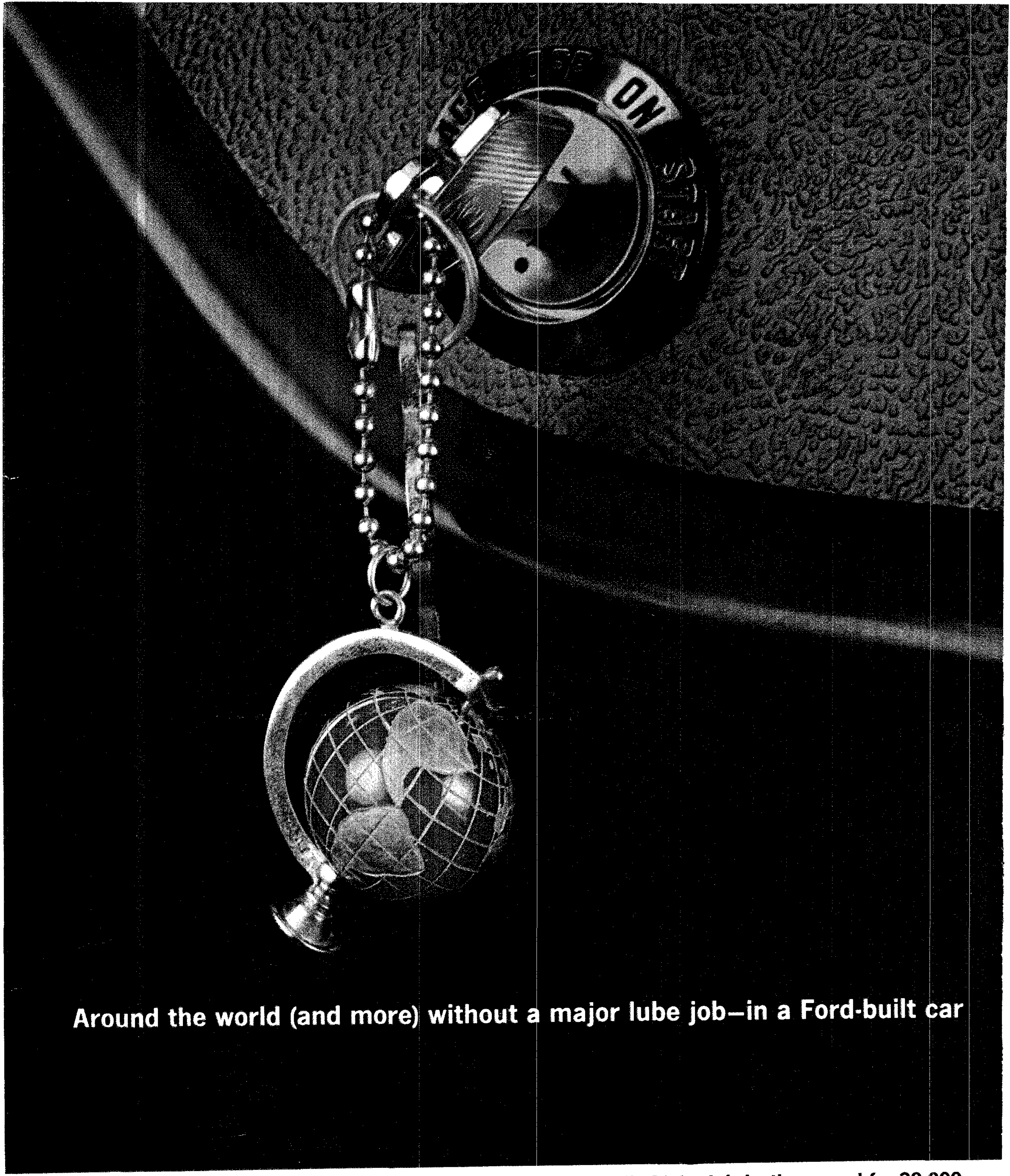
Every child should have a sea serpent.

Especially when it's Cecil. Because this is what happens. Turn the crank, and the music box plays. On the last tinkling note, up jumps Cecil. The Seasick Sea Serpent. Even on the 684th personal appearance, the irresistible Cecil is received with a squeal of delight. He is just one of the captivating products made by Mattel Toymakers.

Your child may see these toys on one of our television programs. If he should ask for that toy, you can be confident of thoughtful originality and uncompromising quality. That quality is important to children . . . and to us. Because ours is a most rewarding business. We make children happy.

MATTEL, INC. TOYMAKERS ®

Cartoon Characters © 1949, 1950 by Robert E. (Bob) Clampett • KING FEATURES SYNDICATE • Harvey Famous Name Cartoons
© 1962 MATTEL, INC. For a free color print of this photograph (without advertising message), please write to Mattel, Inc., P. O. Box 621, Dept. AD, Hawthorne, California


ON
Around the world (and more) without a major lube job—in a Ford-built car

Another reason why Ford Motor Company cars are quality built. **Major lubrications good for 30,000 miles or more—that's just one of the service-saving features pioneered by Ford Motor Company and standard on many of our cars. Others include minor lubrications and oil changes good for 6,000 miles, self-adjusting brakes, and life-of-the-car transmission fluid. These are some of the steps that have already been taken in our determination to free you from car cares. They add up to the fact that our cars are quality built to last longer, need less care, and retain their value better.**

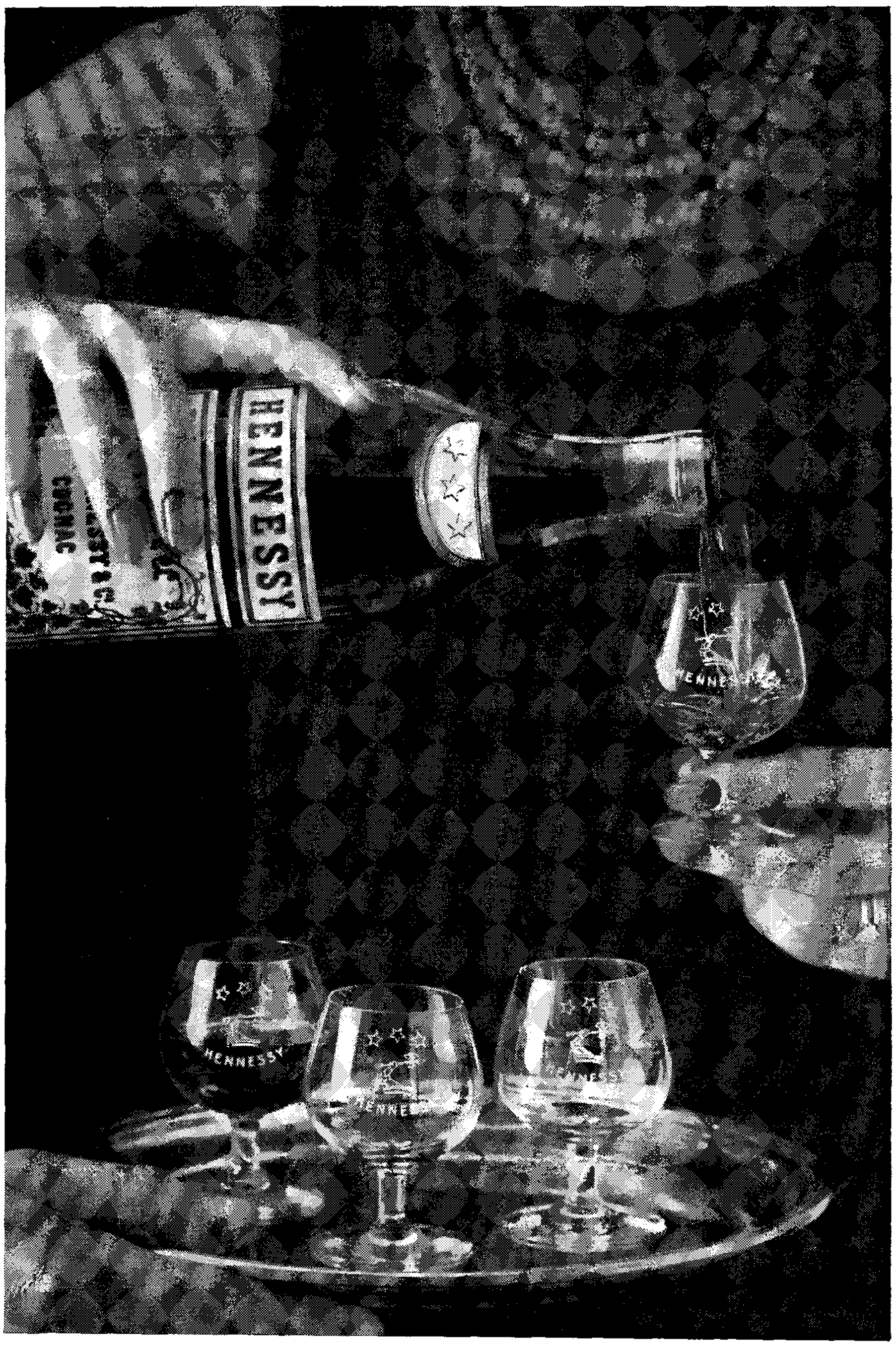
PRODUCTS OF Ford MOTOR COMPANY

FORD: Falcon, Fairlane, Galaxie, THUNDERBIRD
MERCURY: Comet, Meteor, Monterey, LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that a great variety of other terrestrial cycles have counterparts in minor solar cycles, it does suggest a fundamental cause common to both earth and sun. Still another reason: Very long cycles, particularly economic ones, seem to persist through vast changes in conditions, such as the coming of the industrial revolution. Wrought-iron prices in Europe have gone through a cycle of sixteen and two-thirds years from the thirteenth century right up to the latest available figures. What the Foundation aims to do is to take this mass of suggestive evidence, gather new evidence to fill in the cracks, and eventually, we hope, get to the root of the matter. Now here comes Mrs. Roessle with the material for you."

LADEN with several bound volumes of *Cycles*, several more volumes of a technical quarterly called the *Journal of Cycle Research*, which the Foundation also publishes, and an assortment of other books, I trudged home, and over the next month I spent some of my spare time going through them. I discovered that as far as I was concerned, Dewey had been right in calling the subject a seductive one; once you get used to dealing with forbidding charts and graphs, and to skimming over phrases like "positive wave amplitude," "moving average," and "smoothed curve," you find yourself getting very much into the swing of things—a phrase that in itself suggests an acceptance of the idea of cycles. I needed to go no further than the masthead of *Cycles* to learn that the Foundation is a non-profit corporation and that the members of its governing committee include Charles G. Abbot, retired secretary of the Smithsonian Institution; Harold E. Anthony, curator of the Frick Laboratory at the American Museum of Natural History; Vice Admiral (retired) Harold G. Bowen, United States Navy; John Q. Stewart, professor of astronomical physics at Princeton; and Lord Beveridge, the English economist. To hear *Cycles* tell it (or, perhaps more properly, to hear Dewey tell it, because he used to write every word of the magazine and still writes some of it, signing himself "E.R.D." or, in occasional fits of coziness, "Ned Dewey"), the recognition of cycles goes back to the earliest times. Joseph, in his interpretation of Pharaoh's dream about cattle and ears of corn, correctly forecast a fourteen-year economic cycle. Ecclesiastes is full of poetic cycle-talk ("The wind returneth again according to his circuits," and "Unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return



Send to France for these attractive Hennessy Brandy Snifters

What a handsome way to relish the golden luxury of Hennessy Cognac.

This beautiful set of 4 crystal-clear glasses, shipped to you direct from Cognac, France, is yours for only $1. The coupon is for your convenience.

Hennessy Supremacy is maintained by the world's largest stocks of aged Cognac brandies.

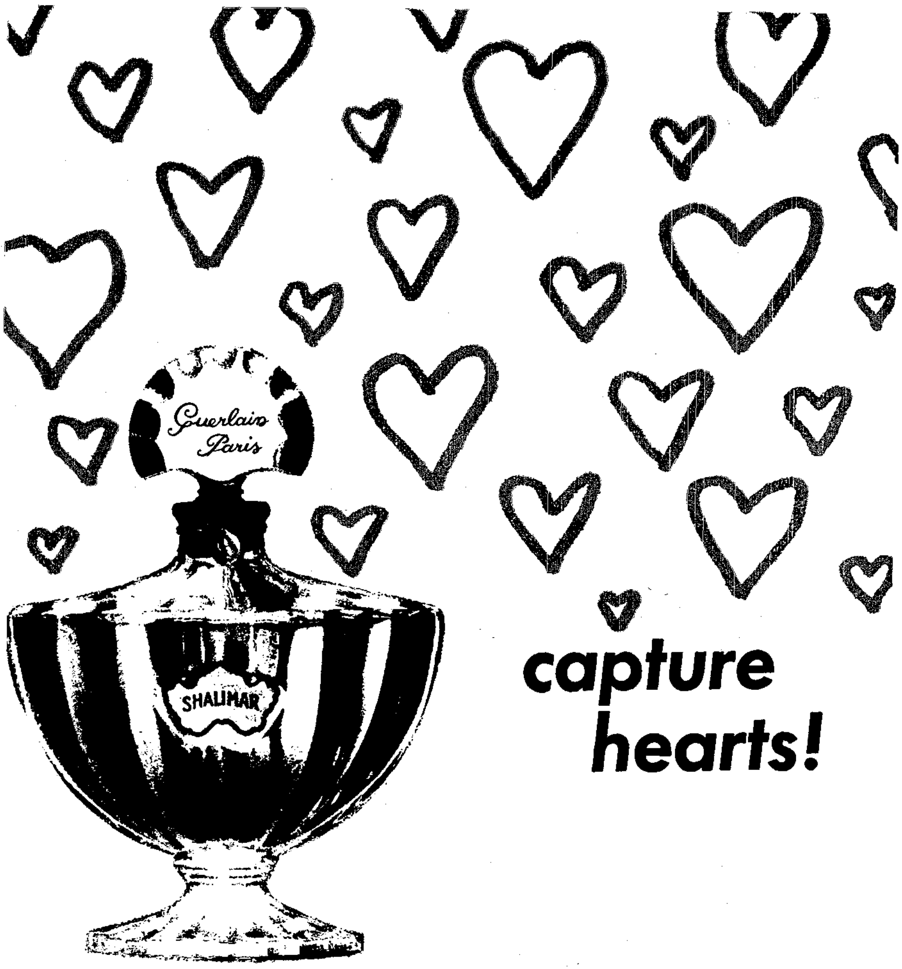
★ ★ ★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY
84 Proof • Schieffelin & Co., New York

Hennessy, Dept. 3-P
P. O. Box 15A, Mt. Vernon, New York

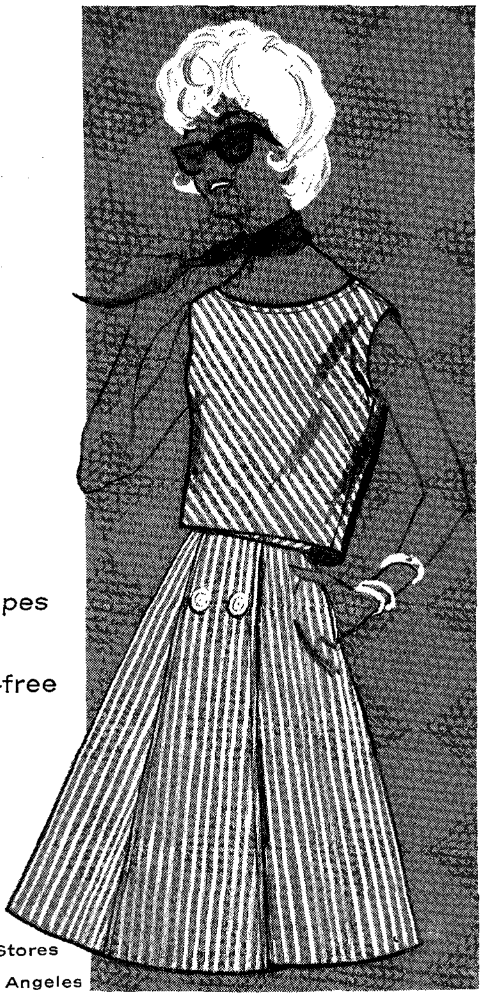
Here is my dollar for 4 Hennessy Brandy Snifters described in this offer.

Name__________
Address__________
City__________
Zone_____State__________

NOTE: Sorry, this offer is limited to one set per person. Offer good in U.S.A. only.



GUERLAIN • Shalimar Perfume • $6. $10. $12.50. $25. $50. Prices plus tax.



Fleischman draws a fine line of distinction on Denim. *Ticking Stripes* of Charcoal on White. Designed with a flair, a casual air in wrinkle-free "Endowed" Denim by **McCAMPBELL.**

right: Wrap Skirt 9.95
Shell Top reverses to
Classic Blue or Yellow 5.95
above: Cardigan 7.95
Jamaicas 6.95
all in sizes 8 to 18

LORD & TAYLOR, All Stores
J. W. ROBINSON, Los Angeles

again"). Shakespeare was very much aware of cycles—most memorably, it might be argued, in the lines he gave to Brutus about "a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." As a formal scientific study, though, cycle research dates only from the nineteenth century. In 1847, an Englishman, Dr. Hyde Clarke, published a paper that was apparently the first of many attempts to associate the cycle of economic events with astronomical phenomena. In a book entitled "Des Crises Commerciales et de Leur Retour Périodique," published in 1862, Clément Juglar reported on a nine-year economic rhythm in Western Europe and the United States, which came to be called the Juglar cycle. In 1891, Eduard Brückner's "Klimaschwankungen Seit 1700" proposed the existence of a thirty-five-year cycle in European weather, which many meteorologists claim is still operating. The twentieth century brought a tremendous stepping up of work on all kinds of cycles—particularly economic ones in the United States during the nineteen-thirties, when people were grasping at straws in their efforts to explain the depression. (Even so, probably the most influential work in this field was done in Russia in the mid-twenties, when N. D. Kondratieff documented a worldwide fifty-to-sixty-year cycle in wholesale prices.) It was in 1940 that the Foundation came into being, and by that time interest in cycles had progressed so far that scientific conferences on them had been held twice at the Carnegie Institution, in Washington (in 1922 and 1928), and once each in Matamek, Canada (in 1931); Stockholm (in 1937); and Utrecht (in 1939). The papers presented at these gatherings, along with others published in various journals, began to make it appear to me, as I went through a selection of them, that hunting cycles is almost like hunting blueberries in a particularly fertile roadside clump. Look intently enough at any spot and you'll find one.

In truth, the variety of the cycles that up to now have been determined or alleged to exist, either by the Foundation or by individuals preceding it, is as astonishing as it is confusing. Just a few of the things that have been found to be more or less rhythmically cyclic are earthquakes in China (35.2 years); rainfall in Santa Barbara, California (fifty-two years); postal receipts in Milwaukee (twenty-three years); the effectiveness of advertising (several concurrent cycles of different lengths); the emotional state of sane adults (anywhere from sixteen to sixty-three days,

The pen that inspired the most unusual fan club in the world

Parker We were surprised and delighted to learn that a group of students at Hussey College in Nigeria (without any encouragement from us) have formed a club called The Society of Parker Pen Owners. Its slogan is "*Aut calamus optimus aut nihil.*" (Either the best pen or none.)

Why would they do a thing like that?

Nigerians are hungry for education and literate people are highly respected. By wearing the Society's emblem, and a Parker pen, they identify themselves immediately as men of education.

Here in America, where education is universal, Parker pens are prized for different reasons.

Take the remarkable 61—finest Parker of all.

It fills itself by the magic of capillary action in just ten seconds.

It is virtually leakproof.

Its classic design is a delight to the eye. Its exquisite balance, a pleasure in the hand.

Its 14K solid gold point skims gracefully across a page. It responds to your every "inflection" and gives your handwriting a real "first-person look."

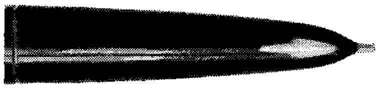
There is no greater compliment you can pay a friend than a gift of this superb pen.

To avoid becoming envious, why not buy one for yourself too? It's worth every cent of the $15 (minimum) it costs.

PARKER—Maker of the World's most wanted pens

© 1962 by THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, Janesville, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

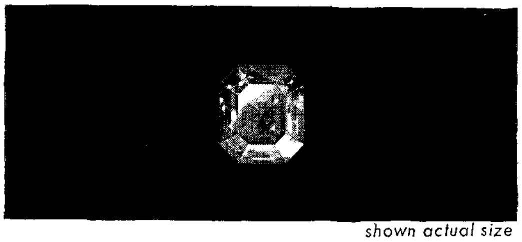
The remarkable



Parker 61

depending on the adult); the creativity of poets and musicians (thirty-three weeks); the consumption of cheese in the United States (four years); grasshopper outbreaks in the United States (9.3 years); women's fashions in England and the United States (a hundred and five years); new memberships in the Presbyterian Church (nine years); the voracity of bedbugs (six days); and barometric pressure in Batavia (5.97 years). As for the lengths of cycles, they can vary tremendously. For instance, the number of human births reaches, or has been claimed to reach, a peak every five days; European wheat prices, every 5.96 years; international conflicts, every fifty-seven years; world religious devotion, every six hundred and twenty-five years; tree growth and auroras in Japan, every seven hundred years; the strength of world tides, every eighteen hundred years; world temperatures, every forty thousand years; and the expansion and contraction of the universe, every fifty billion years. Needless to say, some of these cycles are better documented than others; the fifty-billion-year cycle, for instance, can hardly have passed the ten-times-around test for the record.

Generally speaking, the field in which the search for cycles has been most relentlessly prosecuted is that of economics—understandably enough, because it is in this field that the projection of cycles can most readily be made to serve the impure science of amassing wealth. Here, as elsewhere, a bewildering variety of cycles have been found, of which a few are, in the experts' opinion, more significant than the others. In 1944, Dewey and a collaborator named E. F. Dakin came out with a book entitled "Cycles, the Science of Prediction" (this was one of the volumes Mrs. Roessle gave me, and I later learned that it had been a best-seller for more than three months after its publication), in which they picked out four economic cycles as the key ones: a fifty-to-sixty-year cycle (Kondratieff's); a nine-year cycle (Juglar's); a cycle of eighteen and a third years, which applied mostly to real-estate activity but, for some reason, also made an unmistakable appearance in the number of marriages in Greater St. Louis; and a cycle of three and a half years in American security prices and business activity. Dewey, I found from reading *Cycles*, the magazine, has altered his views somewhat since he worked on "Cycles," the book. He feels that the Kondratieff cycle still looks pretty strong but that the nine-year and the eighteen-and-a-third-year cycles each appear, on continued study, to


shown actual size

a rare diamond of unmatched beauty . . . this gem stone weighs 8.77 carats, is perfect in cut, color and clarity. To be mounted in a setting of your choice or design 30,000.00 plus 10% federal tax. Direct inquiries to Laykin et Cie at I. Magnin, Union Square, San Francisco 8, California

Laykin et Cie
at
I. MAGNIN & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • LA JOLLA • SEATTLE

Lady Hathaway puts a twinkly new print on Irish linen—$17

Wherever you are—whisk in to see our new linen overshirts. They are *superb*. Particularly with slim skirts and shorts and tapered pants. The colors are pink, lemon, or cobalt blue on pure white. And the tailoring is unmistakably Lady Hathaway: with soft shoulders, hand-turned collars, and nearly invisible seams.

LORD & TAYLOR • I. MAGNIN • JULIUS GARFINCKEL • FIRESIDE COTTAGE (SEA ISLAND)
Or write to Lady Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Or call OXford 5-8558 in New York.

PRICES A BIT HIGHER IN THE WEST

♣ **Formal.** Tonight it's the V[illegible]s. Champagne of course. Those impossible-to-make canapes. And, to highlight the elegance, *Sylphide* by Stancraft.

♡ **Twosome.** It's one of those quiet evenings alone with *him.* Help make the most of it with Stancraft's *American Beauty.* (And see to it that he wins.)

◇ **Foursome.** It's your 134th middle-of-the-week bridge game with Warren and Lisabeth. Celebrate it with *Orientale*—Stancraft's Persian rug design.

HAIR STYLED BY ENRICO CARUSO

♠ **Club Party.** They're talking about you at the next table. About your attention to little things. Like these exquisite cards. *Hokada* by Stancraft.

How to look stunning-in spades

hearts, clubs and diamonds

What makes Stancraft playing cards so distinctive? First, the tasteful designs. (The four you see above are just a small sampling.) ☐ Then, luxurious color printing—the same as in fine art reproductions. ☐ And Stancraft cards *play* beautifully, too. They're crisp. Easy to handle.

STANCRAFT

Plastic-coated for durability. ☐ All Stancraft decks come in transparent plastic boxes flecked with gold—reusable in dozens of ways. ☐ You'll find Stancraft cards at most stationery and department stores. They cost about the same as ordinary cards. STANCRAFT

St. Paul 4, Minnesota

"The Crying of the Buelle" is a Scottish tradition launching the annual inspection of a town's boundaries.

Could lofty elms explain the secret of Chivas Regal?

As Willie Mitchell of Chivas will tell you, nobody has ever been bold enough to disturb the proud elms that surround the Chivas Regal distillery.

Silent sentinels that they are, these trees are as deeply rooted in the Scottish love of tradition as they are in the Scottish soil. For the belief persists that these trees yield a curious yeast that affects the whisky's fermentation. So no man would dare prune their branches, much less chop them down.

Perhaps they harbor the secret of Chivas Regal's gracious flavor; or perhaps it lies in the River Isla's mist that caresses the aging casks for 12 years. Whatever it may be, your first taste quietly informs you that here is the light hush of the perfect—Chivas Regal, Scotland's Prince of Whiskies.

12
CHIVAS REGAL
1801
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

By appointment to
Her Majesty the Queen,
Purveyors of Provisions
and Scotch whisky,
CHIVAS BROS. LTD.,
of Aberdeen, Scotland.
Established since 1801.

12
Years Old

12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.

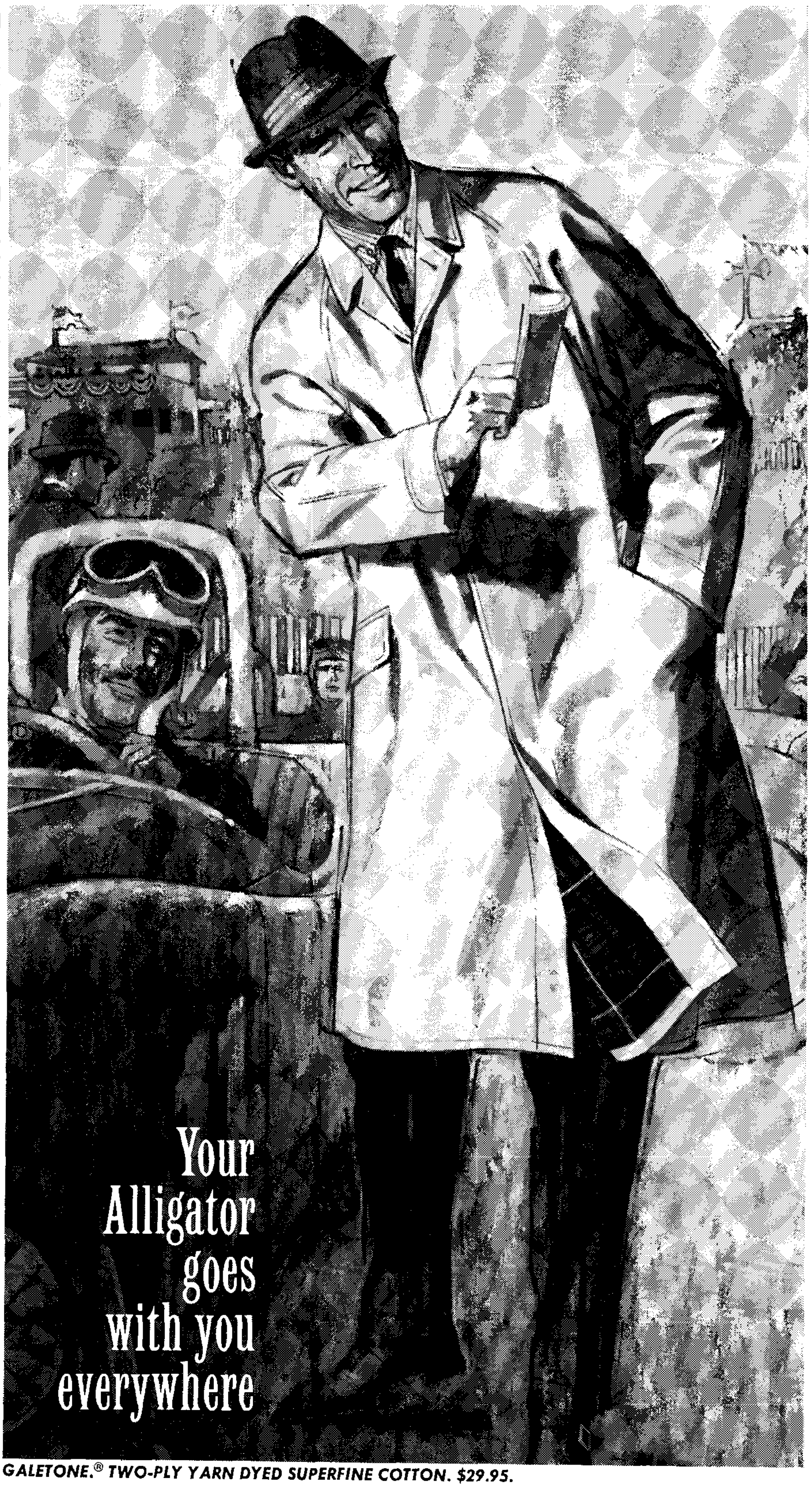
break up into several different cycles. As for the three-and-a-half-year cycle, while it persists in certain aspects of business activity, it has unceremoniously and disconcertingly vanished from the stock market. In other words, some of the spirits that Dewey and Dakin called from the vasty deep came and some didn't.

The most startlingly reliable economic cycles, I learned, have been found not in the broad sweep of events but in specific segments of industry. The most startlingly reliable one of all was described in a pamphlet published in 1876, in which an Ohio farmer, ironmaster, and amateur cyclosopher named Samuel Benner gave his long-term predictions of United States pig-iron prices, based on patterns of cycles recurring every twenty-seven years. As a literary man, Benner had one of the most egregious tin ears in history, to judge by his pamphlet's epigraph:

> There is a time in the price of certain
> products and commodities,
> Which, if taken by men at the advance,
> leads on to fortune;
> And if taken at the decline, leads to
> bankruptcy and ruin.

He was, however, such an inspired cycle analyst that anyone who conscientiously invested according to his forecasts over the sixty years following 1876 would have come out with gains thirty-one times as great as his losses. Even though the Benner projection has done considerably less well since 1935, Dewey stated flatly in the February, 1952, issue of *Cycles* that it is "the most notable forecast of prices in existence."

Of all the theories concerning economic cycles, it appears that the one with the most stubborn popularity, in the face of distressingly sparse supporting evidence, is the sunspot-stock-market theory, which holds that the prices of common stocks are, or ought to be, at their highest at the peaks of the 11.15-year sunspot cycle and at their lowest at the sunspot bottoms. The best-known proponent of the notion—which may owe its appeal to its cosmic simplicity—was W. Stanley Jevons, an English economist of the Victorian era. Refining Dr. Hyde Clarke's more generalized theory, Jevons tried to prove that sunspots caused increased crop yields and that the crop yields, in turn, caused improved business conditions and higher stock-market prices. As Jevons himself conceded, he was less than successful. In this century, the late Professor Ellsworth Huntington, a noted Yale geographer and a founder of the Foundation, altered the argument slightly by suggesting that an increase of electricity in the atmosphere,



GALETONE.® TWO-PLY YARN DYED SUPERFINE COTTON. $29.95.

For any occasion, in any weather—the coat you'll live in®! Good-looking smart styles, excellent fit—all wool worsted gabardines, fancy wools, finest yarn dyed cottons in plains and woven patterns. Also blends with Eastman Kodel polyester, DuPont Dacron polyester, Courtaulds Topel cross-linked rayon. All water repellent. Fine Dacron waterproofs, too. America's most wanted coats. At better stores everywhere—$11.95 to $70.75.

Alligator®
THE BEST NAME IN ALL-WEATHER COATS AND RAINWEAR

The Alligator Company • St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

Music to see by

All in this century, music reproduced in the home has evolved from shrill wax cylinders to visible concerts and operas. Your television set is a season ticket to such notable events (in February) as Joan Sutherland in the "Mad Scene" from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic in Japan, Montemezzi's opera, *The Love of Three Kings*, Louis Armstrong and Roberta Peters—among others listed at the right.

Television today is a nation's center of the performing arts, presenting celebrated talents in the theatre—in vocal, symphonic, ballet, and popular music. Keep time to look and listen, and tune to your taste.

Television Information Office
666 Fifth Avenue,
New York 19, N.Y.

February . . . Some Television
Programs of Special Interest

The Weavers of Song
Joan Sutherland in "Mad Scene" from *Lucia*.
Friday, February 2 (9:30-10:30 PM)

Footnote to Fame
Drama: Lee J. Cobb and Burgess Meredith.
Saturday, February 3 (10-11 PM)

Stan Freberg Presents: Chinese New Year's Eve
Sunday, February 4 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Arsenic and Old Lace
Boris Karloff and Dorothy Stickney.
Monday, February 5 (9:30-11 PM)

Bernstein and N. Y. Philharmonic in Japan
Tuesday, February 6 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Henry Fonda and the Family
Comedy portrait of the American family.
Tuesday, February 6 (8:30-9:30 PM)

The Jail
Science fiction fantasy by Ray Bradbury.
Tuesday, February 6 (10-11 PM)

The Broadway of Lerner and Loewe
Julie Andrews, Richard Burton, Maurice Chevalier, Stanley Holloway.
Sunday, February 11 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Sea Dragon . . . under the Ice
Underwater conquest of Northwest Passage.
Monday, February 12 (7-7:30 PM)

Howard K. Smith
New series of weekly news analyses.
Begins Wednesday, February 14 (7:30-8 PM)

A Tour of the White House with Mrs. Kennedy
Wednesday, February 14 (10-11 PM)

Winter Carnival at Sun Valley
Louis Armstrong and Roberta Peters.
Friday, February 23 (10-11 PM)

The Love of Three Kings (In English)
Opera with Phyllis Curtin and Giorgio Tozzi.
Sunday, February 25 (3-5 PM)

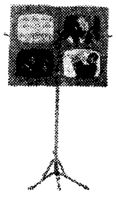
Judy Garland Show
With Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin.
Sunday, February 25 (9-10 PM)

White Paper: Red China
Sunday, February 25 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled
Mon.-Fri. CONTINENTAL CLASSROOM
Probability and Statistics
American Government
COLLEGE OF THE AIR
The New Biology
Mondays: EXPEDITION!
Wednesdays: DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL
Thursdays: CBS REPORTS
Fridays: EYEWITNESS
CHET HUNTLEY REPORTING
Saturdays: ACCENT
ASK WASHINGTON
Sundays: CAMERA THREE
WASHINGTON CONVERSATION
MEET THE PROFESSOR
DIRECTIONS '62
ADLAI STEVENSON REPORTS/EDITOR'S CHOICE
ISSUES AND ANSWERS
UPDATE
COLLEGE BOWL
THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
MEET THE PRESS
1, 2, 3—GO!
WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR

Note: Times (*EST*), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

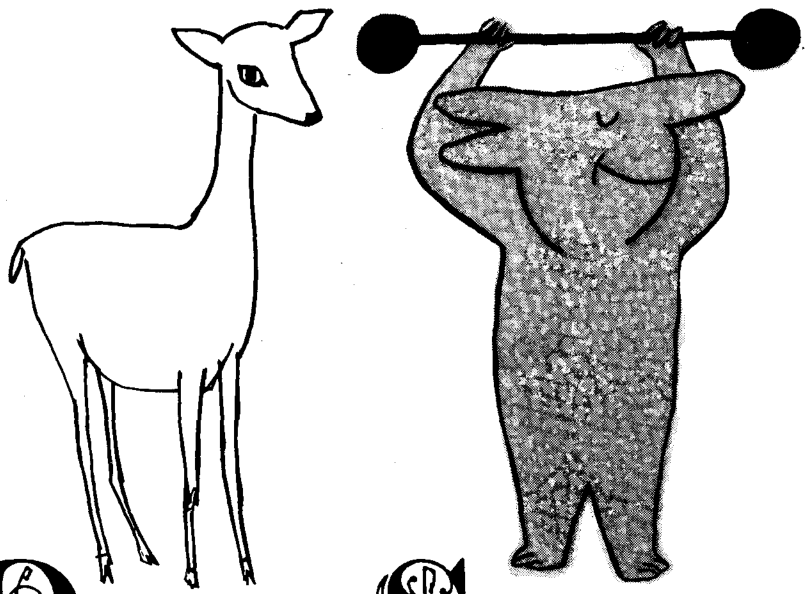
Television Information Office
666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.



which is known to occur at sunspot peaks, might change people's metabolism in such a way as to make them buy stocks and drive the market up. Unfortunately for both postulated causes, they do not seem to have had the postulated effect. Sunspots and related forms of solar activity do appear to be associated with human events, all right—especially with mass excitability and with rises in the number of deaths from tuberculosis, cancer, and suicide—but stock prices simply have not followed the sunspots up and down very faithfully over the past century. Dewey's recent pronouncements on the subject show that he is just as willing to knock down a cycle theory as to build one up. In the August, 1957, issue of *Cycles*, he wrote, "I do not think that, as yet, we have enough correspondence between [sunspots and stock prices] to suggest any convincing evidence of association." And in the December, 1959, issue he added, with a certain finality, "I don't believe that sunspots as such have any effect on the stock market."

In fact, my reading made it plain that Dewey isn't especially interested in using cycles to predict the stock market. His attention is fixed on the loftier goal of finding out what, if anything, the cycle-causing force Out There may be. "Basically, we are hammering out a new science," he remarked in *Cycles* a few years back. "If it is to be accepted, it must receive the support and endorsement of natural as well as social scientists. . . . We operate a scientific-research agency, not a stock-market service." Dewey's own record on spurning the fast dollar for the sake of pure science is impeccable; as he modestly mentions now and again in *Cycles*, he used to be a highly paid economic consultant, whereas in his present capacity he draws no salary at all and does not play the market. Nevertheless, more than half of the space in most issues of *Cycles* is devoted to economic and business research, and one reason clearly is that most of the Foundation's paying members are more crassly motivated than Dewey is. "The activities of the Foundation are a compromise between the desires of most of our members . . . and our own desires," he had to admit in his magazine on one occasion. Early in 1955, he sent out a questionnaire to a selected group of members in an effort to find out what aspects of cycle research particularly interested them, and in that year's May issue he reported on the results. Of the eleven hundred and eight who answered, no fewer than eight hundred and seventy-four confessed that they cared chiefly about the

jr.sophisticates
Pale polka dots swing down
from a soft drawstring
to skim a slim skirt.
White on yellow, beige or blue,
sizes 3 to 15, about $50.
Jr. Sophisticates Co., Inc.,
498 Seventh Avenue, NYC.

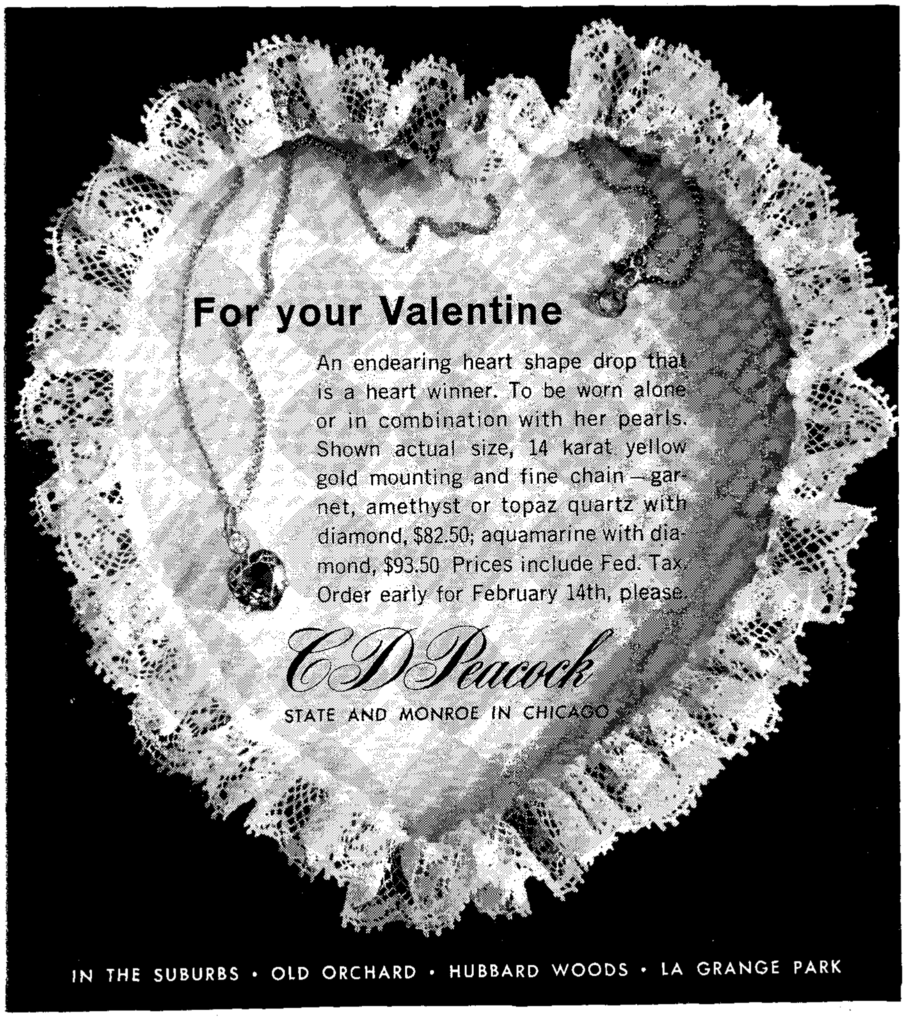


D is for Doe S is for Sherpa®

...anything else is an imitation. Sherpa is the original man-made pile fabric with the curly look. Lightweight, soft and warm. For coats inside and out. Pile of Creslan® acrylic fiber. If the tag doesn't say "Sherpa by Collins & Aikman," it isn't Sherpa. So beware. Be aware.

COLLINS & AIKMAN

Creslan is a TM of Cyanamid 210 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16. Sherpa is a TM of C & A



For your Valentine

An endearing heart shape drop that is a heart winner. To be worn alone or in combination with her pearls. Shown actual size, 14 karat yellow gold mounting and fine chain—garnet, amethyst or topaz quartz with diamond, $82.50; aquamarine with diamond, $93.50 Prices include Fed. Tax. Order early for February 14th, please.

C D Peacock

STATE AND MONROE IN CHICAGO

IN THE SUBURBS • OLD ORCHARD • HUBBARD WOODS • LA GRANGE PARK

stock market or some other aspect of business and finance. Only fifty-three declared that they were interested in cycles in general, while the rest mentioned such special topics as hurricanes, patents, vanilla prices, and stream flow. I found that in the magazine Dewey always treats the Foundation's investment-oriented members with respect; he regards them as patrons, however adventitious, of pure science. And anyhow, he sometimes argues, there are sound scientific reasons for studying economic cycles, one being that there is generally more data available on them than on cycles in nature, and another being that research on the inexplicable conduct of man is likely to prove more valuable than research aimed mainly toward a better understanding of the conduct of, say, rabbits. "The circumstance that our work has practical usefulness worries some of our scientist friends, particularly our British cousins," Dewey wrote some months ago. "From the point of view of such people, if the results are useful the work isn't 'scientific.' Fie upon such a point of view!"

As long as the members with itching palms remain members, Dewey is quite ready to give them aid and comfort, but let them resign and he loses consideration for them completely. At one time, he availed himself of a retributive scheme that allowed him to make a few dollars out of *them*. With an almost unholy glee, the Foundation peddled its stencils of their names and addresses to buyers of what are inelegantly known as sucker lists. Thus, the ex-members found themselves being solicited regularly by purveyors of everything from financial services to Florida oranges and, possibly, the Brooklyn Bridge itself. "Our names pulled very well, and people bought them again and again," Dewey said of this scheme recently. "Our former members certainly never lacked for mail if Mrs. Roessle had anything to say about it. Our aim was to see that they got something from somebody at least once a week all year long." Today, the Foundation has abandoned this form of vengeance as undignified, but backslidden members are still considered ingrates.

All through the pages of *Cycles*, I kept finding Dewey the man showing through Dewey the pure scientist. Like any scientist whom I'd care to be cooped up with for very much time, he cannot always resist a tendency to speculate and philosophize about his work. One of his favorite subjects of speculation is the scientific respectability, or lack of it, of his chosen field of study. He readily concedes that while certain standard

WIDE
TELE
LOCK
AUTO
Ektanar

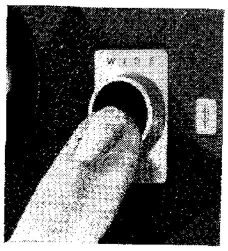
Zoom movies sharper than ever with the new
KODAK ZOOM 8 REFLEX CAMERA

A zoom lens adds a touch of real "theater" to your home movies. It lets you move in on—or back away from—your subject, smoothly, continuously, without even moving your feet! One moment you're shooting the scene above with fields and fences framing your subject. Then, without a moment's hesitation, you zoom in for a close-up of horse and rider—and back to your original action.

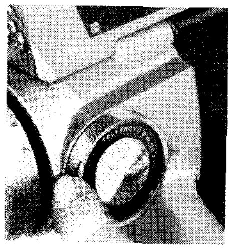
The new Kodak Zoom 8 Reflex, Model 2, makes zooming as easy as seeing, as simple as pressing a button; for the lens zooms by motor power, and you view through the lens *as you zoom.* You see exactly what you're going to see on the screen.

You can focus the fast $f/1.6$ lens from 4 feet to infinity, for incredibly sharp zoom movies. Or you can enjoy fixed-focus operation. An electric eye sets the exposure for you automatically—as you shoot! With its manual zoom control, you can frame any scene for fine composition. And you get a full minute of action without rewinding.

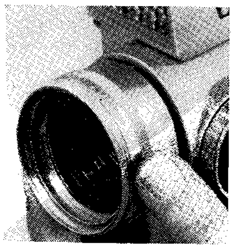
See the new Model 2 at your dealer's soon. Less than $215.



Press this button in and you're taking movies. Slide it down and you zoom in for close-ups. Slide it up and you're zooming to wide-angle! One button does it all!



Set manual control to frame subject the way you want it *before* you start shooting. Or, zoom in or out at any speed you choose...stop at any framing you want.



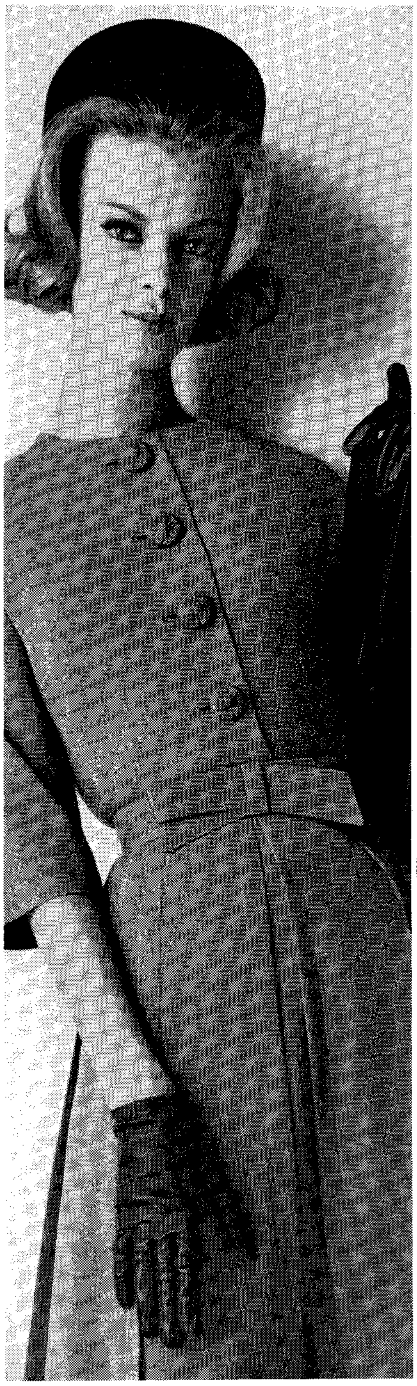
Extra-sharp focusing—from 4 feet to infinity—at any zoom distance. Or, set it and forget it—for fixed-focus operation.

Price subject to change without notice.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY Rochester 4, N. Y.
ENJOY WALT DISNEY'S "WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR" SUNDAY EVENINGS, NBC-TV

Kodak
TRADEMARK

Only the look is priceless

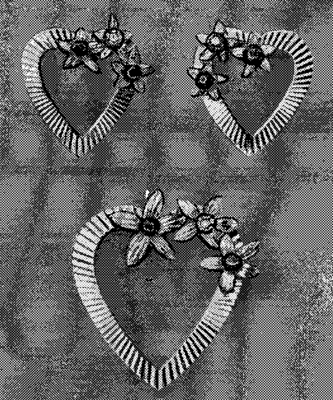


And why is the look so very citified, so right for Spring, 1962? Because Weber and Frank know the value of beautiful simplicity, in a Shirley lightweight tropical of *Arnel triacetate and rayon* that's always perfectly composed. And Arnel keeps the wrinkles out. Grey, with simulated braid buttons. 8 to 16. About $30 at Bloomingdale's, New York & branches. Celanese® Arnel®

Celanese
contemporary fibers

texts in economics, like Joseph A. Schumpeter's "Business Cycles," and in climatology and geography, like Professor Huntington's "Mainsprings of Civilization," do deal seriously with rhythmic cycles, the subject as a whole still exists in a sort of scientific demimonde. A less candid Foundation director might be reticent on such a touchy point, but not Dewey. "In some quarters, a belief in the significance of cycles is regarded like a belief in astrology or alchemy or tea-leaf reading," he wrote in the magazine some years ago. "I remember a conversation with the executive vice-president of one of our largest corporations. 'I believe you really have something,' he said, 'but I wouldn't want my people to know that I took stock in anything like this or I'd never hear the end of it.' Another man once said to me, 'If what you say is true, then all I ever learned about economics is wrong, and my life's work is tumbled like a house of cards. I simply cannot afford to accept anything of that sort.' The gentleman was chief economist of one of our large corporations and taught the young at one of our large universities, but I note with some satisfaction that he is not listed in *American Men of Science*." (Dewey, I find, is.) It is chiefly this cowardice or obstinacy of the entrenched, he feels, that drives some students of cycles to become cranks. A word that crops up in *Cycles* now and again is "cyclomaniac;" Dewey, who coined it, explains that it means either a person who becomes such a fanatical believer that he loses all perspective, or one who becomes so obsessed with the subject that he devotes every waking hour to it. In depressed moods, Dewey admits that he qualifies as a cyclomaniac in the second sense. "Perhaps I *am* a crank," he mused ruefully in *Cycles* for February, 1952. A spate of indignant letters from the Foundation's more loyal members quickly arrived to reassure him.

Clearly, though, Dewey is not a cyclomaniac in the first sense. His claims for cycles are always carefully hedged. "If only we knew enough!" he exclaimed in the November, 1956, issue, at the end of a long, gloomy essay on a cycle in copper prices that hadn't come out as expected. "Cycle knowledge is only partial knowledge," he wrote a year later. And in March, 1958, he at last faced up to the philosophical ultimates of the subject: "I believe that the future is *completely* knowable—but not, of course, by human beings. . . . I believe that *everything* is governed by law. In fact, the phrase 'fulfillment of the law' is as close as I can come to ex-



Hearts and Flowers for Your Love

Ruby and diamond 14 kt earrings, $100. pair. Matching brooch, $70. Federal tax included. Shown actual size.

Shreve
CRUMP & LOW COMPANY
330 Boylston Street, Boston 16
Area Code 617, COpley 7-9100

successful
MEETINGS
PARTIES
CONVENTIONS
BANQUETS
for
3 *to* 300
are an every day occurrence at
the
GOTHAM

5TH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY Circle 7-2200

Your choice of today's foremost portrait painters and sculptors

PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

pressing my concept of the function of the Universe. . . . My ideas are in no sense fatalism, the notion that no matter what we do things will come out the same anyway. . . . We are free, for example, to drive home at forty miles an hour or at fifty miles an hour, as we choose. If we go at forty miles an hour, all will be well. If we go at fifty miles an hour, there will be an accident and we will be killed. . . . My point is that because you are a sensible fellow you will *choose* to go forty miles an hour. To one who knew that you were a sensible fellow your choice would be predictable. To one who knew *enough*, its consequences would be predictable, too."

I COULDN'T help wondering whether Dewey had been aware when he first went into cycle research that his job would eventually lead him into wrestling with old posers like that in print—wondering, in short, how and why he had gone into it at all. So when his own one-month cycle reached its next New York phase, I made an appointment with him, and persuaded him to tell me something about his life. It has been the life, I realized when he had finished, of a surviving nineteenth-century American—an individualist full of zest and independence, and also touched with a trace of fanaticism, which he struggles valiantly against. His father, Edward W. Dewey, a distant cousin of the hero of Manila Bay, was an upstate New Yorker who came to this city in the nineties and worked at various jobs, including the almost implausibly atmospheric one of being a gas-mantle agent. In 1901, realizing that no fortunes were going to be made from gas mantles, he made his move. It was quite a move. Through some downtown banking connections, he had heard that Brady's Bend, a six-thousand-acre ironworks property in the Allegheny Valley that had been idle since the panic of 1873, was being offered for sale by the creditor bank, the National City Company. He bought it for about sixty thousand dollars, putting up no more than five thousand in cash, and immediately moved there with his wife and only child, Edward, or Ned, who had been born on May 2, 1895.

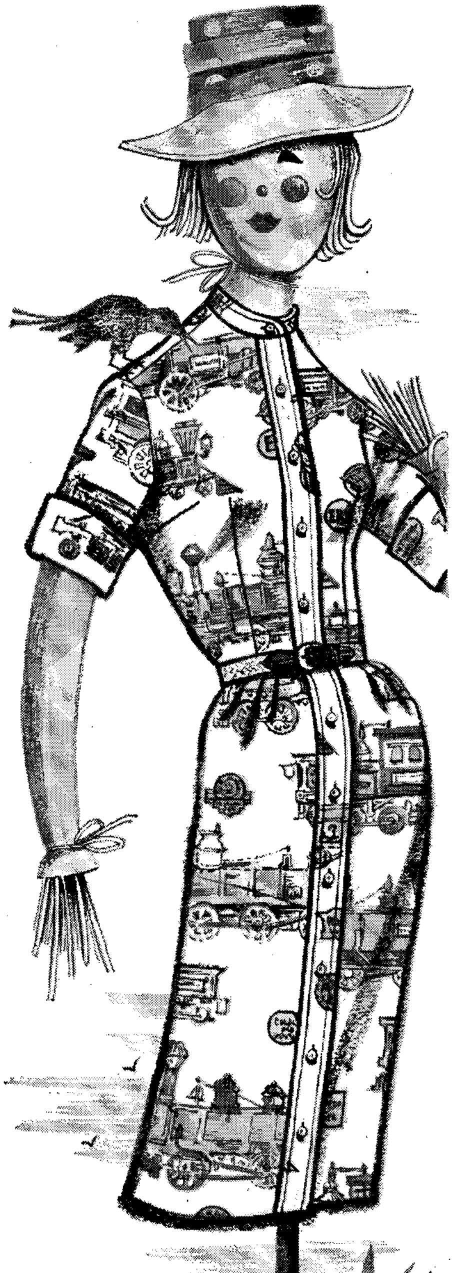
Brady's Bend, named for a celebrated Indian fighter who perpetrated an exploit or two there, had an important place in the early American iron industry. Opened in 1839 as the Great Western Iron Works, it produced, seven years later, the first all-iron T railroad rails ever rolled west of the Allegheny Mountains, and it is said to have been the first place in the United States where

Make an appointment in Old San Juan to run away with time . . . The plush life of our Don could have happened to you . . . three centuries ago. But if castles in Spain have figured in your secret world, turn to Hotel El Convento . . . a mansion of the conquistadors in a sunny, sea-kissed island. Cool, arched walls and sweeping galleries surround courtyard gardens. Chandeliers throw soft light on hand-carved wood, mellow leather, tapestry. A place to relive an elegant age in an old Spanish town . . . with twentieth century air conditioning and swimming pool. The mood of baronial dining room or patio cafe, madrigal or torch song. A "grand hotel's" tradition of food, service, attention. Time has been apprehended! El Convento . . . with little more than one hundred luxurious rooms . . . brings back the pleasures of the days when traveling was really living.

Hotel El Convento

Old San Juan, Puerto Rico

See your travel agent or
Robert F. Warner, Inc., representatives,
630 Fifth Avenue, New York City



Circa 1800 . . . Cherberg's exclusive Iron Horse print easily molded into the most relaxed classic you ever wore. Of cotton sailcloth with coffee-house collar, adjustable belt and naturally, ocean pearl buttons. Beige splashed with color. Sizes 5 to 15.

about twenty dollars at finer stores everywhere
Slightly higher on the West Coast

Jeune Leique
BY CHERBERG

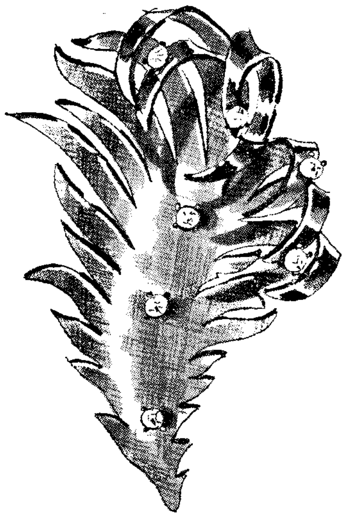
© 1961
By Cherberg, Inc.

or write to CHERBERG Company, Inc.
35th floor, 1400 Broadway, New York

iron was commercially made with coke-fired, rather than charcoal-fired, furnaces. In 1862, it was reorganized as the Brady's Bend Iron Company, of which one of the largest stockholders, and for a short time one of the directors, was Samuel J. Tilden, the unlucky loser—or, perhaps, the unrecognized winner—of the disputed Presidential election of 1876. During its peak years, in the sixties and early seventies, Brady's Bend had four blast furnaces and a rolling mill going full tilt; there were over seven hundred buildings—private dwellings, stores, taverns, churches, and schoolhouses—on the property, and its population was about five thousand. The year before the panic that annihilated the company, its assets were listed at seven and a half million dollars.

The Dewey family found Brady's Bend more a disaster area than a ghost town. There were still some five hundred people scrabbling for a living as best they could, as well as fourteen churches, of fourteen denominations. The elder Dewey proved that he had made a shrewd trade with the bank by immediately selling enough coke and timber from the property to pay off most of his mortgage; then he set about rebuilding the place, with energy rather than capital. The ironworks was beyond reclamation, so he leased part of the land for oil exploration, drilled for gas, began operating a farm, mined coal, quarried limestone, sand, and gravel, and started a brickworks. (The Statler Hilton Hotel here was built partly of Brady's Bend bricks.) He also roofed and rebuilt some of the crumbling old houses and built new ones, for rent or sale. The enterprise flourished so strongly that the population soon climbed above twenty-five hundred, and the Deweys, having found a resident manager for Brady's Bend, were able to indulge the senior Dewey's whim of living part of each winter in a different Eastern city. Young Ned was tutored at home up to the eighth grade and then went, successively, to elementary school in East Brady, across the river from Brady's Bend; to Pittsburgh High School; and to Shady Side Academy, in Pittsburgh. He spent a year at Dartmouth, after which he transferred to Harvard. By June, 1917, he had finished his junior year at Harvard; his parents had separated; Brady's Bend had been put in trust for him; and the United States had entered the war. Because his father had abandoned Brady's Bend more or less permanently, Ned was given a draft deferment so that he might run the property as a food-producing farm, and thus, at twenty-two, he found himself in an almost baronial

B Altman & Co



diamonds . . . sparkle on this elegant leaf pin of 14 karat Florentine-finish gold with burnished edge. Altman fine jewelry, main floor, Fifth Avenue. **325.00**
plus 10% Federal tax

In the U. S. A. . . . But Isles Away . . .
Fabulous
indies house
On the exotic Florida Keys
DUCK KEY, FLORIDA

Truly a place where nice people meet
Enjoy Florida's warmest winter climate
And our luxurious charming atmosphere

Regency Room

. . . for gracious dining

An atmosphere of quiet charm and elegance, impeccable service, French, Continental, American gourmet cuisine. Vintage wines. A la carte. Luncheon entrees from $2.50. Dinner entrees from $3.00.

HOTEL CARLYLE

RHinelander 4-1600
Madison Avenue and 76th Street

[illegible] speakers which gently carry your voice throughout the house.

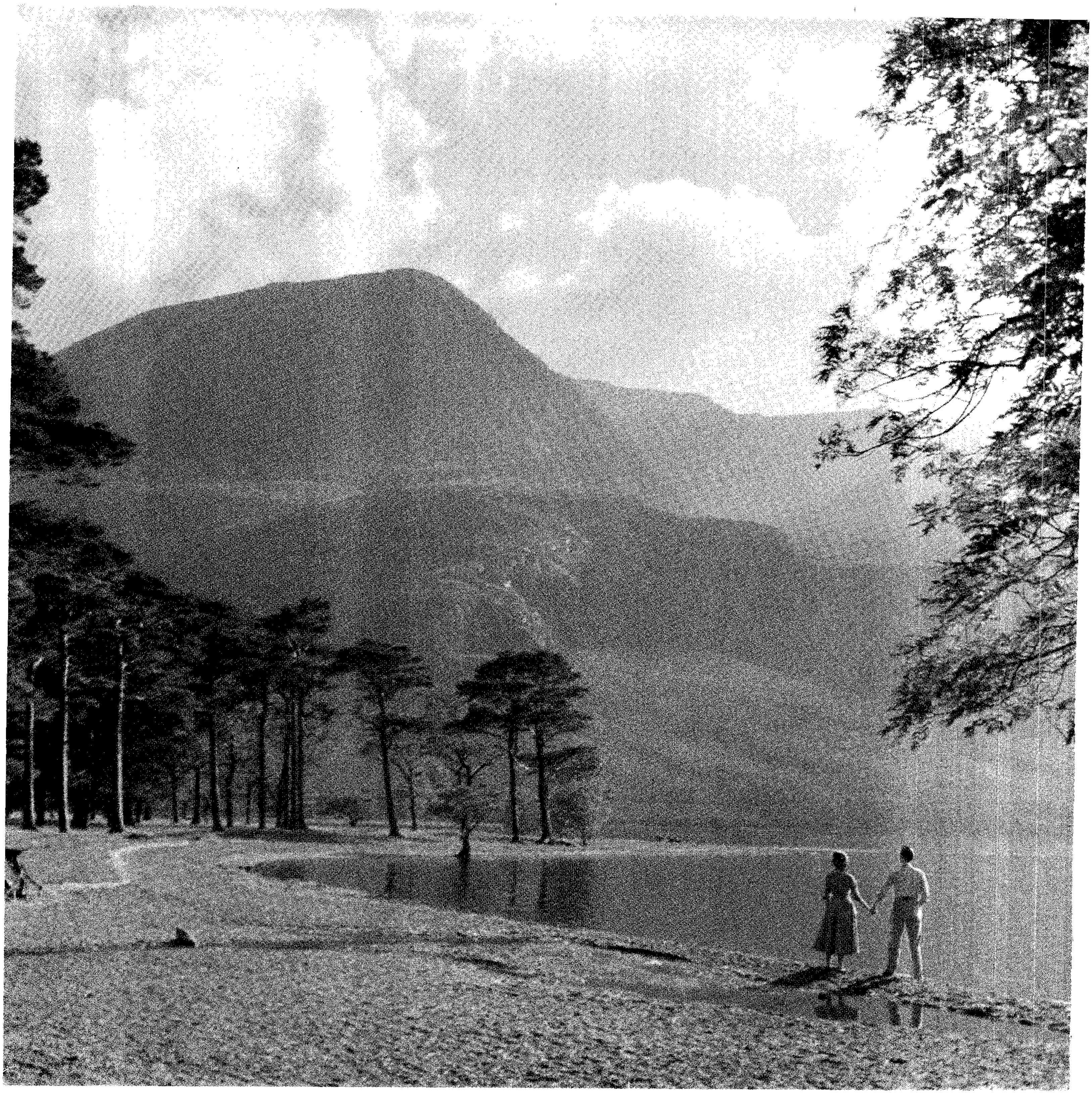
How is Home Interphone helping her this morning?

Home Interphone, the Bell System's versatile new home communications service, lets her talk by phone from room to room . . . answer the door . . . relay calls to others in the family . . . check on playing children or a sleeping baby . . . do many other things, too, all by telephone.

This morning, for example, she's waking the children and calling them to breakfast. No shouting, stair-climbing, overcooked eggs. Pleasant way to start the day, isn't it?

Home Interphone can be adapted to your family's special way of life, too. Up to five extension phones can be connected, each in your choice of style and color, and both the front and the back doors can have answering units. To find out more, just call or visit your Bell Telephone Business Office, or ask your telephone man.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Spring is at its loveliest in Britain's poetic Lake District. This is Buttermere.

Come to Britain's Pageant of Spring

BRITAIN is celebrating this year as never before. The Pageant of Spring is full of events and festivities.

In Cornwall, there will be dancing in the streets at the Helston Floral Dance on May 8th.

At Oxford, you can listen to a hymn to the sun on May Morning.

At Stratford-upon-Avon, the curtain rises on the Shakespeare Season on April 1st. You can see about three different plays in a week.

London bursts into bloom at the famous Chelsea Flower Show, May 23-25.

At Aintree, there's the Grand National Steeplechase on March 31st. It is famous for the length of the course and the height of the jumps.

More of England's stately homes, their gardens and deer parks, are open in May than in any other month.

Perhaps the best show of all is the British countryside itself. All England is a garden in the Spring.

Send for your free copy of our new brochure "Britain's Pageant of Spring." Then see your travel agent. He'll tell you that Britain is only 6½ hours or 5 lovely days from New York.

For your free literature write Box 136, British Travel Association.
In New York—680 Fifth Avenue; In Los Angeles—606 South Hill St.; In Chicago—39 South La Salle St.; In Canada—90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

status minus baronial riches. He continued in this status until the fall of 1919, when he returned to Harvard, from which he graduated, with honors in economics and sociology, the following spring.

After graduation, Dewey married and had two children. Having installed a new manager at Brady's Bend, he spent the twenties in a variety of jobs, the longest-lived of which were acting as a mortgage broker in Los Angeles and teaching a couple of college courses in real-estate law. In 1929, his own marriage broke up, and he went to Washington to get a job with the Hoover administration, which he admired then, and still does. He started out at the Census Bureau, where he became chief collector of statistics on industrial marketing (after that fall, the statistics did not look good), and from 1931 until 1933 he was chief economic analyst of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, with the specific assignment of figuring out why there was a depression. Like everybody else, he couldn't figure out why, but he did form some firm opinions. "Every economist had a different answer," he says now. "I lost faith in economists. Twenty-eight additional years of experience with them has done nothing to restore it." Not surprisingly, Dewey went out when the New Deal came in, but his government experience left him spectacularly qualified to make a good deal of money out of one of the first New Deal reform measures—the National Recovery Administration. He became an N.R.A. code consultant, advising businessmen on what they could and couldn't do under the new setup, and in the two years that the N.R.A. lasted, he averaged forty-five thousand dollars a year at it, thereby reaching what is almost certain to remain the peak of his own lifetime economic cycle.

After comparatively short terms in two other jobs—as assistant to the general manager of a canvas-goods firm in Toledo, and as assistant to the president of an organization of weighty economic thinkers in New York—Dewey finally found what turned out to be his métier. He did so by joining forces with Chapin Hoskins, a former managing editor of *Forbes* magazine who had been bitten by the cycle bug and had now set himself up, with offices in the McGraw-Hill Building, as an analyst of cycles for industrial companies. Dewey, who knew nothing of cycles, started as Hoskins' doorbell-ringer, and spent his days pleading the cause of cycles before executives who usually regarded him with an amused,

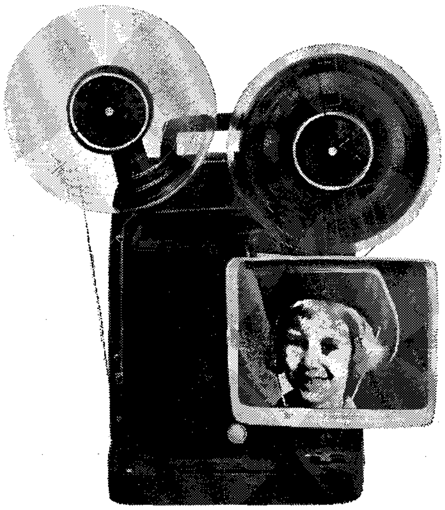
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
KOBRAND CORPORATION

BEEFEATER
BEEFEATER®

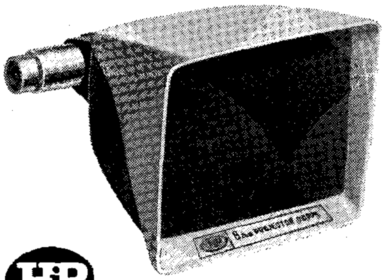
Martini Men
appreciate the
identifiable
excellence
of imported
BEEFEATER GIN

UNEQUALLED SINCE 1820 • 94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND CORPORATION, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

see your movies on your projector



as comfortably as you can watch TV



HiP

8mm projector scope

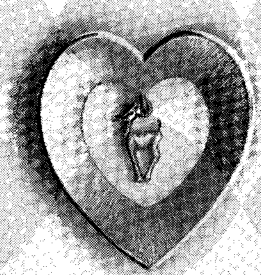
With the SCOPE, your projector can be used to preview films as soon as you get them. Show your films to small audiences of 5 or 6 people without darkening room or setting up a screen. With the built-in film notcher, you can edit right on your projector. Only $14.95 at all camera stores.

HUDSON PHOTOGRAPHIC INDUSTRIES, INC. **HiP**
Irvington-on-Hudson, New York

Write for free booklet #600-YKR on how to edit movies. Please include self-addressed, stamped envelope.

and disconcerting, tolerance. Even so, he brought in more work than Hoskins could handle alone—Botany Worsted, Consolidated Edison, and Lehman Brothers, among other companies, became clients—and Dewey began to take over some of the research, as a result of which the cycle bug got at him. By 1940, it had bitten him so effectively that on free evenings and weekends he would drive from his home, in Riverside, Connecticut, to the Stamford public library to read whatever he could about cycle research. In the course of one fateful session at the library, he came upon a transcript of the proceedings of a conference on biological cycles that had been held in July, 1931, at the summer camp of a Boston financier and wildlife fancier named Copley Amory, in Matamek, Quebec, on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The proceedings of the Matamek conference, which was attended by about twenty-five distinguished men of science—biologists, zoologists, bacteriologists, physiologists, and statisticians, from the United States, Canada, Germany, England, and Scotland—pretty well summed up what was known about biological cycles in 1931, including the Canadian-lynx, snowshoe-rabbit, and Atlantic-salmon cycles, all comparatively new to scientists at that time, though not to hunters, trappers, fishermen, and plain Canadians. (The reason that most of the reports pertained to Canada, one speaker explained, was that natural fluctuations are more marked in sparsely settled regions, where conditions are less complicated by factors introduced by man.) The account of the Matamek proceedings made a great impression on Dewey, whose previous experience had been entirely with economic cycles. Rising from his library chair a man of action, if not actually a cyclomaniac, he went home and wrote to Amory, in Boston, proposing the establishment of a foundation to look further into cycles of all sorts. A few weeks later, Amory appeared at Dewey's and Hoskins' New York office and not only enthusiastically seconded the idea but offered five hundred dollars to get the foundation started. Within a few months, an executive committee had been rounded up, among whose charter members were Dr. Julian S. Huxley, then secretary of the Zoological Society of London; Dr. Harlow Shapley, director of the Harvard Observatory; and Alanson B. Houghton, chairman of the Corning Glass Works and a former Ambassador to Germany. Amory also asked his friend and cousin Franklin D. Roosevelt to join the committee, but the



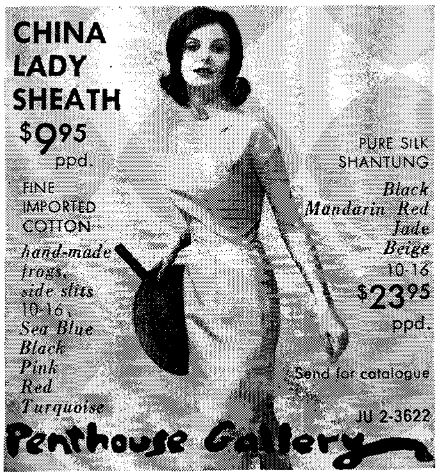
DEER HEART AND GENTLE VALENTINE. OUR EXCLUSIVE 14 KARAT GOLD PIN WILL WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE LOVERS. **33.00**
INCL. FED. TAX

LAMBERT BROTHERS
LEXINGTON AVE. AT 60TH ST./N.Y.C.

DINE IN LEISURE AT THE

Casino
ON THE
Park

Designed by Raymond Loewy
LUNCHEON • PRE-THEATRE DINNER • DINNER
SUPPER • SUNDAY BRUNCH
STEVEN WELTNER AT THE PIANO
Tel. CIrcle 7-0300
ESSEX HOUSE
Vincent J. Coyle, V. P. and Mng. Dir.
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH



CHINA LADY SHEATH
$9.95 ppd.
FINE IMPORTED COTTON
hand-made frogs, side slits
10-16
Sea Blue
Black
Pink
Red
Turquoise

PURE SILK SHANTUNG
Black
Mandarin Red
Jade
Beige
10-16
$23.95 ppd.

Send for catalogue
JU 2-3622

Penthouse Gallery

Penthouse Gallery, 15 W. 55th St., Dept. Y-150, N.Y. 19

see more
of Britain...
by train

The fun of Wales is but a half-day from London

It's fun to explore Wales.

Wales is not only a different country from England, Wales is different from Wales. Crammed into this tiny corner of Britain you will find a legendary mountain and rocky coastal towns . . . green pastoral valleys and lively seaside resorts . . . medieval towns where a strange tongue is spoken; cosmopolitan cities and universities. Fortified castles are everywhere, and everywhere you will find smiling, friendly people.

While you may seem thousands of miles from London, you are really only a few hours away. You can visit Wales and many places of interest conveniently and comfortably by British Railways. Ask your Travel Agent or British-Irish Railways about Thrift Coupons and special 9-Day Passes — sold only in America. Discover these important ways to *see* more and *save* more as you travel anywhere in Britain on the railways.

▶ *Write for "Your Holiday Data Kit"— British Railways, Dept. N, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.*

BRITISH RAILWAYS
BRITISH RAILWAYS
Thrift Coupons
FIRST CLASS

Guest Pass:
Good for 9 days
1st Class $43.50
2nd Class .. 29.00

Thrift Coupons:
1st Class $39.00
2nd Class 26.00

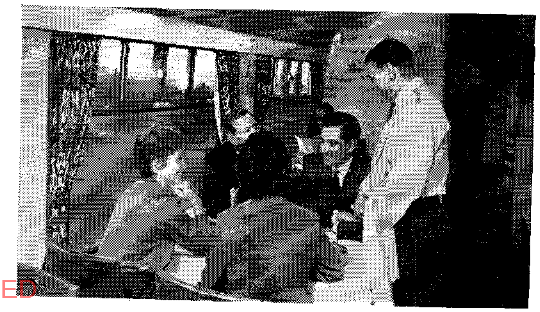
BRITISH RAILWAYS

Offices in
New York • Chicago • Los Angeles • Toronto • Vancouver

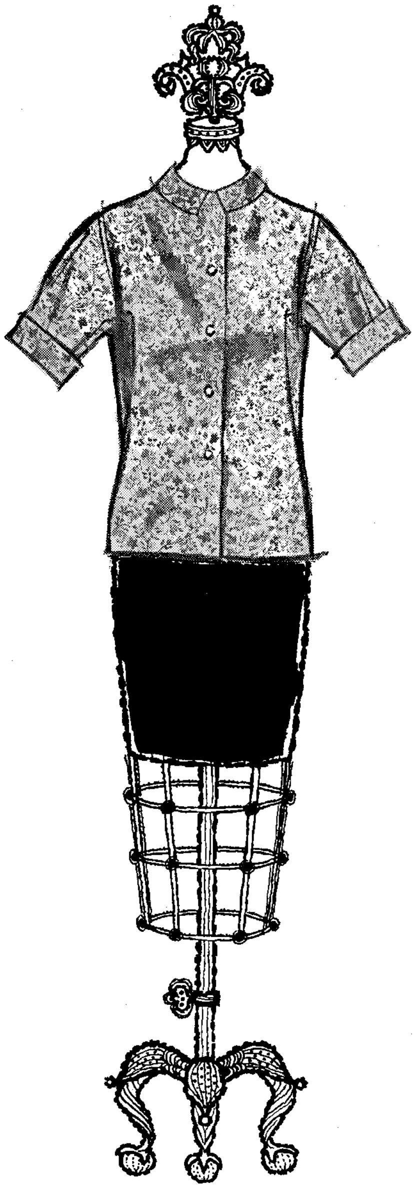
It's all the best when it's all aboard the crack trains of British Railways, Twenty-five thousand daily trains take you anywhere in Britain with speed and comfort.

The picture windows of your first class compartment will give you a first class view of the British countryside, a first class chance to meet Britons informally.

There are no mere meals on British Railways. Each is an experience in dining pleasure featuring the best of British and continental cuisine.



MANNEQUIN DESIGN PATENT PENDING



Village Lawn

A Spring-dream bouquet of little
flowers and leaves over fine
combed cotton *Village Lawn.*
The look is delicate, wistful,
and a perfect foil for the classic
simplicity of the Shirt Itself
. . . pan collared, roll sleeved,
thoroughly VILLAGER. In
monotones of Blue, Green, Red.
Sizes 8 to 16.

*About seven dollars at good
stores and college shops*

The Villager®

THE VILLAGER INC.
1407 Broadway, New York

invitation was declined. The Foundation was formed in November, 1940, with Amory as chairman and Dewey as director.

"IT'S a funny thing, though I can't seriously think it's a significant one," Dewey told me at this point in his story, "but up to now the history of the Foundation divides into three phases, each just about nine and a third years long." With routine urging from me, he elaborated. The first phase, beginning in July, 1931, and ending in November, 1940, he called the period of gestation, as well he might, since during it the Foundation did not yet exist; his justification for including it as a phase at all was that at the end of the Matamek conference the participants had formed a permanent committee on cycles and declared that there *ought* to be a foundation. The second phase—November, 1940, to early spring, 1950—he called the period of incubation. During it, the main Foundation activity was a mere continuation of the research on economic cycles that Dewey had been doing with Hoskins, the chief difference being that Dewey now did the work alone. (Hoskins was running his own company independently.) The product of this research was sold to various corporations, and from the modest proceeds the Foundation maintained an office and occasionally issued pamphlet reprints of important past articles on cycles, which were distributed to libraries, universities, and other interested parties. The trouble with work for corporations, from the Foundation point of view, was that the corporations, being competitive, wanted to keep the findings secret instead of publishing them for the advancement of science and the public welfare. It was this problem, more than anything else, that forced the Foundation into its third, or membership, phase. Prior to 1950, it had a handful of dues-paying members (the very first was Senator Everett Dirksen, of Illinois, who signed up in 1943), but since it held no meetings and issued no regular publications, its membership was nominal. Dewey and the executive committee now decided that the thing to do was to renounce research for corporations, engage in pure research, and collect a large paying membership by publishing a monthly non-technical journal and a quarterly technical one. The first issue of *Cycles* appeared in June, 1950, and the first of the *Journal of Cycle Research* a few months later. They were so successful as bait for new members that within a couple of years Dewey was able to hire a staff of research assist-

SEA ISLAND COAT Young approach to beach coverage. **Terry** jacket with eye-appeal to spare. Dolman sleeves, Peter Pan collar, wide cuffs, deep pockets and big white disc buttons. In luxurious White terry. Sm (8-10), Med (12-14), Lg (16-18). **$7.95** Add 35c each for shipping.

Send for our complete beachwear color catalog

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE
AMERICUS, GA.

ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS

YH

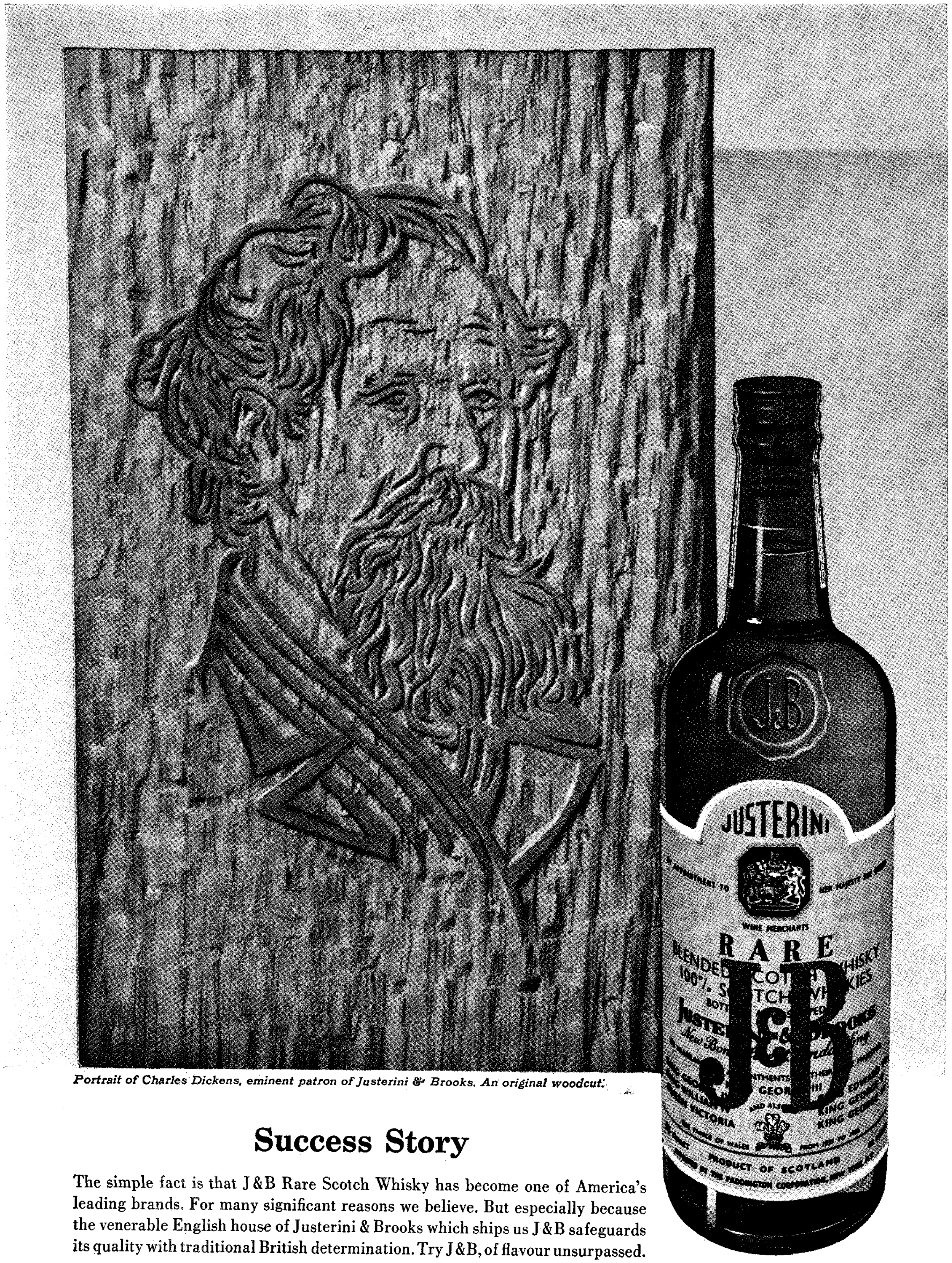
Yacht Haven
RESORT

Delightful efficiency suites, completely equipped and air conditioned. Superior cuisine. Two beaches, palm-fringed pool overlooking harbor and Charlotte Amalie. All sports, native entertainment.
Harry B. Howe, Gen. Mgr.

See your TRAVEL AGENT or
William P. Wolfe Organization, Reps.
500 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, LO 5-1115
Boston • Chicago • Cleveland • Miami
Philadelphia • Montreal • Toronto

GOOSE FEAST
TONIGHT THRU SUNDAY

Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
*We park your car
at dinner*



Portrait of Charles Dickens, eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks. An original woodcut.

Success Story

The simple fact is that J&B Rare Scotch Whisky has become one of America's leading brands. For many significant reasons we believe. But especially because the venerable English house of Justerini & Brooks which ships us J&B safeguards its quality with traditional British determination. Try J&B, of flavour unsurpassed.

Pennies more in cost
Worlds apart in quality

J&B Rare Scotch Whisky

"WORLD'S FINEST" SOLE IMPORTERS: THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

MORE WAGON ROOM . . . MORE WAGON ZOOM! *Open the door, look at the floor and you'll see that Buick's new Invicta Estate Wagon has more easy-living room now than ever. Reason? Advanced Thrust that places the bigger, livelier Wildcat V-8 far forward over the front wheels . . . makes the front floor nearly flat. Advanced Thrust also gives you ruler-straight going even in crosswinds. Faster wheel response. More reason to make it a Buick wagon? Buick's sizzling Turbine Drive, carpeted floors, power tailgate window are all standard. Try a real wagon at your Buick dealer's now.*
Buick Motor Div., General Motors Corp.

ADVANCED THRUST

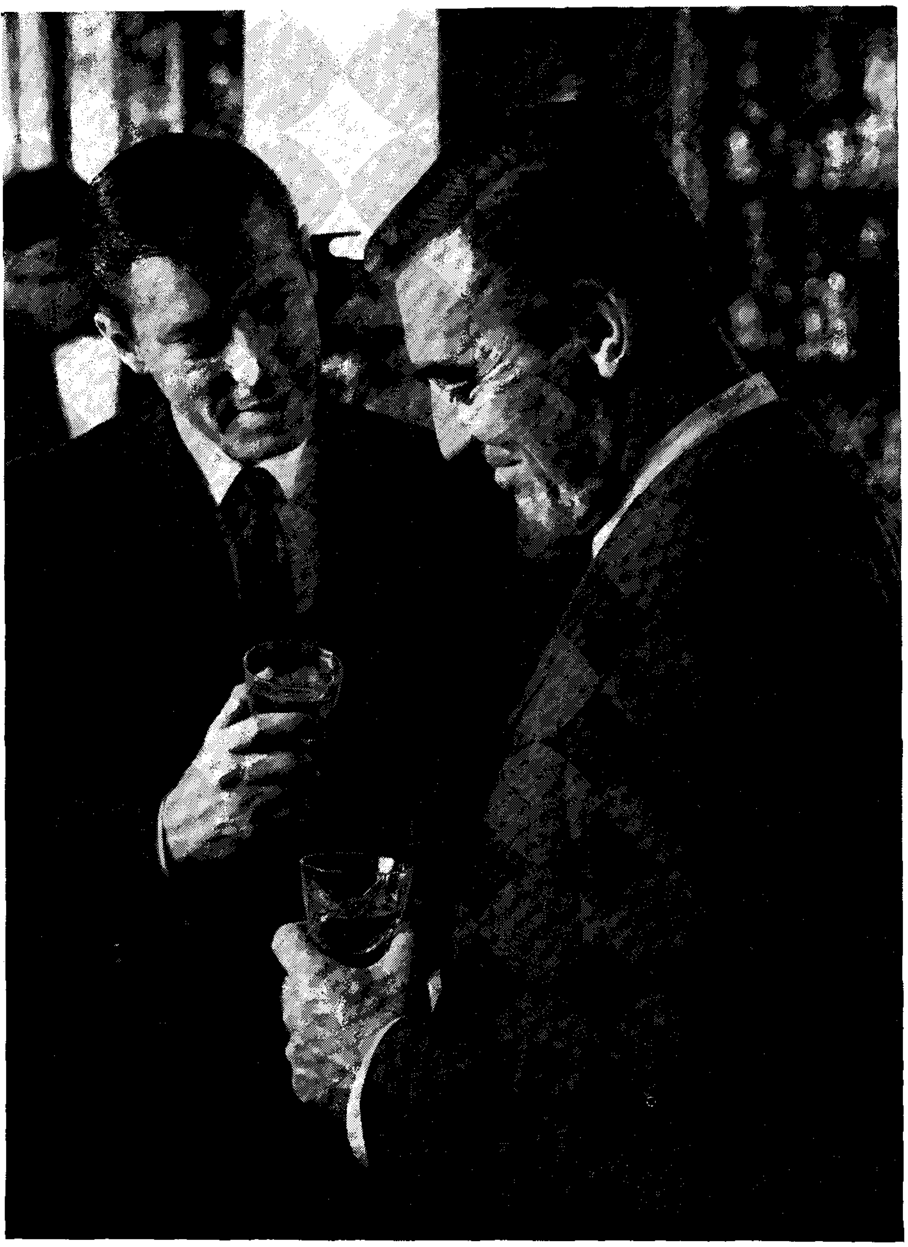
. . . Moves power forward for arrow-straight going

'62 BUICK

ants and, when he wasn't busy getting out a monthly magazine and a quarterly practically singlehanded, to do some research for the advancement of science and the public welfare himself.

Today, as the Foundation moves along in its fourth nine-and-a-third-year phase, it is in pretty good shape both materially and spiritually. In addition to its more than six thousand paying members, some of whom have formed active chapters in New York, Washington, Kansas City, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, and some of whom are presumably brooding about cycles in such far-flung places as Arabia, Argentina, Borneo, Finland, Honduras, Hong Kong, Lebanon, Monaco, Pakistan, Paraguay, South Africa, Switzerland, Venezuela, and the Virgin Islands, it has about two hundred and fifty non-paying scientist members, who have qualified for their special status through their work either directly on cycles or in closely related fields. At present, there is less emphasis on building up the membership and more on basic research aimed at finding the cause, or causes, of cycles. To pay the expenses of a three-year effort in this direction, Dewey not long ago asked the Foundation's members for sixty thousand dollars in contributions over and above their dues, and the members responded in such spectacular style that the fund now amounts to almost ten times the amount requested.

Dewey, who is both the director and the chief researcher of the basic-research program, does most of his work on it in Pittsburgh, leaving the preparation of *Cycles* and the *Journal* largely to Miss Shirk. He spends his weekends at Brady's Bend with his second wife, whom he married in 1935. As a result of the periodic selling off of land over the years, the estate has dwindled a good deal; it now consists of about twenty-five hundred acres and a mere half-dozen houses, with only a handful of occupants, though a flourishing community still exists on parts of the sold-off land. During his weekends there, Dewey oversees various business ventures with an energy out of all proportion to the sums they involve. His most ambitious venture is a gas company, which pipes natural gas directly to the stoves and heaters of a hundred and sixty-seven customers in the neighborhood. Last year, the company had gross receipts of $16,120, and expenses of $16,050, leaving Dewey a net profit of seventy dollars. Other enterprises in the one-man industrial microcosm are the leasing of oil and coal rights in exchange for royalties; the selling of additional lots whenever possible; the rent-



Dry Sack on-the-rocks changed men's minds about sherry

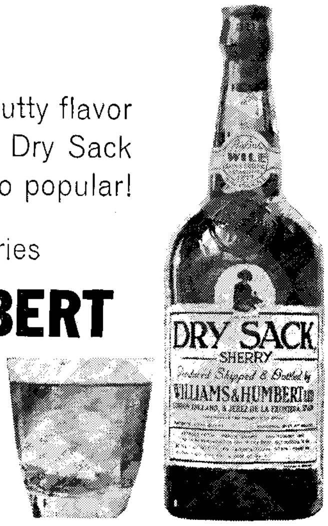
Dry Sack has the body and superb nutty flavor to stand up to ice cubes. No wonder Dry Sack on-the-rocks—the man's sherry—is so popular!

World-Famous Spanish Sherries

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK

Let this seal be your guide to quality



patio-scape at home with

Evelyn Pearson

Luau Lady . . . exotic island flowers bloom
in gorgeous profusion
on zip-closed care-free cotton sateen
. . . the most brilliant look for lounging
in parlor or patio. Turquoise, Island Red,
Brilliant Orange. Petite, Small, Medium.
About $11. At Lord & Taylor, Marshall Field & Co.,
J. W. Robinson; or write Evelyn Pearson, Inc.,
Empire State Building, New York 1.

price slightly higher west of the Rockies

ing of the remaining houses; the summer renting of trailer sites along the Allegheny River; and the wholesaling of Christmas trees.

BEFORE seeing Dewey off again to Pittsburgh and Brady's Bend, I went to a monthly dinner meeting of the Foundation's New York chapter, at which he spoke. In telling me about the scheduled meeting, Dewey said that it was to be held at the White Turkey restaurant, at Madison Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street; all the New York chapter meetings are held at one or another of the White Turkeys, he explained, for the excellent reason that Harry S. Davega, the owner and operator of the restaurant chain, is an enthusiastic member and always sees to it that the chapter is treated right. I asked Dewey what the topic of his speech would be, and he replied, with only the faintest grimace, that it was "My Stock Market Forecasts and How They Came Out." "Back in January, 1944, when I was doing research for a Wall Street firm on behalf of the Foundation, I was rash enough to make a specific long-term forecast of the stock market," he told me. "It was virtually the only one I've ever made, and I have no plans for making any more. As I often say, I knew much more about cycles back in those days than I do now. But this is what the members want to hear. No question about it, the New York chapter is primarily interested in cycles in the stock market."

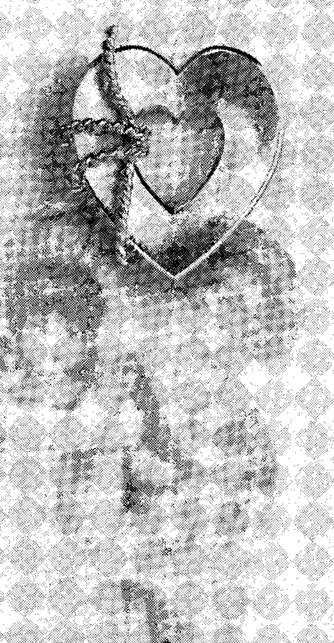
Upon arriving, independently of Dewey, at the White Turkey, I took my cue from a message on an announcement board that read, "CYCLE DOWNSTAIRS," and, having done so, I landed in the midst of a good-sized throng of cocktail-drinking cycle students. I soon found myself in conversation with the chapter's president, Jack A. Dorland, a scholarly-looking man who told me he is consultant to an international industrial firm. Dorland said that the New York chapter is the Foundation's strongest one, with about a hundred paid-up members; Wall Street customers' men and statisticians predominate among them, but there are also a number of doctors, lawyers, professors, and nonfinancial businessmen. I asked Dorland how he had become interested in cycles, and he replied that it all went back to the fact that the cousin of a friend of his had married Dr. Carlos Garcia-Mata, the author of an important paper on cyclical solar-economic relationships.

At dinner, I sat opposite a leonine, almost senatorial-looking man, wearing pince-nez, who introduced himself as

Valentine

. . . give her your heart—with a twist to it
A heart handsomely sculptured
in 14 Kt gold, Venetian finish.
Brooch $37.50. Federal Tax included

Send for our Gift Catalog.
We love mail orders.



667 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 22 WILMOT RIDGE, SCARSDALE, N.Y.
GEORG JENSEN INC

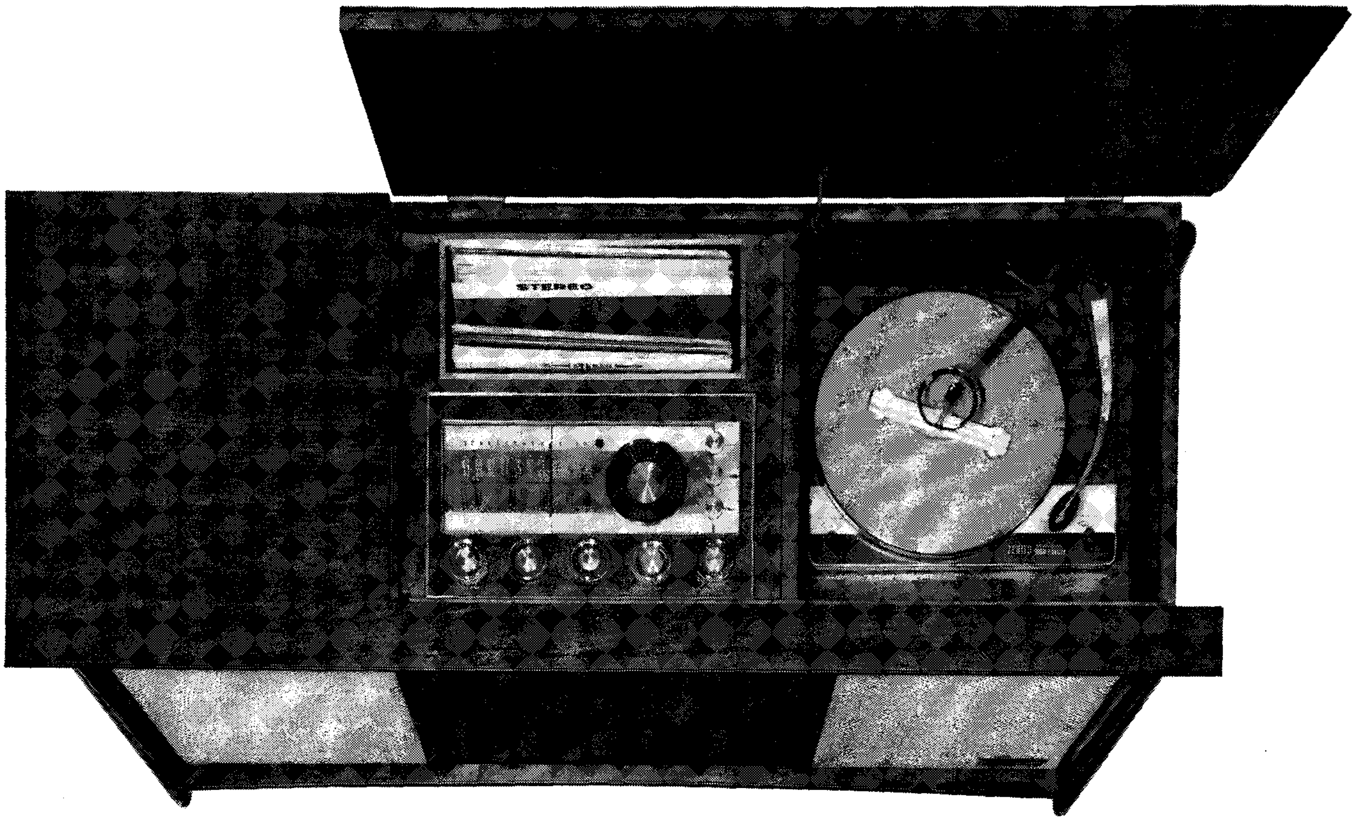
BRADFORD BACHRACH
photographer
of women
and
FABIAN BACHRACH
photographer of men
announce the opening
of a new studio on
The Mall at Short
Hills, New Jersey
Telephone
DRexel 6-5755

Bachrach

THE LODGE
at Smugglers Notch

Centered among the most extensive ski facilities in the U. S. A. Gay luxurious ski living, continental atmosphere. Outstanding French cuisine, wine cellar. Cocktail lounges, gay game rooms, dancing, skating. Sport shops, world-famous ski school. Reservations advised. Tel. Stowe AL 3-7311. Write Ivor Petrak, Mgr. BROCHURE.

STOWE 4 Vermont

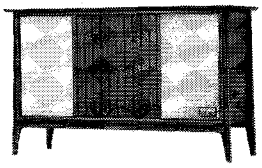


The world's most complete stereo instrument gives you the ultimate performance of monaural and stereo recordings, AM, FM, and now—STEREO FM RADIO!

Now there's a whole new world of entertainment at your fingertips! For now Zenith puts *Stereo FM radios* into the world's finest stereo consoles—combining all the rich beauty of FM with the breathtaking realism and sound separation of stereo. And the FCC-approved standards for Stereo FM broadcasting are based on the system *pioneered and developed* by Zenith!

These consoles also feature Zenith's new "Stereo Professional"—the world's finest home console record changer precision-designed for stereo! Designed to end the "rumble," "wow" and "flutter" that plague ordinary changers, its components are floated on rubber to virtually eliminate vibration. You hear the brilliant beauty of *pure stereo sound* just as it is *meant* to be heard.

Zenith cabinetry comes in an exciting array of authentic designs that complement your finest furnishings. Pictured at right, the Zenith Sibelius, featuring exclusive Zenith *Extended* Stereo with *Extended* Reverberation, Stereo FM, AM and FM radio. Danish modern styling in walnut veneers and hardwood solids. Model MH2670, $775*. Other Zenith quality stereo consoles start as low as $179.95*.



ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS. IN CANADA: ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION OF CANADA LTD., TORONTO, ONTARIO The Royalty of television, stereophonic high fidelity instruments, phonographs, radios and hearing aids. 43 years of leadership in radionics exclusively. **Manufacturer's suggested retail price (Does not include records.) Slightly higher in various Western and Southern areas. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.*

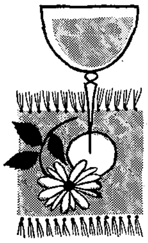
ZENITH

The quality goes in before the name goes on

'23 skidoo and a Side Car, too

The Twenties—Fads, flivvers, flappers. Era of wonderful nonsense...Paris cafes jammed with Americans and Frenchmen enjoying that inspired mixture of Cointreau Liqueur, Cognac and lemon juice, whimsically tagged the Side Car.

The Sixties—The Side Car rides again...the wicked 20's are back and famous Cordials by Cointreau are the rage at fashionable gatherings.



The Side Car — ⅓ Cointreau Liqueur, ⅓ lemon juice, ⅓ Cognac (or, change proportions to taste). Shake well with cracked ice.

The Side Car is only one of many colorful, conversation-piece drinks made with Cordials by Cointreau. For other fascinating drink and food recipes, write for your free copy of "Gourmet's Guide" to Dept. 22.

Cointreau Ltd., Pennington, N.J.

Cordials by Cointreau, 50 to 80 proof.

Hugh Pastoriza, formerly with the New York office of Coffin & Burr, a Boston investment firm. It emerged from our conversation that, far from being a cyclomaniac, Pastoriza is a receptive but skeptical member. "I've been coming to these meetings since they started, in 1957," he declared with a patient air, "and I haven't got a good tip yet." Looking around the room, I saw that about seventy members were present—chipper old board-room types with starched collars and neat white mustaches; prosperous-looking middle-aged businessmen; brisk, earnest-looking young businessmen; and a surprising number of pretty young women. Pastoriza told me that while a few of these last might be wives, he knew for a fact that some were members. In the midst of such an eminently sane, almost Rotarian gang, I found it easy to believe that respectability for cycle study is not far off.

Dewey, after having been introduced by Dorland, began his talk by pointing out that his 1944 projection of stock prices had been preliminary rather than definitive, and that upon completing it he had pleaded with the firm that had commissioned the work not to invest according to his findings or urge anyone else to. He then recounted how, after studying New York Stock Exchange averages from 1854 to 1943, he had discovered ten different cycles, with wave lengths ranging from 4.89 years to twenty-one years. By combining the ten, he had arrived at the conclusion that the market would rise from 1944 to 1946; fall from 1946 to 1949; rise from 1949 to 1952; fall briefly, and then rise again, in 1954; and then undergo a long, steady decline from 1954 to 1960. As it happened, he observed, the market had faithfully executed the first five movements, but things had begun to go wrong in 1954, and had gone totally wrong since then. "If, counter to all my advice, you had followed the projection from 1944 to 1954, your gains would have been a hundred and eighty-five times your losses," he said. "If you had continued to follow it after that, you would probably have gone broke." His tentative conclusion, he said, was that the stock market does have a cyclical structure but that his understanding of it had been inadequate to permit a successful projection beyond ten years.

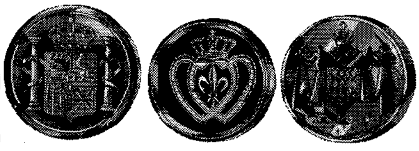
The ensuing discussion period was dominated by a member whose faith in cycles and in Dewey the latter seemed to find acutely embarrassing. By cycle-analyzing the market, the member declared enthusiastically, he had more

Status Seekers
privately prefer
Keen's

As incorrigible "name droppers," they feel obliged to imply familiarity with any new and impressively expensive eating place . . . but for themselves and true cronies, they know there's no smarter, pleasanter or better dining spot than Keen's!

Keen's
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
72 West 36th St., New York

BLAZER BUTTONS



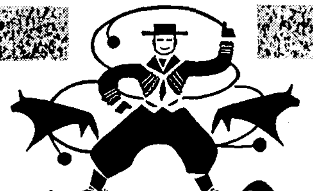
SPANISH CREST—Gold Plated or Sterling on Matte Black Background—or Garnet Red (Gold Plated only) ¾" $8.25 ea. 9/16" $6.60 ea.

NAPOLEON-JOSEPHINE Crest (Double Heart)—Gold Plated on Royal Blue or Garnet Red Background. ¾" $8.25 ea. 9/16" $6.60 ea.

MONACO CREST—Gold Plated ¾" $4.40 ea. 9/16" $2.75 ea.

Fed. Tax Included. No catalog.

Old Buttons, Inc.
510 Madison Ave. Bet. 52 & 53 Sts., N. Y. C.



GAUCHO
STEAK HOUSE
THE SUMMIT
OF NEW YORK
East 51st at Lexington
A LOEW'S HOTEL
Reservations:
PLaza 2-7000

than doubled his money over a short period. "You must have used other methods besides cycles," Dewey told him. Undeterred, the member went on to report one triumph after another, and as he did so, Dewey became increasingly restive. "Don't press your luck too far," he urged. "We're dealing here with partial knowledge, and it can be overworked. Remember how the three-and-a-half-year stock-market cycle just vanished a few years back?" But the member could not be put off, and finally he asked, in the hushed tone of one consulting an oracle, "Professor Dewey, what will the market do next?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," Dewey replied, and looked at his watch.

AFTER the meeting, I walked a few blocks with Dewey before we went our ways. Obviously, the insistent member's excessive faith had put him in a reflective mood. "People try to make a religion of cycle study," he mused. "Either a religion or a crackpot fad—remember the way that taxi-driver looked at us? Actually, it's neither one. If I'm right, it's an emerging science. As things stand now, we're in a morass—we've found too many cycles and know too little about them. We'll have to work our way out of the morass, and get back to something relatively simple. If we could narrow it all down to half a dozen families of related cycles, we'd have taken a long step toward getting at basic causes. About which, at present, we know nothing."

"Nothing at all?" I asked.

Dewey shook his head. "Nothing," he said. "We have only hints and hypotheses. That's the reason for the Foundation's new research program. Personally, I'm convinced that the cause is astronomical. Not the sun, directly, but something beyond the earth—either inside or outside our solar system. But I can't prove even that much, and I'm pessimistic about the chances of our getting any definite results in my lifetime. I feel like the astronomer Tycho Brahe, who did the grubbing for facts that cleared the way for Kepler's great discoveries. The facts are there. We see plenty of smoke. We need a Kepler to find the fire."

—JOHN BROOKS

•

MONROVIA, LIBERIA, Jan. 12—(AP)—President Heinrich Luebke of West Germany has arrived here for a five-day state visit.

Latest reports indicated the ducks would recover.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Good thing he's not staying a week.

Daroff's cool answer
to resort now, summer later:
elegant jacket
of Dacron*
polyester and cotton seersucker.

Galey & Lord
1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y.
A Division of Burlington Industries
*DUPONT T.M. Burlington

FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N.Y.

18th Century, hand carved Heraldic Lion guarding hotel entrance.

the touch Continental

in old world **NASSAU**
(BAHAMAS)

Coral Harbour

NASSAU'S MOST DISTINGUISHED OCEANFRONT RESORT

You'll love its elegant informality, combining exquisite Out Island privacy with nearness to shops and colorful hurly-burly of downtown Nassau. Service and cuisine under fastidious Europeans, each dedicated to the art of making life easy and pleasant for you.

PUTTING GREENS WITH NEARBY COURSE • TENNIS • POOL & SURF BATHING FINEST YACHT FACILITIES • WORLD-FAMED FISHING • EXPERT GUIDES

Vacation luxury awaits you, with all the fun and friendliness of a private club. From $20 per person (double) with breakfast and dinner.

RESERVATIONS LIMITED, so see your TRAVEL AGENT—today!

or call our representatives: ROBERT F. WARNER, INC., 630 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK; JUdson 6-4500 • CHICAGO • WASHINGTON • BOSTON TORONTO. West Coast: GLEN W. FAWCETT, INC. • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE • DALLAS • PORTLAND • SAN DIEGO • VANCOUVER.

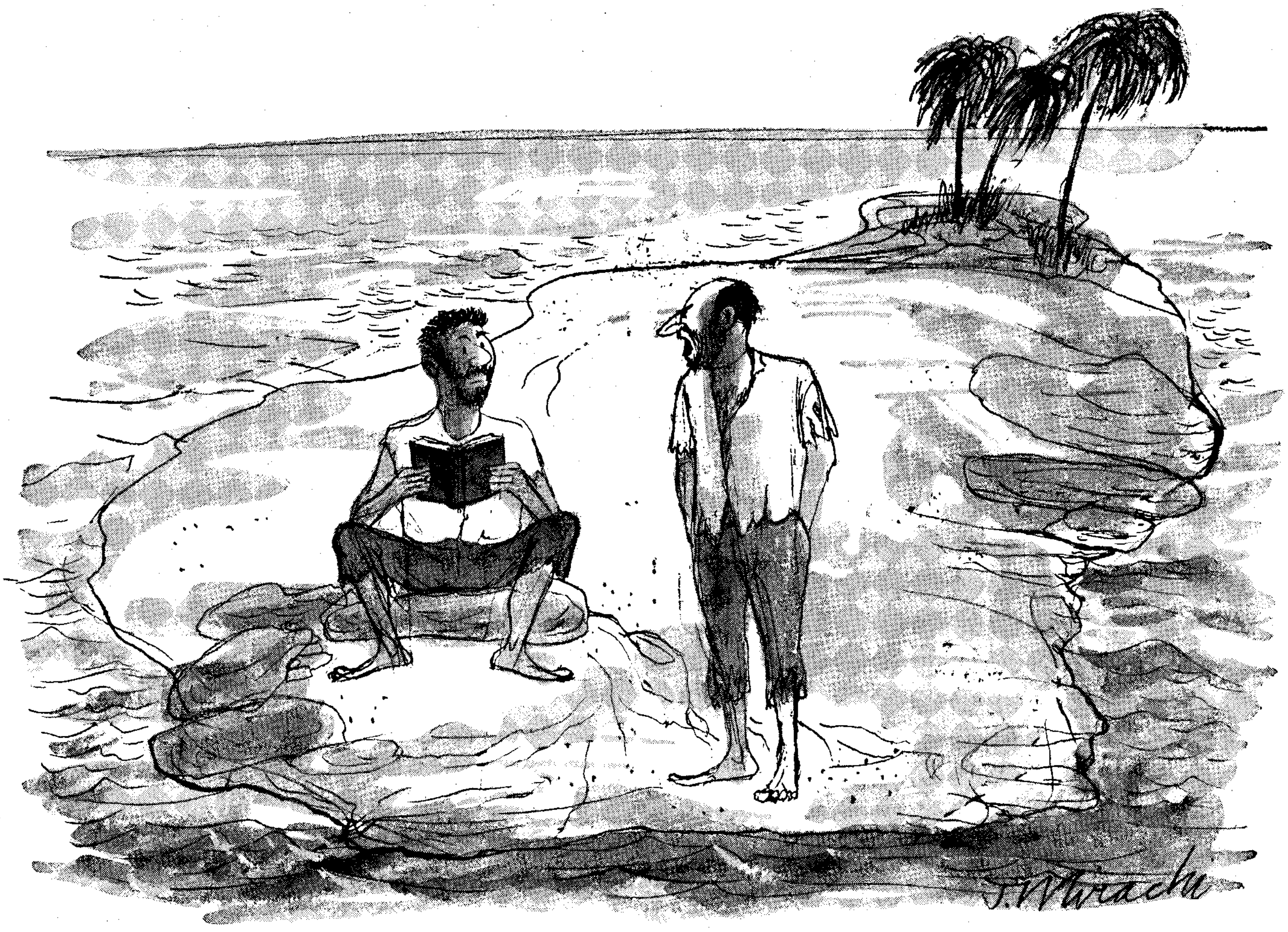
For colorful brochure, write: Robert F. Warner, Inc.
Roper Building, Miami 32, Florida. Helmut Chiettini, Manager

THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

SOL KAPLAN (music), Edward Eliscu (book and lyrics), David Brooks (direction), and Helena Scott, Lloyd Gough, Phil Leeds, David Daniels, and a number of other performers have combined to make "The Banker's Daughter," at the Jan Hus, an entertaining musical comedy. The book is an adaptation of the old melodrama "The Streets of New York," by Dion Boucicault, and tells of a crooked banker and his daughter—a flamboyant pair of scoundrels—who aim at crashing state politics and local society, respectively, and do so over the bodies (cold and warm) of a sea captain, who dies of a heart attack when he finds out that the banker plans to abscond with his savings; *his* daughter and the man she is in love with, a fellow of impeccable lineage and sudden poverty, whom the banker's daughter snaps up, temporarily, with an offer of fifty thousand dollars; and a clerk at the bank, another rascal, who is shanghaied and shipped off to Peru in Act I but returns to blackmail his employer in Act II. The time is 1857, with occasional brief scenes scattered over the previous twenty years, but "nostalgic" is the last word on earth for the show. "Spirited" is more like it. There are even a few attempts—though they don't come to much—to give it a contemporary significance.

Mr. Kaplan's score sounds tuneful, but I can't tell on one hearing just how good it is. I suspect that Mr. Eliscu's lyrics and the professional rendition by all hands made the songs seem a bit better than they really are. Miss Scott, a tall, good-looking girl with an impressive voice and a sense of comedy, sings and plays the title role with great relish, as if it were the part of a lifetime. My favorite number is one in which she and her handsome investment stand on opposite sides of the stage—she radiant with conquest, he glum with misgivings—and sing a love song called "In Time." Lloyd Gough is properly wicked and larky as the banker, and is especially effective in a funny duet, "Father's Daughter," in which he and Miss Scott alternately dance and fight as the butler walks in and out. In the straight and rather thankless part of the young man, Mr. Daniels does well—somewhat better, I think, at singing than at being sung to; nothing, he demonstrated once or twice, can be tougher than being on the receiving end of a ballad. As the scheming clerk, Phil Leeds, a droll fellow, may remind you of Groucho (what could be better?) in his delivery and in the way he lopes about the stage ogling the audience. Joelle Jons gives to the role of the Captain's unfortunate daughter an appealing simplicity and a pleasant



"I may not have much to do, but I've got more to do than listen to you reading from that damn diary."

Because beautiful legs
come in curves as well as lengths,
we vary the width of
Belle-Sharmeer Seamless

Your curves are our business. As stocking perfectionists, we know that no one width will give snug, clinging fit to all legs. So we knit Belle-Sharmeer in legsizes, to make sure there's a width as well as a length that's right for you. Slim, or curvy, or well-rounded, you'll know you're just discovering how beautifully seamless stockings can fit when you wear Belle-Sharmeer.

Belle-Sharmeer

Brev
Modite
Duchess

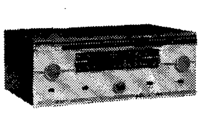
Seamless in your personal legsize

© 1962, Wayne Knitting Mills

What's New in High Fidelity
by José Schorr
Well-known free lance magazine writer.

Components Are Compatible

More people are happily wedded to their component stereo high fidelity sets than to any other household treasure. Only components can adjust themselves to every whim of your ear and heart and the special acoustics of your home. Your components can be set to let *you* hear both ends of the musical spectrum with equal fidelity, providing the full range of natural sound matched to your own hearing. You can't pick up such a happy match in the ordinary ready-made phono-radio combination. Only the flexibility of a component system—FM stereo tuner, record-player, tape machine, amplifier and speaker systems can give you the personalized pleasure that music lovers who know high fidelity rave about. It is a flexibility that allows you to beat obsolescence by adapting itself to every advance of the art. Nothing else has that purpose built into every part.

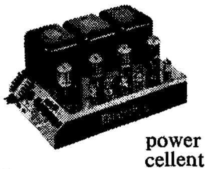


ALTEC 313A
AM/FM Multiplex Stereo Tuner
$291
(cabinet included)

New AM/FM Multiplex stereo tuners add many facets of listening pleasure to your high fidelity home music system. The built-in Multiplex system tunes the combined broadcast signal, then separates it into the original two stereo channels for truly faithful reproduction. Versatile units (as shown) also provide fine monaural tuning.

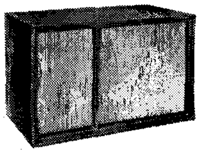
"Silence is golden" describes the performance of fine record playing equipment, single play or automatic, in tracking today's sensitive stereo cartridges at featherweight. For thrilling reproduction without mechanical interference or distortion, select a scientifically engineered turntable and a precision-balanced tone arm, separately or integrated as shown.

EMPIRE TROUBADOUR
Record Playback System
Turntable with Dynamic Balance
Tone Arm, Mono-Stereo Cartridge
$200.



One of the key components in a compatible high fidelity system is a fine stereo amplifier. It's fully responsible for supplying a musical signal free of distortion at high power for clean sound and excellent performance. Manufacturers specialize in the engineering and building of amplifiers (such as shown) with professional standards.

McINTOSH
Model MC-240
Stereo-Monophonic
Twin 40 Watt Amplifier
$288.00



The natural sound of music is the sound you prefer to live with. Your speaker system must reproduce the full dynamic range of records, tapes, or FM radio. Choose the sound and style compatible to your ear and eye, from superb speaker systems of many types and sizes, including highly adaptable compact units (as illustrated).

WHARFEDALE
W60, Achromatic Compact
2-Speaker System.
True wood, $116.50
Unfinished, $101.50

Your high fidelity dealer can help you select compatible stereo components for your very own music system. Mail coupon today for free booklet.

Institute of High Fidelity Manufacturers, Inc.
Dept. B-22 — 516 Fifth Avenue, New York 36

Please send me the free booklet about High Fidelity Components.

NAME__________________
ADDRESS__________________
CITY__________STATE________

voice. The sets, by Kim Swados, and the costumes, by Peter Joseph, are as stylish as anything around.

THERE is still a surprising amount of force and sting in Strindberg's "Creditors," a bald (and often wheezing) exercise in misogyny, which has been revived at the Mermaid. It's about a man who sets out, for reasons that are made clear in Act II but that never crossed my mind in Act I (the play is new to me), to undermine and destroy a heartless coquette as subtly and deviously as she herself has undermined and all but destroyed the two men she has married—the creditors of the title. Strindberg's shrewdness—theatrical and psychological—is impressive, but I think it is his mad hatred for his own villainess that really animates the play, and even makes its doggedness (no one ever strays from the matter at hand) and its long stretches of ridiculous expository dialogue almost bearable. (He is a rigid observer of the dramatic unities—the place is the sitting room of a Swedish resort hotel; the time is an afternoon in 1885—so considerable backtracking must be done in conversation.) A great deal of animation is also supplied by Donald Davis, Rae Allen, and James Ray (who, aside from a couple of walk-ons, are the whole cast), and, presumably, by Paul Shyre, the director. In the leading role of the destroyer, Donald Davis is a plausible, friendly snake as he spends the first act persuading the second and current husband—a bewildered invalid and a once successful painter whose work has been getting weaker—to switch to sculpture, to stop all sexual relations with his wife because of apparent incipient epilepsy (symptoms outlined), and to assert himself and force her to behave. In the second act, Mr. Davis gets to work on the wife, first wooing her, then exposing her, then rejecting her, as the husband eavesdrops in an adjoining room. In its variety of mood and color and tempo, his performance is really quite remarkable. Rae Allen, as the wife, has the difficult job of having to seem charming to the husband and, at the same time, both charming and dreadful to the audience. She does pretty well, I think, playing with a kind of arch and silky hatefulness, and managing, up to the last few minutes, to hang on to some remnants of composure. As the husband, a touchy, ingenuous man who is just used by the scheming other two for purposes of their own, James Ray is believable.

"Creditors," for all its occasional power, is really a piece of pure propaganda, and its effect is weakened by the

THE BERMUDA SHOP
LTD.

"TIGER, TIGER..."
...another enchanting McMullen animal series.
Blue, cherry or brown tiger on white cotton.
Short sleeves.
Sizes 10-16. **9.95**
PLEASE ADD 35¢ FOR SHIPPING.
545 MADISON AVE., AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 22

FABULOUS DINING OVERLOOKING A FABULOUS VIEW
Rainbow Room
65TH FLOOR • RCA BUILDING • ROCKEFELLER CENTER
DINNER (ENTREES FROM $3.75)
COCKTAILS AND HOT HORS D'OEUVRES
FROM 4:30 P.M. • MUSIC
CLOSED SUNDAYS • CIRCLE 6-5800

METROPOLE CAFE
48th Street at 7th Avenue Circle 5-0088

GENE KRUPA
AND
HIS NEW BAND

built-in distortion of all propaganda. The man behaves cruelly because he has suffered. The woman behaves cruelly because she is cruel. Strindberg was a begetter, all right, and his anti-womanism, smoothed and diluted, has permeated a great deal of fiction—plays and stories—over the past sixty years or so. Too bad. Even Medea was given an excuse for laying waste everybody in sight.

—Edith Oliver

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN AD MAN IN ENGLAND

[*Letter received by a gentleman of note*]

15 Hay's Mews
Berkeley Square
Mayfair, W.1.

E. M. Forster, Esq., C.H.,
Kings College,
Cambridge.

Dear Mr. Forster,

Plots for novels can be very troublesome things at times. Because I am a frustrated writer myself, I like to think I have some idea of the problems which must beset you in "dreaming up" plots and forming lines of action and characterisations.

I have decided that you should be helped in this matter! In so saying I am well cognisant of the fact that there are many successful novelists who find the occasional taking of a "nip" of some sort a stimulus that is both acceptable and often inspirational.

Isn't it true, for example, that the late Edgar Wallace used to drink 50 cups of tea a day when in contact with his Muse? I have always liked Edgar Wallace's books, but I don't agree with his tea drinking habits. Perhaps I don't get "the message" that easily.

Accompanying this letter is a bottle of Anisette. This is a fine liqueur made by Marie Brizard et Roger who, I don't think I have to tell you, are just about the finest producers of liqueurs in the world. It has been said that the British don't much care for Anisette because it reminds them of their childhood habit of sucking aniseed balls! I am being serious about this—market research produced this statement some years ago. But aniseed balls or no, Marie Brizard Anisette is to-day becoming *very* popular all over Britain. The fashionable and the non-U, the wealthy and the destitute, the sinners and the sinned-against, are all, with amazing clairvoyant powers, asking for Anisette.

You are receiving this bottle because I think that, not only might this assist you to write the Great British Novel, but maybe one of your characters would fancy a measure at some time. After all, you strive to make them live, don't you? A measure of Marie Brizard Anisette *is*, in itself, living.

I am also accompanying this letter with some factual information on Marie Brizard Anisette just to ensure that you have "got the background." If at any time you want to know more about this delicious liqueur, you know where to come.

Good health,

Yours sincerely,
Leslie Frewin

PHOTOGRAPHED AT MOUNT STRATTON, VT.

Nice on Ice, Go on Snow, No strain in the Rain

DKW *with Front Wheel Drive*

Front wheel drive works wonders on surfaces that make most cars slide and slither. The new DKW Junior De Luxe goes anywhere and seats five people in comfort. A lot of car for little money.

The new DKW has the world's first automatic oil injection system and is built to Mercedes-Benz standards of quality and engineering. An interesting brochure is available. Price is $1595 POE, New York.

MERCEDES-BENZ SALES, INC.
635 South Main Street, South Bend 27, Indiana

AUTO UNION DKW

Sterling Gift Suggestions

Combination salt shaker and pepper mill, mahogany base, 6¾" high, $26.
Ice pick, $12. A bowl for nuts or candy, 4" diameter, $22.50.

Fed. tax incl.

Cartier

INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS SINCE 1847

5th Ave. & 52 St., New York 22, N.Y., PLaza 3-0111 • 340 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach, Florida

4 TOP BROADWAY HITS!

"A SOLID HIT" —McClain, Jrl.-Amer.

SUNDAY IN NEW YORK

Evgs.: Mon. thru Thurs.: $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90. Wed. Mat.: $4.80,4.30,3.60,2.90. Sat. Mat.: $5.40,4.80,4.30,3.60,2.90.

GOLDEN THEA. 45 St. W. of B'way. N.Y.C.

"ABSOLUTELY HYPNOTIC" —Chapman, News

ROSS

The Mystery of Lawrence of Arabia

Evgs.: $7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90.
Wed. & Sat. Mats.: $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90.

EUGENE O'NEILL THEA. 49 St W. of B'way. N.Y.C.

"BRIGHT IDEAS & BRIGHT PEOPLE!" —Chapman, News

SUBWAYS ARE FOR SLEEPING

NEW YORK'S OWN MUSICAL

Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $8.60, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $9.40, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Wed. Mat.: $4.80, 4.30, 4.05, 3.60. 3. Sat. Mat.: $5.50, 4.80, 4.30, 3.80, 3.

ST. JAMES THEA. 44 St. W. of B'way. N.Y.C.

"THOROUGHLY ENCHANTING!" —Watts, Post

CARNIVAL

AMERICA'S MAGICAL MUSICAL

Evgs.: $8.60, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90. Wed. Mat.: $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90. Sat. Mat.: $5.50, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90.

IMPERIAL THEA. 45 St. W. of B'way. N.Y.C.

UNBELIEVABLE

A COMPLETE DINNER

$2.95

LUNCHEON $1.45

The Lobster

OPEN NOON TO 1 A.M.
SUNDAYS 3 TO 10 P.M.
145 W. 45th • JU 2-0400
IN THE HEART OF THE THEATRE DISTRICT

25th Anniversary Recital

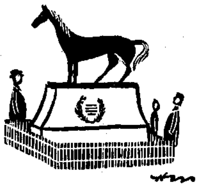
VRONSKY AND BABIN

DUO PIANISTS

CARNEGIE HALL, Tues. Eve, Feb. 13 at 8:30

THE RACE TRACK

Better and Better



THERE is a rumor going around that Four-and-Twenty won't run for any rider except Longden. That's just paddock talk, of course, but the fact remains that Four-and-Twenty does go pretty well for him. Indeed, the combination made a runaway affair of the Maturity Stakes at Santa Anita last weekend. Quick as a mink out of the starting gate, Four-and-Twenty was never headed, and won by four lengths from Garwol, who was about the same distance ahead of Olden Time. The Axe II was fourth. The time for the mile and a quarter was 2:01, which is far from a track record in California but would be rather fast in the East. Taking one thing with another, Four-and-Twenty's performance was a smart one, for he carried 126 pounds, giving from twelve to fifteen pounds to the eight other runners, and the newspaper accounts say that he never appeared to be doing anything more than galloping. In fact, after covering the mile in 1:34⅘, he was eased up through the stretch. It was his third victory in four starts at the meeting (he finished third in the Malibu Stakes his first time out), and his next test will be in the San Antonio Handicap a week from Saturday. Then, a fortnight later, he'll go for the Santa Anita Handicap. His aficionados on the Coast, who are legion, think he can't miss. He probably won't.

The Maturity, which had its fifteenth running last week, is one of the two stake races I know of in North America that are exclusively for four-year-olds. The other one is at Woodbine, in Toronto. Racing could do with more of them, for often horses don't attain their full development at three. Armed and Stymie certainly didn't, and Seabiscuit, too, was four before he hit his stride. In Seabiscuit's case, however, it couldn't have been because he was short of work, since he ran thirty-five times as a two-year-old and twenty-three times the following year. Anyhow, the Maturity came along after the heyday of those three. On the record, the best horse to win the fixture was Round Table, who galloped off with the 1958 running and wound up that season with fourteen firsts in twenty starts. Other previous winners who deserve full marks are

Rita Dimitri

BONNE CUISINE

BELLE MUSIQUE

La Chansonnette

Miss Dimitri sings
at dinner — 9 • at supper — 12

890 SECOND AVENUE • 47th - 48th • PL 2-7320

OPEN SUNDAY • CLOSED MONDAY

"A POSITIVE PLEASURE." —WENNING, NEWSWEEK MAG.

"WITTY AND DELIGHTFUL." —Watts, N. Y. Post

"CYRIL RITCHARD IS SUPERB." —Kerr, N. Y. Herald Tribune

"LET US BE GRATEFUL FOR ROMULUS" —Taubman, N. Y. Times

A New Comedy By FRIEDRICH DUERRENMATT
Adapted By GORE VIDAL

Also Starring
CATHLEEN NESBITT

Directed by
JOSEPH ANTHONY

PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $7.50; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $4.80; Balc. $4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40; Sat. Mat.: Orch. $5.40; Balc. $4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00. Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope with order and list alternate dates.

MUSIC BOX THEA. 239 W. 45 ST., N.Y.C.

"SPLENDID FUN" —WALTER KERR, N. Y. Herald Tribune

JAMES DONALD
KIM HUNTER
DENHOLM ELLIOTT
ETHEL GRIFFIES
TORIN THATCHER

WRITE ME A MURDER

A New Play by FREDERICK KNOTT
Directed by GEORGE SCHAEFER

Mail Orders Filled Promptly

Mon. thru Thurs. Eves.—$6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.95, 2.90, 2.50. Fri. & Sat. Eves.—$7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90. Wed. Mats. —$4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.50. Sat. Mats.—$5.40, 4.60, 4.00, 3.00.

BELASCO THEATRE, 111 W. 44th St. • JU 6-7950

"HILARIOUS!" —John Crosby, Her. Trib.

2ND SMASH YEAR!

OFF BROADWAY

THE PREMISE

Evgs. incl. Sun. 8:30; Fri. 8 & 10:30; Sat. 7:30 & 10:30; Mat. Sun. 3 PM

154 BLEECKER ST. Reservations: LF 3-5020

A CATALOG OF SINATRA MOODS

! select a mien to match your own

ebullient: effervescent: evocative: glandular:

ring-a-ding ding!

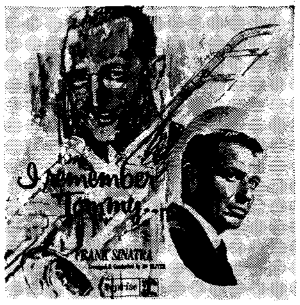
R-1001

RING-A-DING DING! Let's Fall In Love • Be Careful, It's My Heart • A Foggy Day • A Fine Romance • In The Still Of The Night • The Coffee Song • When I Take My Sugar To Tea Let's Face The Music And Dance • You'd Be So Easy To Love • You And The Night And The Music • I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm • Ring-A-Ding Ding • *Arranged and Conducted by Johnny Mandel*

Sinatra Swings
FRANK SINATRA
BILLY MAY

R-1002

SINATRA SWINGS Falling In Love With Love • The Curse Of An Aching Heart • Don't Cry Joe • Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone • Love Walked In • Granada • I Never Knew • Don't Be That Way • Moonlight On The Ganges • It's A Wonderful World • Have You Met Miss Jones? • You're Nobody 'Til Somebody Loves You • *Arranged and Conducted by Billy May*



R-1003

SINATRA SINGS AGAIN THE SONGS OF THE DORSEY DAYS I'm Getting Sentimental Over You • Imagination • There Are Such Things • East Of The Sun (And West Of The Moon) • Daybreak • Without A Song • I'll Be Seeing You • Take Me • It's Always You • Polka Dots And Moonbeams • It Started All Over Again • The One I Love Belongs To Somebody Else • *Arranged and Conducted by Sy Oliver*

SINATRA & STRINGS
ARRANGED AND CONDUCTED BY DON COSTA

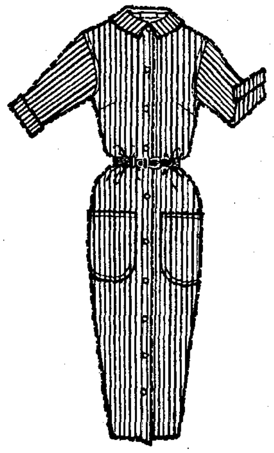
R-1004

SINATRA & STRINGS Stardust • Yesterdays • I Hadn't Anyone 'Til You • It Might As Well Be Spring • Prisoner Of Love • That's All • Don't Take Your Love From Me • Misty • Come Rain Or Come Shine • Night And Day • *Arranged and Conducted by Don Costa*

TO PLAY AND PLAY AGAIN

Sinatra is new...newer...newest...on reprise records

All albums available in Mono and Stereo



mattress-ticking dress

Striped ticking to wear in a straight line or shaped with its own burlap stretch belt. Big patch pockets and the pan collar give it the Ladybug touch. White striped with Black, Navy, Pink, Loden, or Mustard. 8 to 16. $12.95

Also available in Blue Chambray Denim $12.95
ORDER BY MAIL
Add 50c for postage
Free Catalog on Request

Ladybug
Dept. N
264 S. Nineteenth St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

LASSIE KILT—BY MAIL FROM BERMUDA. MADE IN ENGLAND, AUTHENTIC SCOTTISH WOOL TARTAN. 3" HEM. DRESS GORDON, DRESS STEWART, ROYAL STEWART, HUNTING MACLEOD, SEVERAL MUTED CLANS. SIZES 2-5, $6.35. 6-10, $7.75. MATCHING GLENGARRY, $2.85. BERMUDA CEDAR-HANDLED BAG, $3.50.

SINCE 1844

Trimingham's BERMUDA

Write TRIMINGHAM'S, Hamilton Bermuda, Dept. N-24. Add 35¢ postage per item. U.S. duty, if any, on delivery. Send for new illustrated catalogue.

Ponder, Intent, Mark-Ye-Well, Determine, and Hillsdale.

HITTING AWAY, one of our more unpredictable stake winners, found everything to his liking in the Royal Palm Handicap at Hialeah last weekend, so he led from start to finish, beating El Loco, Zumbador II, and half a dozen others like breaking sticks. He's done that sort of thing before; the trouble is that nobody—least of all his stable—knows when he's going to do it again. When he came out at Aqueduct last spring, he was one of the dark horses for the Kentucky Derby. He had wintered so well that Jim Fitzsimmons, his trainer, admitted he had hopes. Just for that, as you may remember, Hitting Away was unplaced in the Bay Shore, the Gotham, and the Wood Memorial Stakes, after which he was declared out of the Derby. Later, to the astonishment of everybody, he won the Withers Mile by lengths in 1:35⅕ on a sloppy track. Needless to say, he was down the course in the Preakness, which was his next start. Now I suppose he'll have a big following for the Seminole Handicap a week from Saturday, but I wouldn't venture a timid guess as to how he'll run. On the other hand, El Loco, a racer from the Argentine, is worth remembering. The Royal Palm was his second race in this country, and he should do better next time. The Seminole Handicap, by the way, has replaced the McLennan Handicap, which was started in 1934 as a memorial to Little Joe McLennan, Hialeah's first racing secretary.

Horsemen say that the track at Hialeah has never been faster, and I don't doubt it. The running times of a number of races have compelled the speed-chart boys to revise their figures, and a couple of recent workouts have left the clockers goggle-eyed. The other morning, Sir Gaylord, one of the leading three-year-olds, did a mile in 1:36. Not to be outdone, Crimson Satan went five furlongs the next day in 0:59 flat. . . . In case you haven't heard, I should report the sad news that Brookmeade Stable's Bowl of Flowers, who was voted the best three-year-old filly of 1961, fractured the pastern in her left foreleg during a gallop a few weeks ago and has been retired. Too bad the good ones are so brittle. —AUDAX MINOR

•

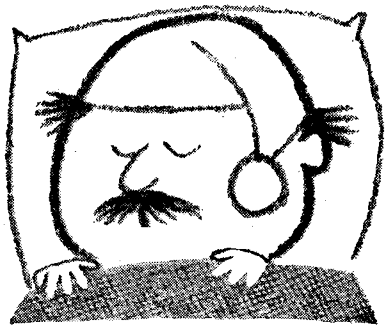
UNFURN. two bedroom house. Water and garbage furnished.—*Adv. in the Lake Wales (Fla.) Highlander.*

Are the bedrooms airy?

Lord & Taylor

A blooming rose
to enchant in textured and polished gilt. The Trifari pin, 7.50 (and matching bud earrings, 5.00). Plus tax
At all Lord & Taylor stores

the bed you sleep in



comes to you by truck—
the lifeline of America's economy

HIGHWAY TRAILER INDUSTRIES, INC.
250 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
Member American Trucking Industry
ATA FOUNDATION INC

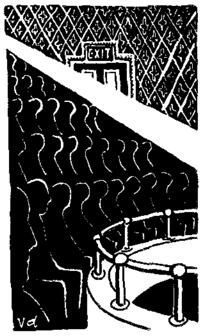
DRAMATIC!
DISTINCTIVE!

Top of the Six's

GRACIOUS AFTER THEATRE DINING
666 Fifth Avenue • PL 7-6662

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Good Men and Bad



FROM France comes a curiously appealing picture, "Tomorrow Is My Turn." (The title, as usual, has lost something in translation—in French it was "Le Passage du Rhin.") Directed with supreme self-confidence by André Cayatte, who also helped to write the screenplay, and starring Charles Aznavour and Georges Rivière, the picture recounts the adventures of two men, altogether different in station, intellect, and appearance, from the moment they are summoned into the Army, in 1940, until shortly after the liberation of Paris, four years later. Rivière plays a dashing anti-Nazi journalist, eager to test his courage and cleverness under fire; Aznavour plays a poor little pastry cook, browbeaten by his in-laws and resigned to whatever humiliations the future may hold for him. The two men happen to meet when, as prisoners of war, they are marched across the Rhine into Germany and assigned to jobs as farm laborers. Rivière thinks only of how to escape and join the Resistance; Aznavour is aware that he *should* think only of this, but instead, secretly and rather to his dismay, he begins to enjoy life on the farm. The German family with whom he lives is an attractive one; moreover, the pretty blond daughter of the house can scarcely wait to fall in love and be fallen in love with.

Needless to say, it is Rivière whom the daughter chooses and is cruelly mistreated by, and Aznavour who chooses her and is ignored, and much roiled water must flow down the Rhine before we catch a glimpse of a possible happy ending for both peasant girl and pastry cook. Meanwhile, the audacious M. Cayatte, with something of the air of a novelist proceeding from one solid, well-made chapter to the next, provides an extraordinarily rich and varied sequence of episodes inside a plot so complex that any précis of it would seem a parody. Since I deplore long, overstuffed pictures, probably the best tribute I can pay "Tomorrow Is My Turn" is to note that though it lasts nearly two hours, it struck me as pleasantly brief, and that I wouldn't have

CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD

SCOTLAND'S BEST DISTILLERIES PRODUCE CUTTY SARK THIS QUALITY SCOTCH WHISKY

IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF

SHOULD YOU MAKE THIS LOVELY LAND THE FIRST OR LAST STOP OF YOUR TRIP THROUGH EUROPE?

In Ireland, you may tread the halls of history, yet live in a modern hotel. Picnic in a rustic glen or dine elegantly at a great restaurant. Buy tweeds from the weaver who made them or *haute couture* at a sleek and urbane salon. See theatre unmatched anywhere. Start your trip or end it in Ireland—either way you'll love it.

Would you like a FREE "doodling" map of Ireland and our colourful "Ireland for Holidays" booklet? Just mail this coupon, please.

Ireland
Where the living is high,
and only the prices are low!

Irish TOURIST OFFICE
33 East 50th Street, N. Y. 22. Tel: PLaza 3-0158
(In Chicago: 135 So. La Salle St.;
In Montreal: 2100 Drummond St.)

NAME ____
ADDRESS ____
CITY ____ STATE ____
NF-3

The best route to Ireland is right through your Travel Agent

the Village store

Thriving in
Birmingham
Grosse Pointe
Saginaw
Ann Arbor
Michigan

OUR FLIGHTY NIGHTIE . . . For sleepyheads, nightowls and kitchen prowlers. Saucily striped and fetchingly fringed cotton stripe. Pink, blue or yellow with white. S.M.L., **6.00.** Pony Express 217 Pierce St., Birmingham, Michigan. Postage 50c. Catalog on request.

Now open and thriving in
NEW YORK CITY, 822 Lexington at East 63 St.

Golden Gull

Soar to new fashion heights with this golden-winged mock mother-of-pearl sea gull pin. $5.00 plus tax.

pin by Albert Weiss

For the store nearest you write:
Albert Weiss & Co., Inc., 15 W. 37th St., New York 18

wanted to omit a single one of all the many reversals of fortune by which the bold journalist inexorably outwits himself, and the pastry cook becomes the master of his fate.

M. Cayatte has drawn wonderfully strong and uncluttered performances not only from the Messrs. Rivière and Aznavour but from his whole cast, including Nicole Courcel, who plays Rivière's ambitious mistress; Cordula Trantow, who plays the peasant girl; and Alfred Schieske, who plays her father. Let me also praise the director of photography, Roger Fellos; every foot of this picture is shiningly alive, and much of it is beautiful.

"LA NOTTE BRAVA" is, surely to no one's surprise, an Italian picture, and the night in question is spent on the town, which, again surely to no one's surprise, turns out to be Rome. That great treasure house of Western culture has survived Alaric, F. Marion Crawford, and the *National Geographic*, but I fear it's beginning to look a little punchy under the impact of all these movies about its caterwauling nogoodniks of every class and age. Here it serves as a setting for the usual mixed bag of lowborn and highborn punks and prostitutes, who drink, steal, make love, fight, drink, steal, make love, fight, and look up with dazed eyes to find that it is morning. Nothing dies as fast as a fashion, and "La Notte Brava" comes to us a season or so late; the amorality of its characters is as synthetic as the morality of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." There are two or three pretty girls in this picture, boasting, among them, what appear to be hundreds of perfect teeth, but there are times when even pretty girls with perfect teeth are not enough.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From a Modern Language Association bulletin*]

Dr. Harding surveys Thoreau's life, work, sources, and ideas, and he provides for each topic a selected and rich bibliography. An invaluable aid to any Thoreau student and to those who read him with pleasure.

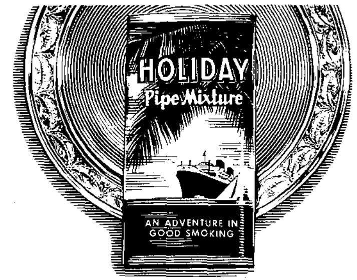
•

Hostess Gwen Cafritz, who is sporting a 39½-carat canary diamond on her ring finger—a Christmas present from husband Morris—said, "To use a colloquialism, we all gird our lions for the return of Congress."—*Santa Barbara (Calif.) News-Press.*

One should avoid colloquialisms.

For the finest
Polynesian and
Cantonese food,
plus superb
Continental cuisine
and exotic drinks,
visit New York's only

TRADER VIC'S
ENTRANCE 7 EAST 58th STREET
Open daily including Sunday
Luncheon, Cocktails, Dinner, Supper
THE
SAVOY HILTON
For reservations call:
ELdorado 5-2600



The Welcomed Aroma

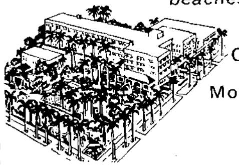
TRY HOLIDAY ON THE HOUSE . . . The House of Edgeworth. Enjoy at our expense your first pouch of this blend of five custom-selected pipe tobaccos. Discover its wonderful aroma that men like and women welcome, too. Then tear off the pouch flap and mail it with your name and address to Holiday, Dept. B-4, P.O. Box 6-S, Richmond, Va. We'll refund your purchase price. Limited to USA.

THE HOUSE OF EDGEWORTH
Larus & Brother Co., Inc. • Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

IN ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA

The Huntington
A Resort Hotel of Merit

FOR SUN AND FUN! Downtown in a tropical garden, close to churches, shops, theatres, beaches and outdoor sports. 140 luxurious rooms, some with terraces. Cocktail lounge, Lanai, delicious meals. Mod. Amer. or Eur. Plan. Apartments available. Owner-managed.
Paul Y. Barnes, Pres.
4th Ave. at 2nd St. North, PHONE 7-7827



LETTER FROM PARIS

JANUARY 25

THE heaviest, so far, of all the plastic bombs set off in Paris exploded Monday afternoon in a courtyard of the Quai d'Orsay, and its hollow boom could be heard as far away as the Place de la République, about three kilometres distant. It was a lovely, clear-skied late afternoon, and many of us living high up in the hotels along the Rue de Rivoli had a window half open, so the alarming sound, bigger than any we had yet heard but familiar, came to us direct, across the river and the Tuileries Gardens. From our little balconies, we could see a column of smoke starting to rise from the part of the Foreign Ministry across from the Invalides air terminal, and in a few minutes we could lean down to see and hear the fire engines and ambulances plowing through the Rivoli traffic, their sirens raising a bedlam and their big red lights winking as they hurried toward the Concorde bridge. This outrage committed against this major government edifice—at first, people thought it was Parliament, next door, that had been bombed—has shaken, angered, and horrified Paris at last. On all sides one hears the French saying that things can't go on like this, why isn't someone doing something to stop it, where is the government? On Tuesday, *France-Soir* published a front-page photograph of the body of a man who looked made of charcoal, with a caption explaining that "this atrocious document" showed "the cadaver of the modest Quai d'Orsay employee" carbonized by the O.A.S. Monday bomb (miraculously, the only death from plastic bombs that Paris has had), and that although the policy of the paper was against pandering to morbid curiosity, it was high time for "public opinion to be a judge of these terrorist practices." Monday morning, a Gaullist deputy had been kidnapped by men with machine guns—"Chicago-style," as one Paris paper put it—and that night, in the new Paris style, the police searched the domiciles of four hundred people for incriminating documents and arrested twenty-nine suspects, many of them teen-agers from the best of the city's *lycées*. The activity of the police, so long inert, and the entry

ARMADA
CREAM
SHERRY
OLOROSO
SANDEMAN

Say

for
SHERRIES
FROM
SPAIN

for
PORTS
FROM
PORTUGAL

. . . every sip
a sure reward!

ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1790

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.

A&F

THE GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

A&F Packs a Snack Compactly

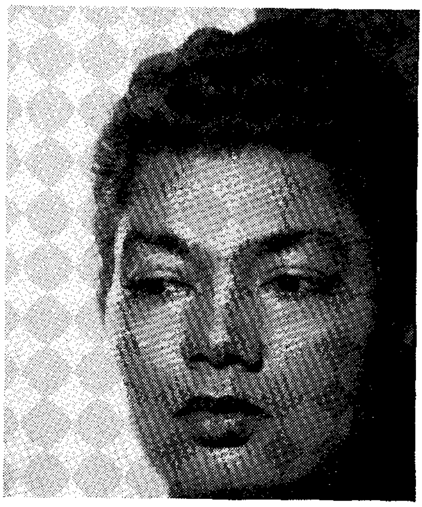
With typical ingenuity, A&F provides the traveler with the easiest ways to tote his refreshments, and with the greatest economy of space!

A&F Three-Bottle Bar contain six glasses, shot glass, opener and space for three bottles. In a handsome tan Fabrikoid case. **20.00**

Car-Bar-Eater sets on the seat beside you. Contains 2 Thermoses and a stainless-steel sandwich box. Tan Fabrikoid. . . **30.00**

Order by mail or phone

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
360 MADISON AVENUE—NEW YORK
CHICAGO SARASOTA PALM BEACH SAN FRANCISCO



THE EMPIRE ROOM
PRESENTS
PEARL
BAILEY
JANUARY 29th
THRU FEBRUARY 24th

Two shows nightly—9:15 and Midnight. After dinner guests welcome at both shows. Continuous dancing to the Milt Shaw and Emery Deutsch Orchestras.

AND IN
Peacock Alley

A perfect rendezvous spot anytime. Intimate entertainment nightly. Open 12 noon to 1 a.m. daily for cocktails.

AND IN THE
Waldorfkeller

Internationally renowned Greta Keller sings your continental favorites nightly from 10 p.m. to 2 a.m. This colorful restaurant serves German-Viennese specialties for luncheon and dinner

For reservations call: EL 5-3000

The Waldorf-Astoria
Conrad N. Hilton, President
49th & 50th Sts. on Park Ave., N.Y.C.

WINES OF
HUNGARY

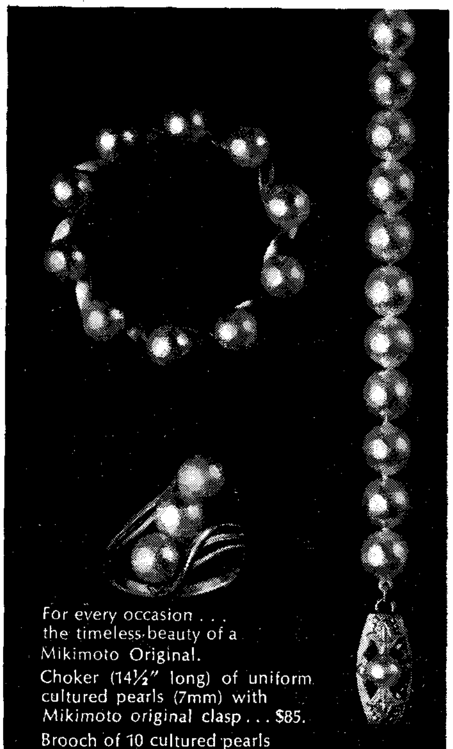
A wide selection of luscious golden Tokays, delightful white and robust red table wines are available at your favorite package store and restaurant.

SOLE IMPORTERS
VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 WEST 54th ST., N.Y. 19
Circle 5-0100

of decent people's young sons into the nasty arena of events have been the week's unexpected big political elements. In the Sorbonne's law-school classrooms, right-wing student sympathizers recently painted enormous "O.A.S."s on the ceilings and "Algérie Française"s on the walls. This pro-Fascist youth movement is opposed by the biggest student union, which is pro-left, their dual political precocity being a natural microcosm of the warring split among adult partisans in France.

Monday night, the homes of half a dozen Communist deputies or officials were plastiquéd; yesterday it was the liberal journalists' turn. In less than half an hour, after lunch, seven bombs partially wrecked, among other homes, the apartments of M. Beuve-Méry, the editor of *Le Monde* (it was his second plastic); of M. Maurice Duverger, a Sorbonne law professor and a frequent *Monde* political writer; of Mme. Françoise Giroud, co-editor of the leftist weekly *Express;* and of Michel Droit, the editor of the weekly *Figaro Littéraire.* Journalists are unpopular this week with the French government, too. The foreign edition of *Time*, printed in Paris, is just out, late, with a blank black cover angrily brightened by a little red rectangle bearing the words "Special Edition"—the word "Censored" having been barred by the government authorities who had censored the original cover, a portrait of the O.A.S. chief, ex-General Salan. The government took no exception, however, to *Time's* main article, on the three-way Algerian war. The Council of Ministers yesterday decreed that no newspaper in France may publish "any statement or communiqué" from the O.A.S. (such announcements usually concern its plans and have immense news value), on pain of having "the publication seized and its director liable to legal action." None of the press yet knows whether it will still be permitted to print news of O.A.S. plans that the organization has already carried out—such as yesterday's great anniversary celebration in Algiers in memory of the unsuccessful barricades uprising, which began on January 24, 1960.

A few of us journalists have lately received a couple of odd communications, like carbon copies of polite little letters, bearing the formal sender's address "Camp de Concentration, Saint-Maurice-L'Ardoise (Gard)," and signed by the notorious activist and former Police Commissioner Jean Dides (who last month presided with Georges Bidault at a big right-wing anti-govern-



For every occasion . . .
the timeless beauty of a
Mikimoto Original.
Choker (14½" long) of uniform cultured pearls (7mm) with Mikimoto original clasp . . . $85.
Brooch of 10 cultured pearls set in 14kt yellow or white gold . . . $63.
Ring set with three cultured pearls in 14kt yellow gold . . . $34.50.
Shown actual size.
Plus 10% Fed. Tax.
Mail orders accepted. Tel. CI 5-8885
TAKASHIMAYA INC.
562 Fifth Ave. at 46th St., New York 36, N. Y.

THE Rock Sound CLUB
ON THE ISLAND OF ELEUTHERA, BAHAMAS
Country club living on the island of Eleuthera sixty miles east of Nassau with a hundred miles of roads to explore the beaches! Luxurious guest rooms, golf (by card), tennis, game fishing and all water sports. Private international airport and yacht facilities.
See Your Travel Agent
or Int'l Reps.: Robert F. Warner, Inc.
New York • Boston • Chicago • Washington
Toronto • London

RESTAURANT
VOISIN
575 Park Ave. at 63rd St., N. Y.
LUNCHEON & DINNER
Open Sunday • TE 8-6490

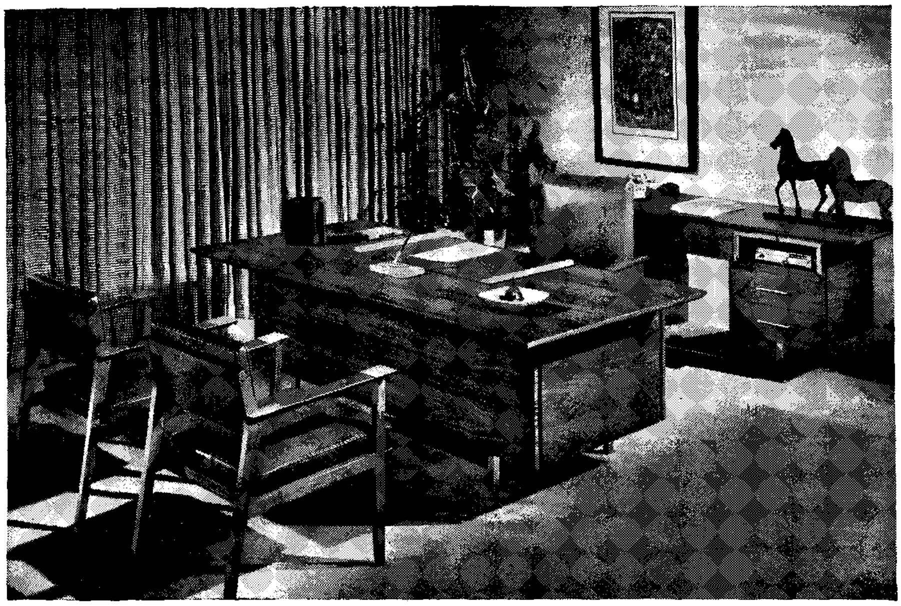
EL CHICO
"As Spanish as Spain"
Excellent Food
Entertainment — Dancing
80 GROVE STREET • CH 2-4645

ment meeting here), Dides adding to his signature, "Delegate for the Fifty-four Prisoners of State Confined Here." This week's example sounds like a social note about high society: "The fifty-four prisoners wish to announce that on Saturday, January 20th, the deported, martyred centurion Jean René Souètre, captain of the Parachute Air Commando, was wedded to Mlle. Marcaillou d'Aymerie at the concentration camp. The bridegroom's best man was General Clément. After the ceremony, Captain Souètre was raised to the rank of major"—perhaps as a wedding present from the General. The grandiose reference to the groom as a centurion is plagiaristic, stolen from the title of the pro-Algérie Française war novel "Les Centurions"—No. 1 on the 1960 French best-seller list—by Jean Lartéguy, whose "Les Prétoriens," with the same point of view, is just out and is already on this year's best-seller list.

Since the Quai d'Orsay Monday bombing, there has been a new, urgent, angry tone to what most of the Paris papers have to say about the Fifth Republic government and its chief. *Figaro*, which until now has been carefully courteous in expressing its dissatisfactions, lost all decorum in its editorial yesterday, and in being truthful became tough. "Yes, General de Gaulle disappoints us," *Figaro* said, in part. "Yes, the ignorance amid which he has installed himself at the top of his ivory tower, and the obstinacy of his disdain, seem in defiance of current events. Yes, the sense of attachment to him is no longer present in most hearts. But he has at least the immovable sentiment of fidelity to his duty. We have no choice, and neither has he." Last evening's *Le Monde* front-page editorial—signed, in fact, by M. Duverger—declared that the present talks among the heads of various political parties, "from Pinay to Mollet" and including Mendès-France, about some interregnum government competent to fill in following de Gaulle "is not in itself shocking," and added, "The present regime hangs on the life of one man; thought must indeed be given to avoiding, were this man to disappear, that chaos which would favor a *coup de force*. Certainly the gathering of those princes of the Fourth Republic who are preparing to restore it is not very appetizing. But let's not be finicky; after all, between them and the O.A.S. we wouldn't hesitate a minute. Their idea of a 'fight on two fronts'—against the Communists and the extreme right at the same time—is also not scandal-

YOUR OFFICE, *where you spend the most effective hours of your life can, and should, reflect your stature and competence.*

Stow & Davis furniture does exactly that, in the finest way possible. *



stow & davis

MANUFACTURER MEMBER EXECUTIVE FURNITURE GUILD OF AMERICA

* *It will be a pleasure to send you our brochure. Write 12 Summer, N.W., Grand Rapids 2, Mich.*

CLUB GOLF PRO
4
5
6
MARTIN HANNA

A title on the door . . . rates a Bigelow on the floor

P. S. Are you a man with drive? Then remember the trophy goes where quality shows. Putt a handsome Bigelow on your clubhouse floor and never be teed off at lack of recognition. Winners for comfort, quiet, and distinction, Bigelow Carpets are available in special designs, colors and textures. Call any Bigelow district office or our Contract Dept., 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. *People who know . . . buy* BIGELOW.

(*Advertisement*)

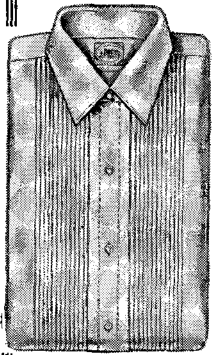
J. PRESS INC.

TUSSAH SILK SHIRTS

TUSSAH DUAL

Imported White Lightweight Tussah Silk. With wide box center, button down collar and cuffs. An elegant dual purpose shirt for both dinner and day wear.

$15



TUSSAH PLEAT

Imported White Lightweight Tussah Silk. With wide box center, double cuffs and 24 close set knife pleats running full length of shirt front, on sheer cotton body. The last word in Dinner Shirt perfection. **$16.50**

CURRENT EXHIBITS

Chicago	LaSalle Hotel February 12th, 13th, 14th
Denver	Albany Hotel February 10th & 12th
Des Moines	Fort Des Moines Hotel February 13th & 14th
Detroit	Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel February 5th & 6th
Indianapolis	Sheraton-Lincoln Hotel February 7th & 8th
Louisville	Brown Hotel February 9th & 10th
St. Louis	Bel Air Motel February 9th & 10th

Exhibit Dates For 31 Other Cities On Request.

Please Direct Mail Orders to 262 York Street, New Haven, Conn. State collar and sleeve size. Add 75c for mailing.

New Brochure of other models on request.

Since 1902

NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK *

J. PRESS INC.

262 York St. New Haven
82 Mt. Auburn St. Cambridge
341 Madison Ave. New York
Coast to Coast Travel Exhibits

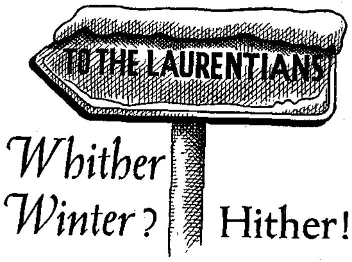
SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER:
"I'll go deep six for a nip of the Wanderer's Saturday night bottle in this lolly and gale".

Whaler Bar

HOTEL LANCASTER
(formerly Midston House)
MADISON AVE. AT 38th ST.

ous. It corresponds to the deep desire of the French people, who don't know exactly what they want but know very well what they don't want—either Fascism or Sovietism. It is upon this double refusal that our French democracy is based." On this subject the satiric weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné* also had its say, in a cartoon that showed President de Gaulle in his nightshirt sleepwalking on top of a Paris building. Inside, Prime Minister Debré is leaning from a window above a crowd waving banners marked "Stop the O.A.S." and "O.A.S. Assassins," to whom he whispers, "Quiet. You will wake him."

At Le Bourget airfield last June, Rudolf Nureyev, of the Leningrad Kirov Opera Ballet, escaped from the rest of the Soviet troupe, with whom he had appeared at the Opéra here. Paris ballet circles consider that in this defection Russia lost its most phenomenal young male dancer, and that the West gained the strangest, and uncontestably the most influential, personality—as well as the greatest technician—since Nijinsky, to whom he is the first ever to be so compared. Ten days ago, he turned the comparison to visible truth at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, which was packed with balletomanes and vibrant with the kind of collective balletomania that used to seize upon the Diaghilev crowds on a great first night here. In this case, it was the first of only two peculiar, pinch-hit galas, featuring just four dancers. Nureyev was partner to Rosella Hightower, perhaps never before in such perfect mobile form. The Copenhagen star Erik Bruhn and the healthy, international Sonia Arova were in all ways their opposites. There was no stage décor except for velvet hangings, and since the two women wore white tutus and the men were in tights, there was nothing to distract the eye when Nureyev was in motion. His motion looks like slow motion, like an ellipse in tempo, and is perfectly on beat—but no sooner touching it than departing from it, so that his movements are connected and constant, like breathing. There are no sudden signs of strength—nothing but the buoyancy of perfect control that inhabits his body as he moves in elevation through the air, with a certain romantic, allegro melancholy. His limbs are more nobly proportioned than Nijinsky's, who was a shade short in the leg from the knee down. Nureyev's head is haughty and savage, with a long shock of unruly hair. His face is Slavic, flat and very small-featured,



Whither Winter? Hither!

Gay Montreal, the "Little Paris of North America" is only one hour to the Laurentians on a new six-lane highway. Stop here on your way, see the city, shop for duty-free bargains—relax and have a good time with us. Come once and you'll come again and again.

Hotel Queen Elizabeth ...in gay Montreal

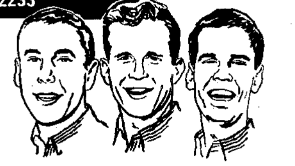
Family Plan • Free Garage • Single from $10
Double from $14 • See Travel Agent or Call N. Y.
Reservation Office • LO 3-6900 • or any Hilton Hotel
A CN HOTEL OPERATED BY HILTON INTERNATIONAL

1028 N. RUSH • CHICAGO

Mister Kelly's

WH 3-2233

Chicago's finest prime steaks!

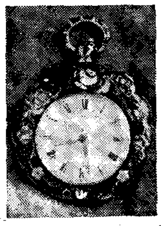


Returning February 6th

Kingston trio

Jack E. Leonard & Claire Hogan 'til February 4

Order tickets now for Medium Rare, hilarious musical revue at The Happy Medium. DE 7-1000



IT'S TIME TO SHOW YOUR VALENTINE YOU CARE

Old lapel watches—precious and beautiful! Precision perfect. Fashionwise for her smartest ensembles. In silver $45 up plus Fed. tax. In gold $75 up plus Fed. tax.

See our fine collection of New and Antique Clocks, Pocket Watches, Minute Repeaters and Barometers.

Greenhill & Rogers
954 Third Ave. (at 57th St.) New York 22, N. Y.

HO-HO CHINESE RESTAURANT

Specializing in

Mandarin & Cantonese Cooking
LUNCHEON-DINNER-AFTER THEATRE
COCKTAILS • Diners' & Am. Express
789 7th AVE. Nr. 52nd St., CI 6-3278

陶陶酒家

and as he dances his little dark eyes seem to flutter like insects on his white skin. In his curtain calls, he is disdainful of the delirious shouts and applause; he merely inclines, by an inch, that haughty head. His execution is incomparable; *manèges de jetés, brisés-volés, tours-arabesques, sauts, entrechats, la petite batterie*—of everything he is the master. In the Tchaikovsky "Casse-Noisette" pas de deux, with Hightower, danced to his own choreography based on Petipa, Nureyev's solo was superior to all the other delights of the evening. Dancing alone, he gave to the senses the sharp pangs of perfect pleasure.

THE cleaning of that splendid row of Place de la Concorde palaces built by Louis XV for the reception of ambassadors and potentates, which in our tourist epoch have been mostly identified with the Automobile Club, the Hôtel Crillon, and, until lately, the Guaranty Trust Company, is now finished, after months of detergents, and the transfiguration is complete. You can hardly believe your eyes. The formerly dramatic blackened porticoes and pillars have become elegant cream-colored façades of delicate nuance, of carved intricacies behind faintly runnelled classic columns, all restored to their original, shallower perspectives. These buildings are the pilot portion of a grandiose clean-up program for certain notable *monuments historiques* lately undertaken by M. André Malraux, Ministre des Affaires Culturelles, who, with characteristic aesthetic flair, chose to launch it on the Concorde as "the most spectacular site." As pendent extensions of the Concorde's view, the Madeleine and Parliament will also be scrubbed this summer. The cleaning up

The Antiquary
De Luxe
Blended Scotch Whisky
Edinburgh

Active
sportsmen
prefer
"The Antiquary" THE SCOTCH THAT TASTES GOOD
SOLE U.S. IMPORTERS: CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK 19, N.Y. 86.8 PROOF

A 14 kt rope bowknot brooch, amethyst heart, $70.
B 14 kt D-E-A-R heart brooch (diamond emerald amethyst ruby), $100.
C Double heart brooch with turquoise, 14 kt, $46.
D Aquamarine heart with diamond pendant, 14 kt white gold, $230.

A Valentine to Show Your Love

Shown actual size
Federal tax included

Shreve
CRUMP & LOW COMPANY
330 Boylston Street, Boston 16
Area Code 617, COpley 7-9100

TERRY MANDARIN

Luscious colors and exotic flowers in our own **Gauguin terry print** make a beautiful picture against domestic scenery, especially with mandarin styling in a robe of casual elegance. A bouquet of brilliant colors—orange, aqua, pink, avocado, yellow and gold. Slim and lightly fitting with two big pockets and long front zipper for easy entrance and exit. Side slashes carry out the oriental idea. A robe that doubles as a lounge dress. Small (8-10), Medium (12-14), Large (16-18). **$11.95**

Add 35c each for shipping

Send for our Terry beach n' bath color catalog

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

TIP TOE KITCHEN?

"Julian Hess Can Make It A Showplace"

JULIAN HESS
Engineered
Kitchens ®

Manhattan
Showroom:

514 W. 181 St.,
N. Y. 33
WAdsworth 8-6300

of the Chamber of Deputies, even on the outside, will indubitably be reflected in the press by harsh political cartoons and jokes on the scandals that have too frequently stained republican history there. Also to be cleaned by autumn are the three long, richly pilastered, and fastuous garden façades of the Palais-Royal (where Louis XIV lived as a boy, and which still contains the most secluded, coveted walkup ex-royal apartments in all Paris). With its rehabilitation, the Palais-Royal will look like an enormous restored painting, its sepia-tinted stone emerging as a pale, rich chrome. This is already the color revealed in the garden's Cour d'Honneur, where Malraux has his Ministry offices, and which he ordered cleaned first, as a sample. His 1963 program will include the red brick Place des Vosges (built for Henri IV) and the opulent Place Vendôme (known to Louis XIV only when he was an old, unpopular monarch). Malraux's extraordinary effort to freshen certain great elements of the French architectural past, to redate beauty by bringing back, as far as possible, the complexion and coloration they had when their period was young and royal—or at least to repeal half a century of recent time and the black crust deposited on this beauty by modern prosperity, by industry's and motor traffic's fumes, and by today's atmospheric filth—has naturally divided Paris opinion into two camps, this being a long season of unflagging, nerve-racked French dissension and dispute about everything, about anything. Those against say that making the old buildings appear younger has robbed them of their weight of reality, that the Concorde palaces now look like Hollywood movie sets of the Concorde palaces. Among the owners of these sites, only the Hôtel Crillon was reportedly opposed to being cleaned up, on the ground that its clientele, especially the Americans, had faith in the dirt on the façade as a guarantee that they were living in a genuinely historic old place.

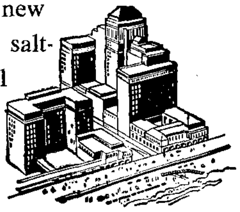
Apparently there have been many cleaning methods used on old stone here in France, several of which have been dropped because they were injurious either to the stone or to the men working on it. Sandblasting is now forbidden here as perilous to the workmen. Steam jets have proved too brutal for antique façades, but jets of water at high pressure are still permitted. Eighty years ago, the Germans undertook to wash the Cologne Cathedral. The English washed Buckingham

Castlecliff

GOLDFISH...
TEXTURED AND
STONE CENTERED
IN SEA-SHADED
CORAL OR TURQUOISE.
PIN $7.50
PLUS FED TAX

design copyrighted
shown actual size

LORD & TAYLOR
FOR OTHER FINE STORES, WRITE
CASTLECLIFF, INC., 366 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 1



COLOR SCHEME

If cold ocean water turns you blue, our new glass-enclosed, salt-water pool will keep you in the pink.

CHALFONTE–HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Leeds & Lippincott Co.... Progressive Innkeepers for 7[illegible] Years
Write for illustrated folder

995 Fifth Avenue

Just far enough
from the madding crowd to make
luncheon a delight . . . dinner a dream.
Sunday Buffet Dinner 6 to 10 P.M.

THE STANHOPE HOTEL
Fifth Avenue at Eighty-First Street. BU 8-5800
Opposite the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

All Credit Cards

El Quijote

Authentic Spanish Cuisine
226 W. 23rd St., N.Y.C. • CH 3-9934-7

Palace with water and sponges. Nowadays, the atmospheric filth of big cities is so adhesively gummed onto the old stone that detergents are necessary. According to experts, the great danger in cleaning old stone is the destruction of its *calcin*, or epidermis, whose removal "kills the stone," in the masons' phrase; to renew the stone's resistance to weather, it has to be treated with fluosilicate. A stone virus, or sickness, has also recently been discovered. The cleaning in the Malraux program is done with a detergent powder of secret and antiseptic formula, invented in Germany, which is mixed with water to the consistency of paste, is applied to the stone with a mason's trowel and left to act a few minutes, and is removed by a stiff scrubbing brush, the stone then being rinsed off with water—rather the same general process as brushing one's teeth. In cleaning façades, the most costly part of the operation here is the erection of the scaffolding on which the workers stand. By a law of 1852, French property owners must clean the front of their buildings every ten years. In the case of the state's *monuments historiques*, M. Malraux has decided that the state should itself submit to the excellent law it imposes on its citizens.—GENÊT

•

PREFACE TO A POSTHUMOUS OPUS

Reader, who may be surprised
At this weighty work, belated,
Wordy, and unbowdlerized,
It was not procrastinated—
Rather, slowly crystallized:
In his teens, he cogitated,
In his twenties, catechized,
In his thirties, germinated,
In his forties, organized,
In his fifties, correlated,
In his sixties, synthesized,
In his seventies, created,
In his eighties—unrevised,
Unabridged, unexpurgated—
He demised.

—WILLIAM WALDEN

•

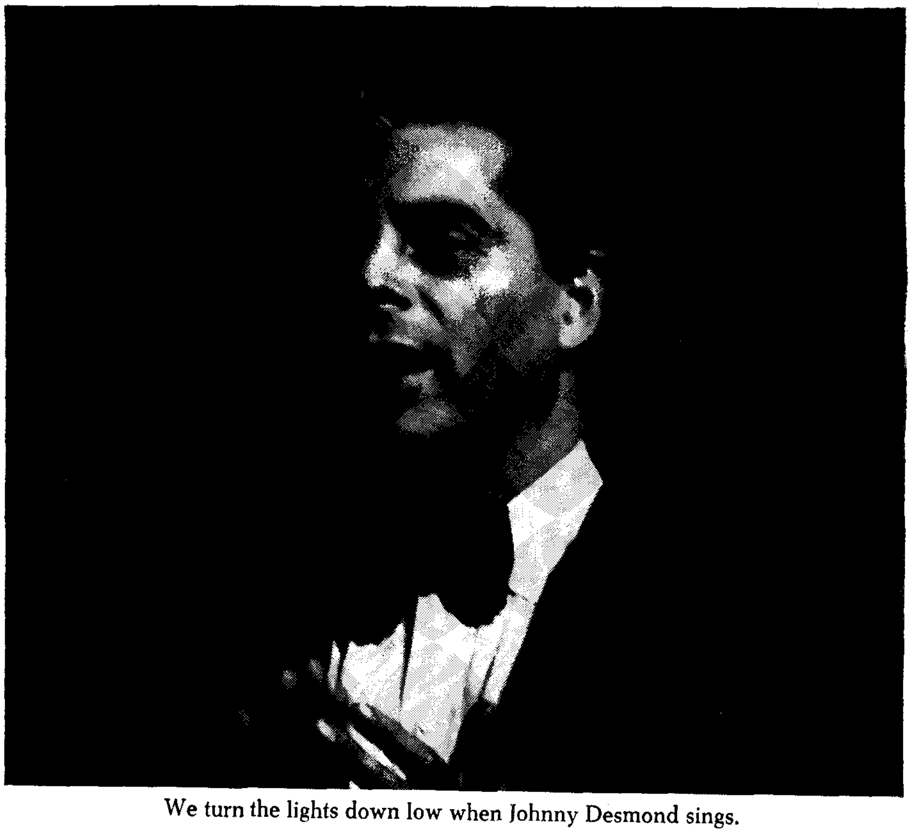
In another case, A—— B——, 48, of Lake Ketchawan, South Salem, N.Y., was fined $20 for intoxication and was given a 30-day suspended jail sentence for breach of the peace. Police said he used loud, abusive language when he became involved in argument with a suitcase on White street Dec. 16.—*Bridgeport Telegram*.

A bag can be pretty quarrelsome sometimes.

Of all the Englishmen who drink gin... how many drink Gordon's?

Most of them. And it's been that way for years. To be blunt about it, Gordon's is England's biggest selling gin—as it is America's and the world's. Why? Probably because we have always refused to tamper with a good thing. Gordon's still harks back to Alexander Gordon's original formula—conceived in London 193 years ago—so its distinctive dryness and flavour remain unchanged and unchallenged to this day. Ask for Gordon's by name at your favourite tavern and package store.

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N. J. PRODUCT OF U.S.A



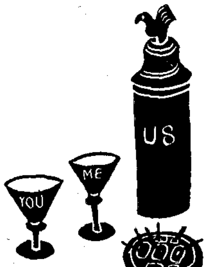
We turn the lights down low when Johnny Desmond sings.

Call early and you may get a ringside table. The place is The Persian Room. The number is PLaza 9-3000. The engagement is Wednesday, January 24 to Tuesday, February 27. Performances at 9:00 and 12:15. Dancing to the music of Emil Coleman and his orchestra and Mark Monte's Continentals. The Persian Room at The Plaza.

HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

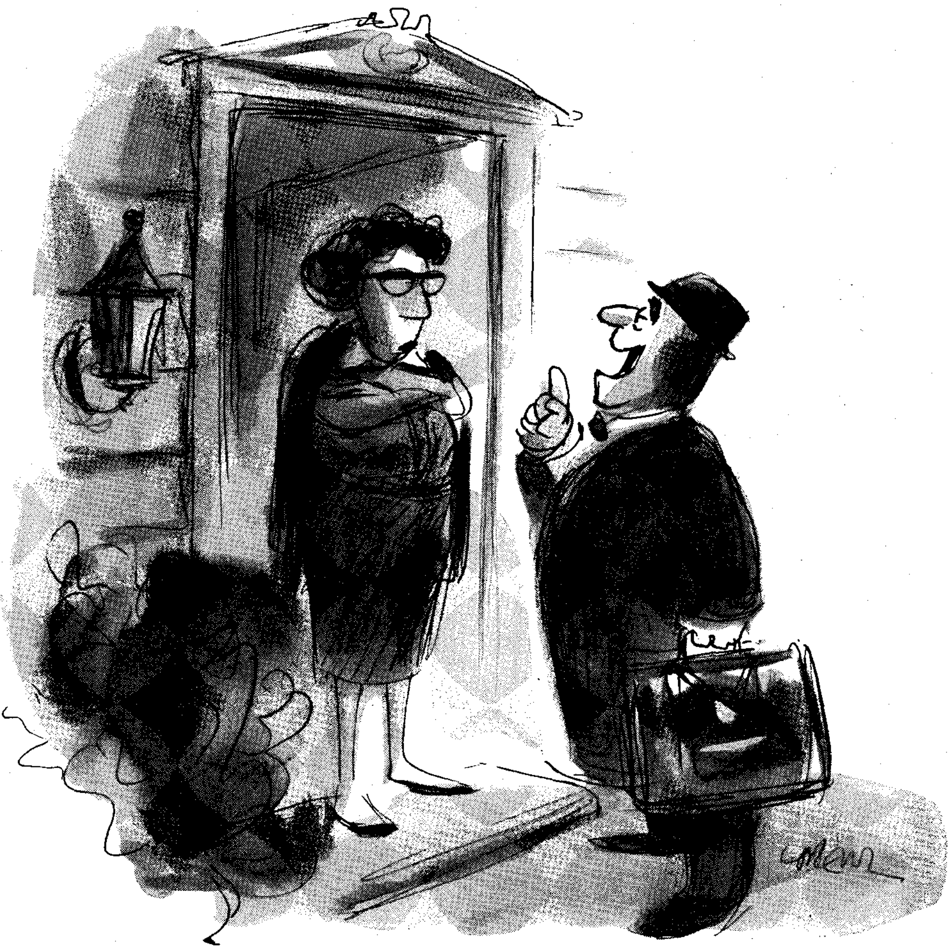
ABOUT THE HOUSE



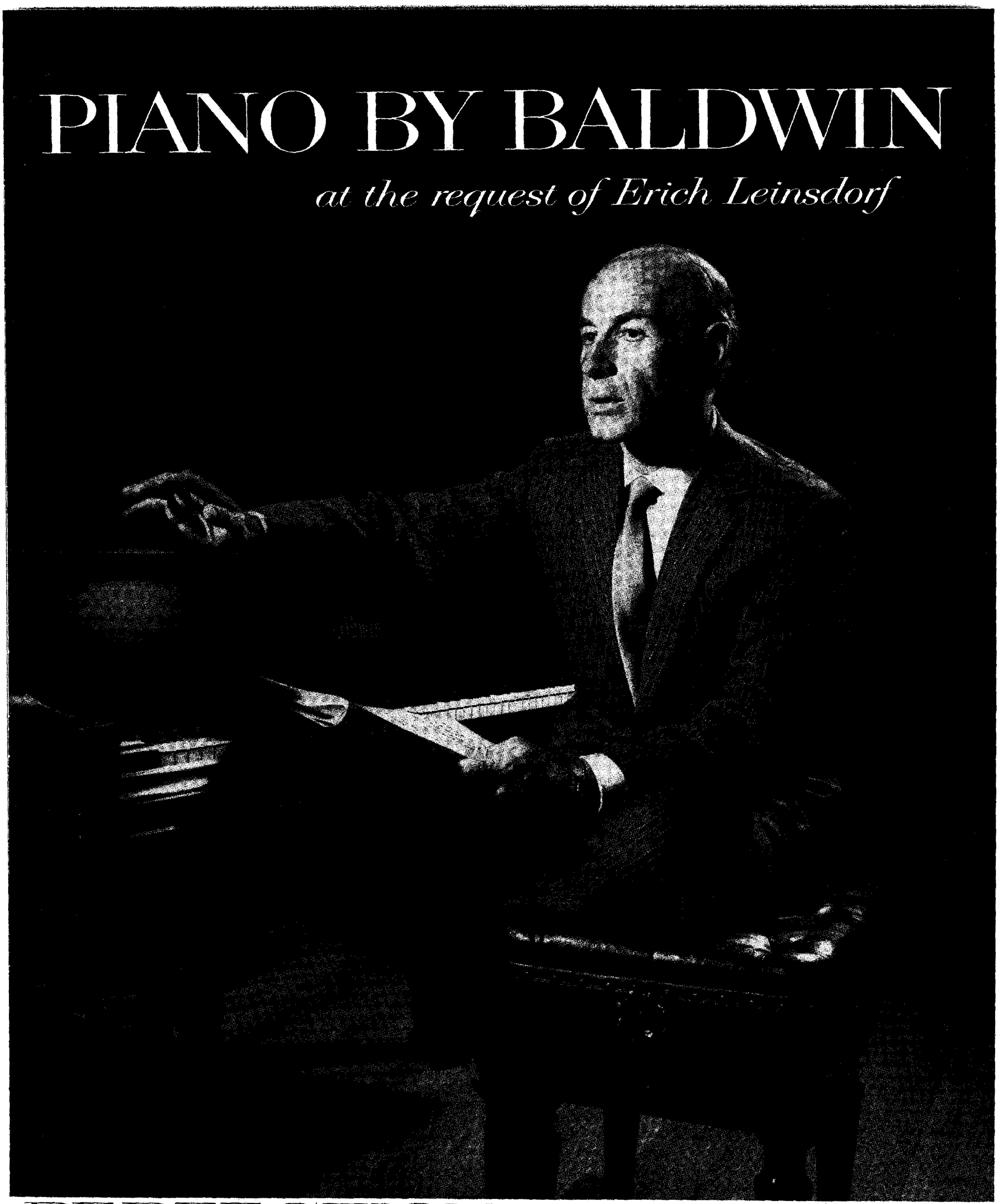
ON a recent visit I paid to Norman Dine's Sleep Center, at 9 East 54th Street, to make a modest purchase of one of the shop's sleep masks, which, by the way, are just about the most efficient sleep masks known to man, my attention was caught by a strange construction, like an oversized bathtub, that was three-quarters full of warm water circulating at a great rate. This turned out to be the Aquarest, a brand-new invention for inducing rest and relaxation; in fact, it had just been put on the market by its inventor, Clark T. Cameron, of Princeton, New Jersey, who in developing it had had the benefit of consultation with an impressive list of advisers, including Dr. Margaret Mead. My interest in the Aquarest was immediate, and quickly led to a talk on the subject with Dr. Mead, she being the most readily available of the advisers, logistically speaking; to an interview with Mr. Cameron, who provided a (to me, at any rate) high-flown explanation of the underlying principles of the invention; and, finally, believe it or not, to my immersion in the Aquarest one evening, after hours, at the Sleep Center.

Although at this point I am tempted to pass over both Dr. Mead's scientific interest in the Aquarest (she calls it "an adventurous new approach to the problem of rest in the twentieth century") and Mr. Cameron's detailed exposition of the technicalities involved in its operation, and get on to my own entranced enjoyment of the bath, I daresay I had better first give some idea of what the thing looks like and how it performs. Its sponsors vehemently object to its being referred to either as a bathtub or as a sarcophagus—both of which it resembles. Dr. Mead wants it known as a cradle of the deep, but I think there is no more chance of getting that to stick than of getting Sixth Avenue called Avenue of the Americas. Anyway, the vessel—call it what you like—is made of molded Fiberglas (at the Sleep Center it is handsomely presented in black, but it can also be had in white or several pastel shades) and is ninety-two inches long, forty-one and a half inches wide, and twenty-one and a quarter inches deep. It is to be filled—or partly filled—with a good, strong salt-water solution, buoyant enough for the body to float in like a celluloid toy in a baby's bath. A thermostatic heating unit keeps the water at just a whisper below body temperature, and a powerful pump keeps it in soothing circulation, forcing it out in a rhythmic sequence through eight jets in the sides of the tub and drawing it back through the same apertures to send it coursing around a concealed system of pipes, which are not connected to the household plumbing. According to the inventor, when the body is placed in this warm, anti-gravity environment, relaxation is so thorough that the amount of time needed for sleeping or resting can be sharply reduced. Four hours' sleep in the bath, Mr. Cameron claims, should be enough to carry the average person through a whole day, which will be good news to busy people who resent having to waste so much time asleep. Dr. Mead, for example, definitely expects the cradle of the deep to help her crowd a lot more activity into her already incredible schedule. Actually, you don't have to plan on spending four hours in the bath, because, Mr. Cameron says, a cat nap or no nap at all—just half an hour or so of blissful weightless floating—will get even a tough old insomniac sufficiently relaxed to go on to a good night's rest in his own bed. There is no danger of a sleeper's drowning by unconsciously turning over on his side, I am told, since the stimuli necessary for turning over—tired muscles, for example—no longer exist once the body is released from the burden of its own weight.

Having grappled bravely with the technical aspects of the Aquarest, or at least shown what must pass for my good intentions along that line, I now reach considerably surer ground in setting out to describe my own reactions to the device. Feeling a little like one of those ladies who used to be always trying to swim the Channel, I arrived at the Sleep Center with a bathing suit, a bathing cap, and some formidable misgivings concerning the wisdom of what I was



"Madam, when you opened that door and saw me, you thought I was selling something. Right?"


PIANO BY BALDWIN
at the request of Erich Leinsdorf

PERFECTION is the lifelong pursuit of all true artists. They demand much of themselves, much of the instruments they use. It is significant that so many concert artists find only the Baldwin equal to their insistence upon excellence—an excellence that makes the Baldwin worthy also of an honored place in your home. Write for brochure showing Baldwin Grand Pianos in full color. The Baldwin Piano Company, Section 8 , Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

EAST BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.
60 East 56th Street, New York

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years

Belgian Shoes

Cousu-Main Par
De Busschere

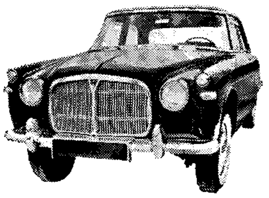
ISCHIA
Kid $50

The elegance of simplicity, completely and exquisitely handmade to insure long wear and superb fit. Brochure on request.

Under direct ownership of **MR. H. BENDEL**

WEST I. MAGNIN & Co.
San Francisco, Cal.

TRAVELER'S CHOICE



ROVER

Long acknowledged on the Continent as among the most comfortable, practical and luxurious of high-speed touring sedans. Four months required for overseas delivery. Write, wire or call

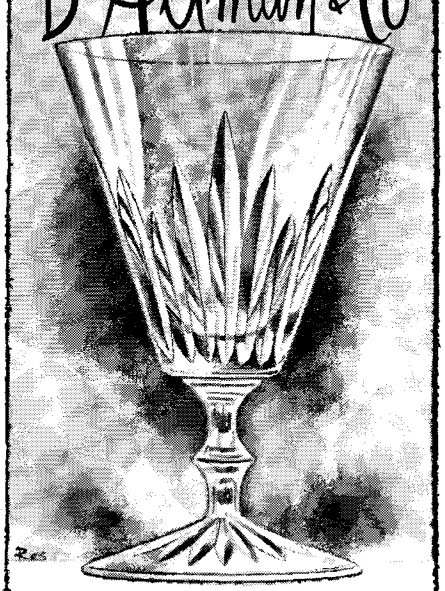
THE ROVER MOTOR COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA LIMITED
405 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.; Tel. YU 6-0220
373 Shaw Road, South San Francisco, Calif., Tel. PL 6-7484

at the RITZ Restaurant
the RITZ Bar
RITZ CUISINE
Carlton House
Madison Ave at 61st Street
TE 8-3000
Gaston Lauryssen, President • Ritz-Carlton Hotel Co., Inc.

about to undertake. Among these were a nervous fear that, despite the cap, my hair would get wet (it did) and a suspicion that I was carrying beyond all reasonable limits my insistence on trying out everything I report on. Since I have a rather splendid record as a non-relaxer, it was a minute or two, once I was in the bath, before I was able to compose myself to a state in which I could give myself over to the unfamiliar but incredibly *good* feeling of complete weightlessness, and just float there in the warm, heavily salted water. Added to this blissful feeling of buoyancy was the action of the eight hydrojets in the sides of the tub, which created the illusion of a gentle tide that might sooner or later land me on some pleasant beach. Only consideration for Mr. Norman Dine, who presumably might want to get home to his supper (I had forgotten all about mine), cut short a unique experience of complete relaxation and rest. If at that moment I had had $1,900 on me (that's the price of this marvel), I would have paid it eagerly and taken the Aquarest home with me.

When I did get home, my hair was still wet, and I began considering the vessel more objectively. Mr. Cameron has since explained that several contrivances are being perfected for keeping the back of the head out of water—among them something like water wings to go under the neck, and a canvas strap to be hooked from one side of the tub to the other—one or another of which, I should think, the Sleep Center would be well advised to have on hand if it hopes to sell Aquarests to ladies with eight-dollar hair waves. The other practical difficulty that presents itself is where in heaven's name the purchaser is going to set up a ninety-two-inch tub that isn't for washing. I daresay the answer to that is that people who are able to pay $1,900 for an Aquarest are pretty apt to have an extra room that can accommodate it, and to live in houses where the wiring can accommodate the consequent electrical load, which is about the same as that created by a one-ton air conditioner. For filling and draining the tub, the Sleep Center throws in enough plastic hose to reach the nearest sink, but, better yet, there is also available a built-in filtering system ($125 extra), which more or less eliminates the problem of filling and draining the tub. That leaves only the headrest for Mr. Cameron and Mr. Norman Dine to worry about. The vessel may be rented from the Sleep Center for $75 a month, plus delivery charge, for a minimum of three months, the amount paid in rent to be applied

B Altman & Co



Radiant Waterford

Lights flash from this brilliantly cut and polished lead crystal by Waterford. Lovely "Eileen" may be listed as your preference with our Bridal Registry. Claret, each **4.25**; goblet, each **5.00**; champagne, each **5.00**. Altman fine crystal, fourth floor, Fifth Avenue and suburban stores

ALBERT PICK

invites you
TO DINE AT THE FAMOUS
POMPEIAN ROOM
LUNCHEON • DINNER
SUPPER DANCING

PICK-CONGRESS HOTEL
Michigan Blvd. at Congress Parkway
CHICAGO

BOCA GRANDE
(Gasparilla Island)
A true tropical island. Fabulous fishing. White sand beach, fabulous shells. Coconut and sea grape trees. Available home sites. Traditional living for over half century for the discerning.

SUNSET REALTY CORP., Dept. F, BOCA GRANDE, FLORIDA
Highway 41 to 771 or 773
Midway between Sarasota and Fort Myers
Causeway to Boca Grande
(New York Office—30 East 40th Street)

JOHNNY JOHNSTON'S CHARCOAL ROOM

where steak is king

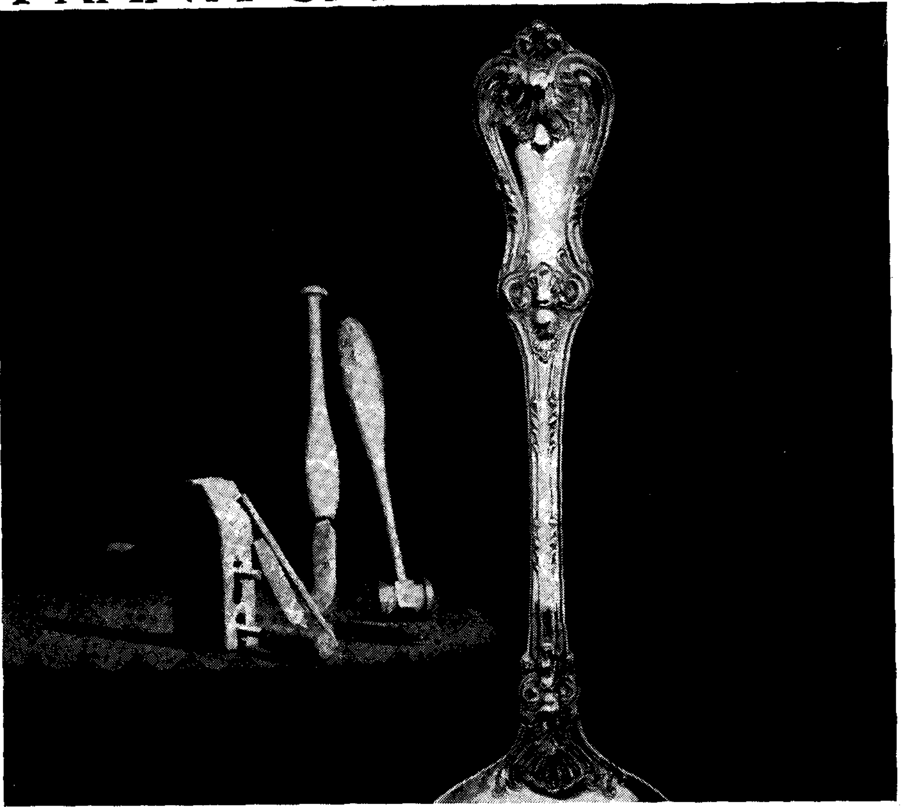
Second Avenue at 45 St. • MU 4-7250 • Open 7 Days
Member of All Charge Clubs • Free Park After 6 P.M.

against the purchase price if the customer decides to buy. A lower purchase price is offered to hospitals and other institutions and to people who can show a doctor's prescription requiring hydrotherapy, by the Aquarest Corporation, whose headquarters are at 201 Nassau Street, Princeton.

IN compiling notes on homely household matters, I used to think that all that the performance of my duty required was to track down, say, a cookie or a pencil sharpener, sample the one or sharpen a pencil with the other, pass along the results of my research, and assume that that particular baby's face was washed to *stay* washed. Unfortunately, this assumption is not always warranted by the facts, and, what with shoppers wanting to be assured that the cookies are as good as ever (sometimes they aren't) and asking if the pencil sharpener works as efficiently as it used to, it becomes apparent that I am expected to follow the fortunes—up or down—of all the enterprises discussed in these columns. Therefore, by way of accepting what is, I suppose, a reasonable enough responsibility, I propose to check from time to time on some of the items I have noted in the past, and, as a beginning, I now report on a visit I paid the other day to Tuerkl Ceramics, a one-man repair service conducted by Arthur Tuerkl at 440 Third Avenue (30th), which was last mentioned in these columns in 1955.

To tell the truth, it wasn't entirely a sense of obligation to readers of these notes that jolted my mind back to Mr. Tuerkl's extraordinarily skillful work, but also a bit of bad luck I had had with a treasured Meissen plate. When I arrived with my mutilated porcelain, Mr. Tuerkl was in the midst of mending (I almost said creating) an eighteenth-century Meissen candelabra, to which he was adding several roses, the arm of a cherub, a bit of blue ribbon, and various other missing adornments of the kind with which Meissen potters loved to enrich their works. These additions had been cast in plaster-of-Paris molds taken from the decorations that were still intact, and were being colored to match exactly the cherub's other arm, the remaining roses, and the rest of the blue ribbon. Later, the whole candelabra would be fired in one of the workshop's kilns, from which, I was assured, it would emerge as sound as on the day it was born. It didn't take any special credulity on my part to accept this as fact, because a similar candelabra that had undergone much the same re-

FRANK SMITH STERLING



For those families whose traditions have always included the quiet authority of unimpeachable possessions: Edward VII.

Service for 12, $477. At Herschede's, Cincinnati; Hudson's, Minneapolis; Schwarzchild's, Richmond; Bromberg's, Birmingham; Howes, Pasadena; Taylor's, Corpus Christi; Caldwell's, Phila.; Galt's, Wash. *Frank Smith Silver Co., Division of Webster Co., North Attleboro, Mass. Silversmiths since 1896.*

Practically all current Mutual Benefit life and endowment plans have cash and loan values as soon as the *first* year's premium is paid. In the early years, these values are generally the highest paid by any company. This is one of the "Seven Significant Benefits" of every Mutual Benefit Life insurance policy. Write us for information about the others.

Benefit is our middle name

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY • NEWARK, NEW JERSEY • SINCE 1845

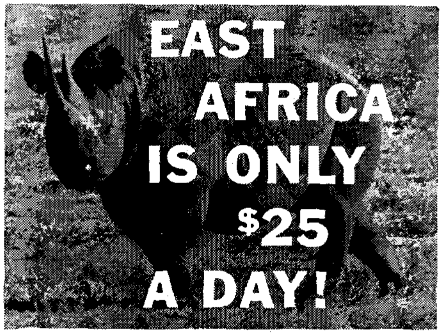
farmer's shirt

From the farmers of France, an inspired shirt for anyone with things to do. The cuff around the bottom is one long carryall pocket . . . great for gardening, spring cleaning, baby-care, patio-sitting, or what have you. Stand-up collar, button cuffs. In sailcloth . . . White, Black, Red, Royal Blue. Also available in Blue denim chambray. S, M & L $7.95

ORDER BY MAIL
Add 50c for postage
Catalog on request

Ladybug®

Dept. N
264 S. Nineteenth St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.



Why not go see the big game, the grandeur of the scenery, on a low-cost tour? Kilimanjaro, Zanzibar, Nairobi, Kampala . . . bring home life-time memories of them (pictures, too). Visit great game reserves . . . Queen Elizabeth Park, Murchison Falls. Also Mombasa, Dar es Salaam on the Indian Ocean. You'll be quite comfortable in modern hotels, safari lodges. Your Travel Agent can help you with itineraries, folders. Or write Dept. NY

East Africa
Tourist Travel Association
Representing these 4 great territories:
KENYA·TANGANYIKA·UGANDA·ZANZIBAR
6 East 45th Street, New York 17. N. Y. or
P. O. Box 2013, Nairobi, Kenya, East Africa

O. HENRY'S
STEAK HOUSE
4th Street and 6th Avenue
GREENWICH VILLAGE, CH 2-2000

pairs had already been fired and was now possessed of restored cherubs, roses, and the rest in a state that could easily pass for the original.

Whether it's smashed objets d'art or smashed plates, the Tuerkl technique is the same; it involves neither gluing nor riveting but skillfully fitting the pieces together with the right clay and fusing them in the kiln, or, when pieces are missing, building up the damaged member before the firing process. In either case, the repaired object is restored to complete serviceability. My own Meissen plate was brought back to beauty and a life of usefulness by having a chipped protruding leaf built up to its original form and the new clay colored to match the rest of the design. While I was at it, I had a broken spout put back on an earthenware teapot of mine that was handmade by a Swedish potter. The broken spout was refitted neatly, but in this case visibly, to the body, making the pot perfectly all right for everyday use and as sound as a dollar. While I was in the shop, a man brought in three handsome Limoges service plates with deep gold borders, each of which was slightly chipped. Mr. Tuerkl put these to rights by building up the small injured surface and brushing in with gold leaf a pattern identical with the rest of the border. Then there was a short sojourn in the kiln, and the charge was $12 per plate. To give a further idea of Tuerkl's prices, the candelabra repair job I watched is costing $100 (the completed candelabra job I spoke of came to $75); reconditioning the leaf on my Meissen plate cost $12; and giving the teapot back its spout cost $18.

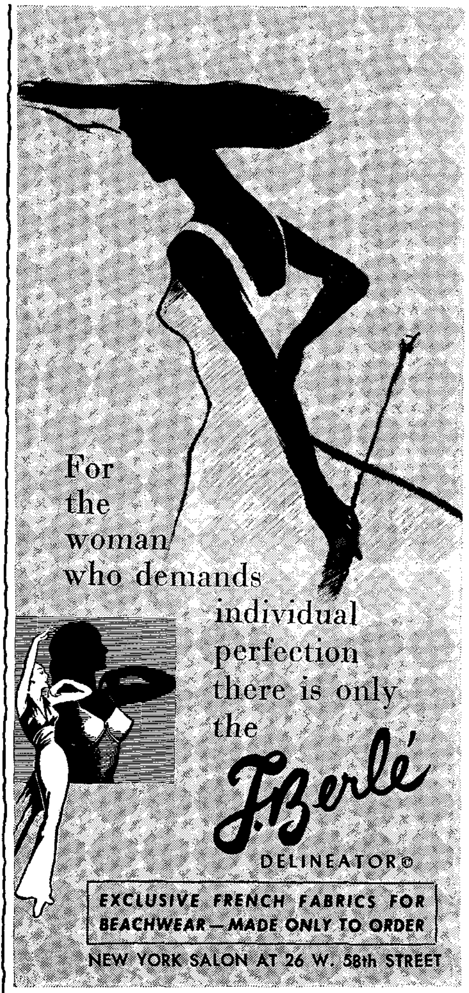
Where Tuerkl's heart really lies is in the repair of those great Austrian porcelain stoves, which only too frequently arrive over here from their native *Schlösser* in pretty bad shape. Whenever one of these turns up for repair, Mr. T. devotes himself passionately to its reconstruction. There is frequently an opportunity to examine the results of such a repair job in the showrooms of Edwin Jackson, 315 East 62nd Street. You will, though, have to take Jackson's word for it that the stove has been mended—or, for that matter, was ever broken—so incredibly fine is the workmanship that has gone into the repairs.

—S. H.

•

Ten babies were born in hospitals in Somerset county on New Year's day. There were five boys and four girls.
—*Somerset (Pa.) Daily American.*

And one goalie?


For the woman who demands individual perfection there is only the
Fizerlé
DELINEATOR®
EXCLUSIVE FRENCH FABRICS FOR BEACHWEAR—MADE ONLY TO ORDER
NEW YORK SALON AT 26 W. 58th STREET

A DINING PLACE OF
Distinction
Serving Palate Tempting Dishes
CLAMS ASPIC
VICHYSSOISE
LUNCHEON -- DINNER
Banquet Facilities
GIOVANNI
RESTAURANT
66 EAST 55th ST. — PLaza 3-1230
Closed Sunday

Serving Dairy Food Over 40 Years
B'WAY N.Y. 82nd AT
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT
* COMPLETE DAIRY FOOD CATERING ANYWHERE

Lunch, Cocktails, Dinner, Supper
Russian Tea Room
Open Daily including Sunday
150 W. 57 ST · CO 5-0947
NEXT TO CARNEGIE HALL

KOHELETH WHO?

THERE'S a figure of speech that is getting more and more common in the newspapers and magazines I read, and, at the same time, more and more farfetched and incomprehensible and therefore more and more irritating. My irritation has now reached a point where I hope that by staging a full-dress exposé of the wretched thing I can encourage journalists to abandon it. In school, we were taught to identify certain figures of speech—metaphor, simile, synecdoche, and the like—but as far as I know the figure of speech that gets my goat has no name of its own; I always think of it as a compressed, or pleated, or crimped, or maybe even crushed metaphor, and it's a lot easier to give examples of it than to define it. Here are some characteristic specimens of the genre, all of them employed in the press within the past few months: "Charles Revson, the L. B. Mayer of the cosmetics business," "Norman Percevel Rockwell, 67, the Edgar Guest of U.S. painting," "Jean-Pierre Cassel . . . the Danny Kaye of the French New Wave," and "Jackie Kennedy . . . the Cleopatra of the Potomac." Obviously, the figure of speech is intended to serve as a form of semantic shorthand; the writer is saying, "Charles Revson is to the cosmetics business what Louis B. Mayer is (or was) to the motion-picture industry, and *you all know Louis B. Mayer*." In principle, the comparison of a less familiar figure with a more familiar one helps to place him quickly and vividly for the reader; in practice, however, it leads straight to a couple of tiresome pitfalls, into which, it seems to me, far too many of the writers of the day joyously plunge.

The first of these pitfalls is simple laziness. When Jean Schlumberger is called, as he recently was, "the Cellini of the twentieth century," or when Le Corbusier is described as "the Leonardo of our time," one has, at first, a sense of having discovered something new and useful about them, but on second thought one realizes that the writers have shirked their tasks; they've told us that the Messrs. Schlumberger and Le Corbusier are mighty important fellows in the artistic line, but we've learned absolutely nothing specific about them. To define Neiman-Marcus as "the Zsa Zsa Gabor of department stores" gives us some slight clue, I suppose, to the nature of that remarkable establishment, but what substantial information have we acquired when we read that a recent novel, "The De-

Only on LONDON RECORDS

SUTHERLAND-TEBALDI-NILSSON

SUTHERLAND

Donizetti: LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR

with Renato Cioni, Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi and other soloists—The Orchestra of L'Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome — John Pritchard

Stereo OSA-1327 Mono A-4355
(3 records)

TEBALDI

Verdi: OTELLO

with Mario del Monaco, Aldo Protti and other soloists — The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra — Herbert von Karajan

Stereo OSA-1324 Mono A-4352
(3 records)

NILSSON

Verdi: UN BALLO IN MASCHERA

with Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, Giulietta Simionato, Sylvia Stahlman and other soloists — The Orchestra of L'Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome — Georg Solti

Stereo OSA-1328 Mono A-4356
(3 records)

Mona Lisa by Leonardo da Vinci

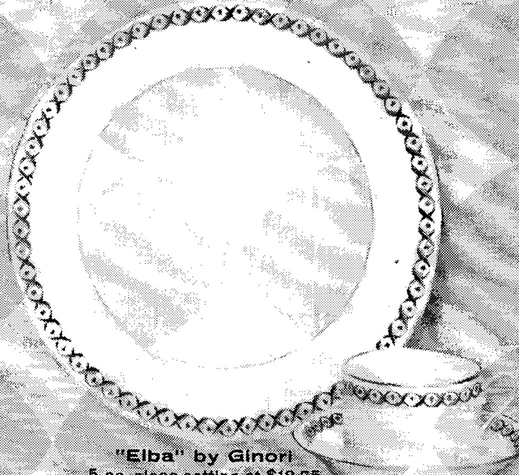
David by Michelangelo

Castiglione by Raphael

Perseus by Cellini

GREAT ITALIAN CLASSICS . . .
ONE YOU CAN OWN:

Richard Ginori
Finest in China Since 1735



"Elba" by Ginori
5-pc. place setting at $18.75
Other patterns, $8.75 to $49.75

Perpetuators: SOCIETÀ CERAMICA RICHARD GINORI – Milano – ITALY
Presented at Authorized Franchised Stores or write PASMANTIER Co., Sole Importers, 224 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 1, N. Y.

Dancing Pleasure Guaranteed

Invariably, Lester Lanin crowds a cotillion, packs a prom, makes debs dance or sub-debs swing. This latest album from Society's indispensable music maker offers a collection of 40 old-time favorites. They make you happy, they make you dance.

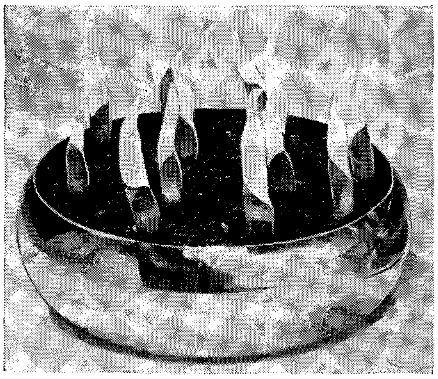
EPIC STEREORAMA

"Happy-go-Lanin"
MUSIC THAT MAKES YOU WANT TO DANCE
LESTER LANIN
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

LN 3821/BN 616 (Stereorama)

EPIC RECORDS

® "EPIC", MARCA REG. "CBS" T.M. PRINTED IN U.S.A.



Fresh Lily of the Valley

For Valentine's Day

What more original or gracious gift! Superb imported pips guaranteed to bloom *indoors* in 18 to 21 days—brighten the home with fresh beauty, delicate fragrance. The classic round copper container, 6" in diameter, is a wonderfully useful decorative bowl afterwards. Complete with 10 Lily of the Valley pips $5.95. Pips separately, with planting material, $3.25 per dozen.

All prices postpaid

Mail Orders Filled Promptly
Diners' Club and American Express Accounts Honored. Give acct. no.

Max Schling Seedsmen, Inc.
538 Madison Ave., Dept. 685, N. Y. 22, N. Y.
ELdorado 5-5620

Exotic Latin Cuisine Perez Blanco's
LIBORIO
West Side's Smartest Restaurant

Welcomes you to its larger, more luxurious quarters.
150 West 47th Street JU 2-6188

mons," is "the *Ninth Symphony* of Viennese gossip," that "Hammacher Schlemmer . . . is the Tiffany of Civil Defense," that Satchel Paige is "the Grandpa Moses of baseball pitchers," or that Joseph M. Mitchell is "the Jacob Marley of Newburgh"? (Especially mysterious is the reference to Marley, who, according to Dickens, "was dead, to begin with." Why isn't Mr. Mitchell the *Scrooge* of Newburgh?) I don't actually lose ground when I read that Fisk University is "the Ivy League of Southern Negro colleges," that Dallas is "the Athens of the alfalfa fields," that a proposed national park on Lake Michigan would become "the Cape Cod of the Middle West," that Rudy Vallée is "the Pat Boone of the Stone Age," or that Jack E. Leonard is "the Thinking Man's Don Rickles," or—for one short cut leads to another, and certain phrases turn up again and again in these comparisons—that Mort Sahl is "the Thinking Man's Roscoe Ates," but I certainly don't gain a single inch. *Time* has called Robert Penn Warren "the Leonard Bernstein of contemporary literature," which to my mind leaves Mr. Warren and Mr. Bernstein, to say nothing of contemporary literature, right where they were, and leaves me nowhere. As for the *Reporter's* calling Mobutu "the brooding Cassius of the Congo," was it anything but alliteration that put this thought in the writer's mind? If another country had been in question, wouldn't another literary figure have popped into the metaphor—something like, say, "the brooding Hamlet of Herzegovina"?

ANNOYING as this lazy, circular prose may be, there's a refinement of it that is even more deplorable; in this, the connection between the two figures being compared is so obscure as to be downright invisible. I can understand that Le Corbusier and Leonardo might have something in common, and I'm willing to assume that it's inexcusable ignorance on my part not to be able to perceive what Roscoe Ates and Mort

Cora

THE QUIET VERMOUTH

A good vermouth should mind its own business. Cora the quiet vermouth never interferes with the delicacy of the fine liquors you use for martinis or manhattans. But you'll find a Cora Continental even more delightful...half sweet, half dry, on the rocks, with a twist of lemon.

IMPORTED • Sweet or Dry
Schieffelin & Co., New York

Luxury
in the New York manner
Gay, cheerful, air-conditioned rooms and suites...heart of Rockefeller Center area...adjacent to everything of interest in New York.
Two popular priced restaurants
Hotel *Dorset*
Just off Fifth Avenue
30 West 54th Street
A Bing & Bing hotel

DANCE *in PARIS at the OLYMPIA*
and, of course, in New York it's

Roseland
DANCE CITY
THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLROOM
CONTINUOUS DANCING EVES • EX MON. 2 GREAT BANDS
MAT. THURS. AND SAT. • SUN. CONTINUOUS FROM 3:30
52ND STREET WEST OF BROADWAY

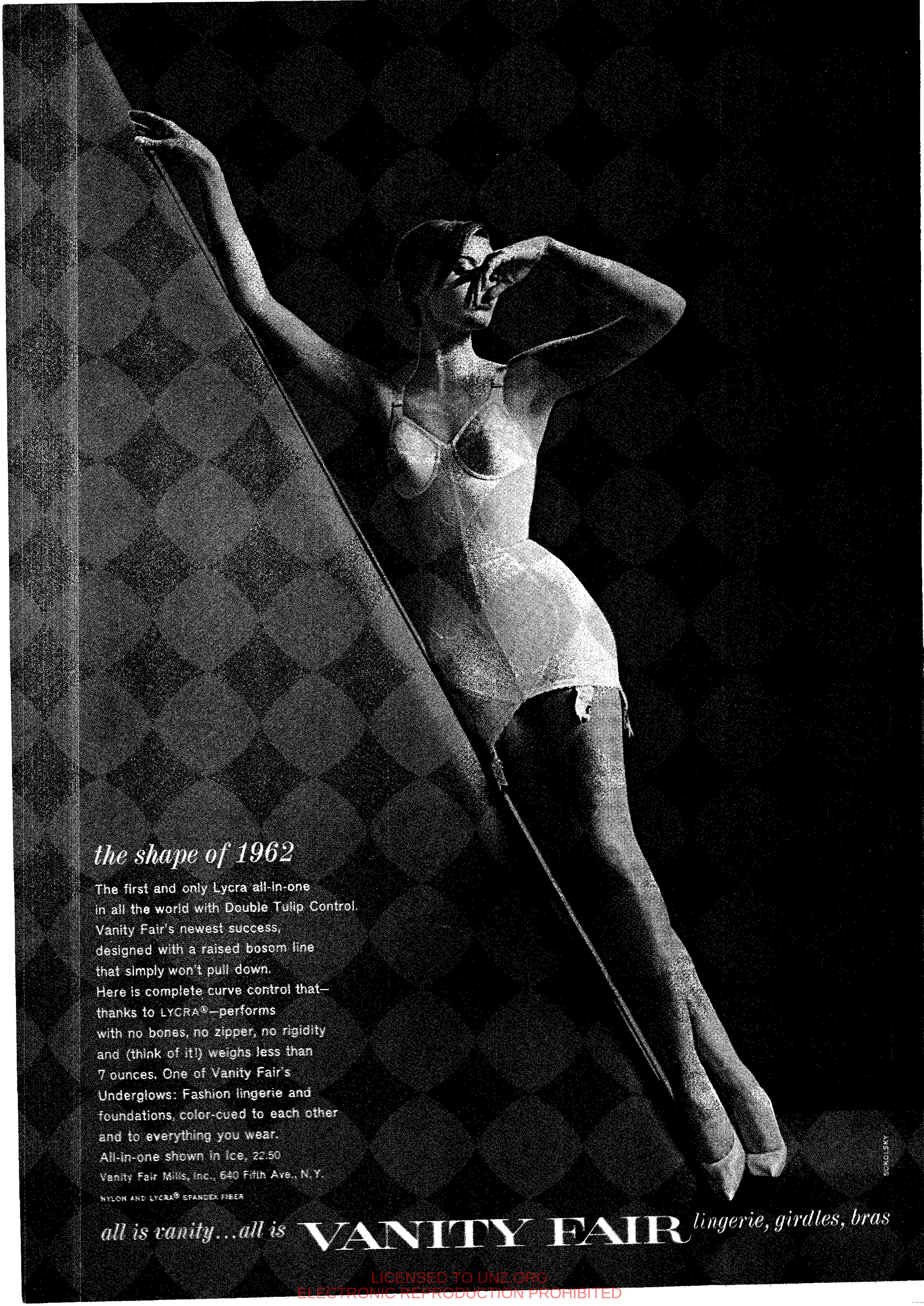
FRENCH-ITALIAN CUISINE
La Petite Maison
LUNCHEON from $2.50
COCKTAILS
DINNER from $4.50
Open Daily
Sunday from 5:00
108 E. 60th ST. • PL 5-5667

La Città Incantata –

The enchanted city... it's a city you never knew existed... a painting of color and lights and voices laughing 'buon viaggio' in a score of exotic tongues – the colossus ship bellowing a final 'arrivederci' with a deep basso blast, then starting its glide through a confetti rainbow toward the sleepy southern waters to Italy. The pools of cool sapphire on sun-warmed decks – the pageantry of popping wines and crackling roasts – the blue-gowned nights that dance into dawn through a roundelay of Italian 'festa' – the strangely beautiful Mediterranean ports that sweep into the horizon – this is the city of enchantment your Travel Agent can take you to when you go to Europe – this is your Italian Line ship.

Italian Line "Your Villa on the Sea"

LEONARDO DA VINCI · CRISTOFORO COLOMBO · AUGUSTUS · VULCANIA · SATURNIA Battery Park Building, 24 State St., New York 4, New York DI 4-0800



the shape of 1962

The first and only Lycra all-in-one
in all the world with Double Tulip Control.
Vanity Fair's newest success,
designed with a raised bosom line
that simply won't pull down.
Here is complete curve control that—
thanks to LYCRA®—performs
with no bones, no zipper, no rigidity
and (think of it!) weighs less than
7 ounces. One of Vanity Fair's
Underglows: Fashion lingerie and
foundations, color-cued to each other
and to everything you wear.
All-in-one shown in Ice, 22.50
Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

NYLON AND LYCRA® SPANDEX FIBER

all is vanity…all is VANITY FAIR *lingerie, girdles, bras*

SOKOLSKY

Sahl have in common, but when, in last fall's campaign, one of Mayor Wagner's opponents called him "the Picasso of politics," what on earth was he trying to convey? Not that the Mayor paints, or is very rich, or wears a beret, or is of Spanish descent, or is eighty years old, or was once a friend of Gertrude Stein. Did he mean that the Mayor is forever changing his style, or—darkest hint of all—that he may be a member of the Communist Party? If he meant what I assumed at first glance he must mean—that Wagner is the most gifted politician alive, as Picasso is the most gifted painter—then why was an opponent, of all people, offering the Mayor this charming tribute? Once more, I suspect that alliteration was at the bottom of the phrase.

Again, for obfuscation rather than clarity, take Hy Gardner's tribute to Hugh Downs as "the Adlai Stevenson of the Paar Administration." This may be translated roughly as "an announcer on N.B.C. named Hugh Downs is to the affairs of a TV personality named Jack Paar as Adlai Stevenson is to the affairs of the Kennedy administration." Very well. What do we know now that we didn't know before? *I* have an uneasy feeling that I know less, or at any rate have been made aware of knowing less, than I thought I knew. Since I am ignorant of what role Mr. Downs plays in the affairs of Jack Paar, I've lost my former certainty of the role Mr. Stevenson plays in those of the administration. Or take the reference in *Newsweek* to Walter K. Gutman as "a Proust in Wall Street." *How* is he a Proust? Does, say, fishing an olive up out of a dry Martini at the Stock Exchange Club cause him to start remembering A.T. & T. at 57¼? Does he stroll again in memory *du côté de chez* Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co.? What of Walter Winchell's reference to Pundit Acharya, Cyril Scott, Indra Devi, and John Lust as "the Voltaires of the Vim 'n' Vigor Set," or of the *Times'* reference to Peter Davenport Fuller as "the Freud of boxing"? We read the words, but they remain without meaning. Though the language is more or less English, it might as well be Sanskrit. An image arises of the great Doctor, clad in white silk trunks, doing knee bends in a corner of the ring at Madison Square Garden, but I can't retain it. Gloves clasped high in a handshaking gesture above his bearded face, the Doctor flickers away into the dark.

Johnny Hallyday as "the Elvis Presley of Thither Gaul," Ben Casey as "the Paul Bunyan of neurosurgery," the X-15 as "the Man o' War of research aircraft today," Marshal Voroshilov as "the Herbert Hoover of Communism," Sheik Abdulla al Salim al Sabah as "the Daddy Warbucks of the desert," Paddy Chayefsky as "the Koheleth of Kitsch"—for a moment I feel as if I could conjure them up; but no, almost at once they blur. Reason falters. I begin to make up my own fancy phrases. Who is Paddy Chayefsky? The Voroshilov of Kitsch. And Elvis Presley? The Picasso of Paar. Walter Gutman? The Thinking Man's Schlumberger. . . . Journalists of the world, lay off those comparisons. If you don't, I fear I may become their dithering victim. I mean, of course, the Kallikak of readers, the very Jukes of dupes.

—SUSAN M. BLACK

• •

WINTER TOURISTS: LONDON

The air
is full of the distant smell of snowing;
the streets are full of sad, sad men who don't know where
they're going.

The town
is full of cold, cold strangers and their wives.
They're looking for some great event to crown
their lives,

but they don't seem to find it.
They look on the face of English history;
in front of it is a high stone wall, and behind it
is a mystery.

And now the frozen sun
fades, to the sound of a hundred bells,
and the sad, sad strangers reënter, one by one,
their sad hotels.

—R. P. LISTER

Don't deny
your skin
the air to breathe

Ardena
Invisible Veil
Elizabeth Arden

LET your skin breathe like a child's—through Invisible Veil. And never again stifle it beneath a blanket of make-up. At a single diaphanous touch of Invisible Veil face powder, every line and blemish seems to vanish and the most marvelous change comes over your complexion. It appears under a spell, not a powder. For all you see is beauty. Invisible Veil powder will neither mist nor fly about. In twelve irradiant shades blended for you by Elizabeth Arden. *French Bouquet Box 5.00 and 3.00; Napoleonic Compact of compressed powder 5.00 and 2.50.*

prices plus tax

Elizabeth Arden

"Grips like an eagle's claw"

U.S. Pat. no. 2096106

our

CAPE COD LOGGER

The greatest log-lifting improvement in a hundred yrs. Designed to lift logs of all sizes—cuts weight substantially. For town, summer homes or outdoor barbecue.

Wrought Iron, **12.50**
Solid Brass, **22.50**
Each with wood inlaid handle.

Add 75¢ for shipping.

Tilden-Thurber
292 Westminster St., Prov. 3, R.I.
Founded in 1856

HOUSEHUNTING?

In an Unfamiliar City?

Turn to Homerica, the company that guards the interests of the intercity home *buyer,* in over 125 major cities and their suburbs. Given your particular family needs, we'll recommend the right suburbs and locate the right houses for you. No charge. Ask David Putnam for details.

HOMERICA INC.

52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, OR 9-5435
3460 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, DU 7-3111

ALL THAT *IS* NEW ORLEANS!

Commander's Palace SINCE 1880
FRENCH AND CREOLE CUISINE
Washington at Coliseum Sts., New Orleans, La.

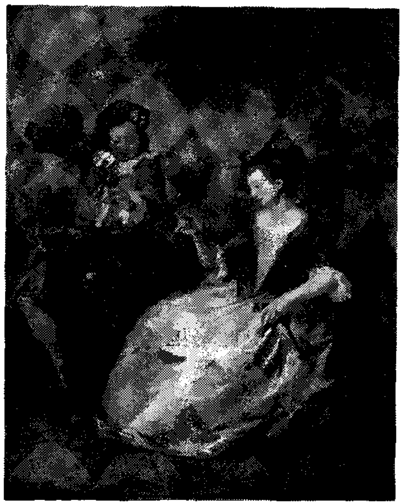
MUSICAL EVENTS

Reflections

A CERTAIN amount of rather desultory reading recently has convinced me that the aims and directions that music has pursued during the past fifty years are beginning to undergo some serious reappraisal. This reading has ranged from Mr. Neville Cardus, of the Manchester *Guardian,* who noted not long ago, more in sorrow than in anger, that in musical circles "beauty" has become an unmentionable six-letter word, to Mr. Albert Goldberg, of the Los Angeles *Times,* who concluded that Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress" is really a rather poor opera. The most interesting of the statements I have read, however, came not from a critic but from a well-known and respected artist, M. Pierre Monteux, who, a little over a month back, got off some very positive opinions on the subject. The vehicle for these opinions was an Associated Press interview dispatched from London, which, as far as I could determine, was ignored by all the New York newspapers except the *Journal-American,* though to my mind it was one of the most surprising bits of musical news to be published in a long time. M. Monteux, with admirable candor, stated it as his opinion that of all the "modern" music written in recent decades, only a few works of Stravinsky would "perhaps" turn out to be of any permanent value. He expressed doubt about the staying power of Prokofieff's compositions, dismissed those of Shostakovich completely, and continued, "Berg: He will be finished in ten years. Hindemith: No inspiration. . . . He will not live. Bartók: I give him ten years. Mahler: He will not live. He's not a creator. He's an imitator. . . . I see what is in the interior of the works of all these composers. They have just a little inspiration in one bar of music and then they develop it. They have technique and technique and technique—and that's not interesting." While conceding that "probably one or two works of Debussy and of Ravel will live," M. Monteux added, "But when I play their works so many times, I see how they worked it. You should not see the work when you hear it."

There is no reason to doubt the wise

FRANÇOIS OCTAVIEN
1695-1736



Oil on Canvas *13x16*

AUTUMN

One of a set
of Four Seasons
By François Octavien

FINE PAINTINGS

HIRSCHL & ADLER LE 5-8810
Galleries inc. 21 East 67th St., N. Y. 21

All this...

Teriyakis & Tenderloins
Poulets & Piperades
Continental Suppers
All-American Brunches

...and Hamburgers too

Nothing over $1.95
but the steak

Lunch from 11
Dinner 5-10 • Supper till 1 A.M.
Tea • Sunday Brunch 11-4 • Fountain

COOKERY Lafayette
UNIVERSITY PLACE AT 8th STREET

Tony's Wife

Luncheon
Bar
Dinner

just good food...con amore
150 EAST 55TH ST., N.Y. • EL 5-4506
Closed Sat. & Sun.

THE Divan PARISIEN SINCE 1923
RESTAURANT • Memorable French Cuisine
Famous for CHICKEN DIVAN
Luncheon • Dinner • OPEN SUNDAYS
33 E. 48th St. New York EL 5-6726

old maestro's sincerity in making these rather sweeping statements. They do not reflect the grumpy reactions of an elderly gentleman complaining about the follies of youth; M. Monteux is talking about his own generation, not the one that came after it. Moreover, the statements are particularly interesting in view of the fact that M. Monteux—conductor of the famous Paris première of "Le Sacre du Printemps," among other things—has been closely identified throughout his life with the propagation of contemporary music.

I present these views of M. Monteux here mainly because so few people have had a chance to read them. I do not agree with his views on Mahler, and I think he is a little hard on Debussy, Ravel, Shostakovich, and Prokofieff. But the basic idea seems to me quite sound, and applicable to a great deal of music besides that which he mentioned. On Wednesday night, for example, I went to Carnegie Hall to hear Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony perform Walter Piston's Sixth Symphony, a work that falls neatly into the category of music M. Monteux was talking about. It is perhaps unfair to make Mr. Piston's rather well-constructed composition the target of the whole foregoing dissertation, since, as contemporary American symphonies go, it isn't a bad one. It has a fairly witty scherzo, and it gives its composer a chance to demonstrate his professional mastery of a technique he has invented for himself. But perhaps I can best explain my emotional reaction to it by saying that I could have read a newspaper during its performance without having my mind distracted in the least, and, in case there is any doubt about the point I am trying to make, I might add that this is something I could not do with even so unpretentious a creation of the fairly recent past as one of Saint-Saëns' concertos, or any song by Edvard Grieg. The same program contained Beethoven's Violin Concerto, played by Erica Morini with admirable virtuosity and great insight in respect to style, though the orchestra's performance, again under Mr. Munch, seemed to me quite slipshod by the standards usually maintained in the work of this fine ensemble.

ON Thursday night, the Metropolitan revived Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," once more in its original Swedish setting, instead of the Bostonian one we were given the last time around. The new sets and costumes, by Ita Maximowna, were elaborate and expensive—very handsome in the last act, and, I am afraid, rather self-conscious

JOIN THE ONLY MAJOR MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE THAT FEATURES EASTER IN THE HOLY LAND!!!

...the 40-day Springtime Mediterranean Cruise Deluxe of the "Nieuw Look" Nieuw Amsterdam!

Frolic aboard one of our famous "happy ships"—fresh from a stem-to-stern beauty treatment. Explore 10 popular ports—*leisurely*. And climax your cruise with Easter in the Holy Land! There, at the revered source of Western religious traditions, you'll have *over four days* ashore—time for a deeply meaningful visit. (Your ship, of course, will be your hotel.) The "Nieuw Look" Nieuw Amsterdam sails from N. Y. March 26, 1962. Rates: from $990. Write for our colorful brochure, or see your travel agent—but *book soon!*

"It's good to be on a well-run ship"

Holland-America Line

29 BROADWAY, N. Y. • OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Bean's Free Catalog

Ready February 12

Fully illustrated 100 pages, shows 375 items of interest to both men and women —special fishing tackle, footwear, clothing, leather and canvas specialties, many of our own manufacture.

L. L. Bean, Inc., 248 Main St., Freeport, Maine
Mfrs. Fishing, Hunting and Camping Specialties

Have you looked at your watchstrap lately?

Straparama®

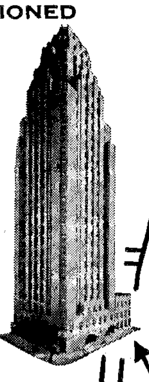
World's Largest Collection of fine leather watchstraps for men and women. All sizes and colors: $2.50 to $6.50. *Attached in one minute.*

425 MADISON AVE. • New York, N.Y.
Bet. 48 & 49 Sts. PL 3-9284

in Chicago it's ALLGAUER'S on Randolph West of State

FABULOUS FOOD

Luncheon • Dinner • Cocktails • After—Theatre
also in Highland Park, Illinois



Be a part of smart New York . . . stay at

BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL

adjoining the United Nations

You'll enjoy Beekman Tower Hotel . . . it's so comfortable, so well-located on New York's smart East Side—near the United Nations, overlooking the East River.

AIR-CONDITIONED

Charming single and double rooms and suites. Two moderately priced dining rooms and the delightful Top o' The Tower Cocktail Lounge offer delicious food and beverages.

Ask about especially attractive group rates.

EAST RIVER

BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL N-2-3
49th Street and First Avenue
3 Mitchell Place, New York 17

Send brochure and driving map showing how to avoid New York City traffic.

Name________________
Address________________
City________Zone______State______

DRY FLY SHERRY
DRY FLY SHERRY
FINDLATER, MACKIE, TODD & CO LTD LONDON

Like the accomplished dry fly fisherman, DRY FLY SHERRY is the product of expert knowledge, practice and skill. It is both light and delicate, neither too sweet nor yet very dry.

A gracious welcome to your guests

IMPORTED SPANISH SHERRY IN THE FAMOUS FINDLATER BOTTLE

Sole property of and bottled by Findlater Mackie Todd & Co., Ltd. of London

U.S. Agent

ROBERT F. PHILIPP, STAMFORD, CONN.

Joan Crawford with Host John C. Bruno

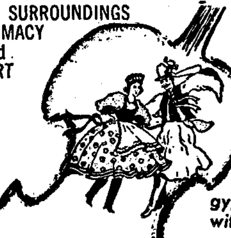
Bruno's

PEN and PENCIL

"It is without a doubt that the Pen and Pencil serves the best steak in the country." As quoted from ex-Esquire editor Frederic A. Birmingham's new book.

205 E. 45th St. • MU 2-8660

UNIQUE SURROUNDINGS OF INTIMACY and COMFORT



AUTHENTIC HUNGARIAN CUISINE

gypsy music with cimbalom

Chardas Restaurant

307 East 79th Street • RH 4-9382

Diners' Club • Amer. Express • FREE PARKING • Closed Mon.

JAPANESE RESTAURANT

SAITO

TEMPURA BAR • TATAMI ROOM

Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner

70 W. 55th ST. Closed Sun. JU 2-7809

and arty in the earlier ones. (The big gypsy scene, where Ulrica does her fortune-telling, seemed to be taking place on a beach, beside what looked like an Expressionist sculptor's conception of the pier at Atlantic City, suggesting a rather conspicuous and public locale for such secret goings on.) The artistic contributions that to me made the evening memorable were, in order of merit, Robert Merrill's magnificent and stylistically authentic singing as Renato; Carlo Bergonzi's somewhat light but very pleasing and elegant interpretation of the role of Riccardo (or King Gustav III of Sweden, or the Governor of Boston, depending on the version); the conducting of Nello Santi, a new Italian maestro, who is extremely efficient and whose musical ideas are at least very vigorous; Leonie Rysanek's forceful, distinctly erratic, but now and then quite agreeable Amelia; and Jean Madeira's valiant struggles with the role of Ulrica, a fairly thankless one, demanding a great range and an enormous amount of stentorian tone, and never, in my experience, letting its interpreter sound at her best. Anneliese Rothenberger was visually delectable but vocally just adequate as the page, Oscar, and the parts of Samuel and Tom were well done by Bonaldo Giaiotti and Luben Vichey.

AT Friday afternoon's Philharmonic concert, in Carnegie Hall, Thomas Schippers, who conducted, did not seem ideally attuned, temperamentally, to the leisurely, robust, and slightly pompous romanticism of Richard Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," but he gave a quite stirring reading of Verdi's "La Forza del Destino" Overture and performed both Shostakovich's First Symphony and Samuel Barber's "Medea's Meditation and Dance of Vengeance" eloquently enough to provide some refutation of the ideas of M. Monteux quoted earlier.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ CONCERTS

Looming

THE only differences between the Sonny Rollins who voluntarily retired in 1959 and the Sonny Rollins who reappeared late last fall are that he is even better now and that he suddenly sounds—and this isn't meant pejoratively—rather old-fashioned. Rollins' decision to take a sabbatical without pay was based largely on dissatisfaction with his own work, and was a commendable and uncommon act. Indeed, Rollins' self-criticism was pretty rarefied, for his playing appeared, if anything, to be

Such a happy way to FLORIDA

IN SILVER FLEET LUXURY... WITHOUT A CARE IN THE WORLD!

Icy roads and leaden skies are far from the thoughts of smart, experienced travelers aboard a modern Seaboard Streamliner. Like to join them?

Morning and afternoon departures from New York:

SILVER STAR SILVER METEOR

For de luxe Pullman and Coach reservations in New York:

Circle 5-7380

or consult your local Seaboard Office

SEABOARD RAILROAD

THE ROUTE OF COURTEOUS SERVICE

900 NORTH MICHIGAN

Jacques

FRENCH RESTAURANT

CHICAGO

Enjoy food of superb quality served in a distinctive continental atmosphere.

Reservations Suggested

OPEN DAILY... 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.

Family Arms

The Coat of Arms of your forbears is probably among 100,000 family blazons from which we produce accurate Heraldic Wall Shields for home decor in full colour and high relief. Size 12" x 10".

$20 POSTPAID

Checks are returned with information and official book if the Arms cannot be traced.

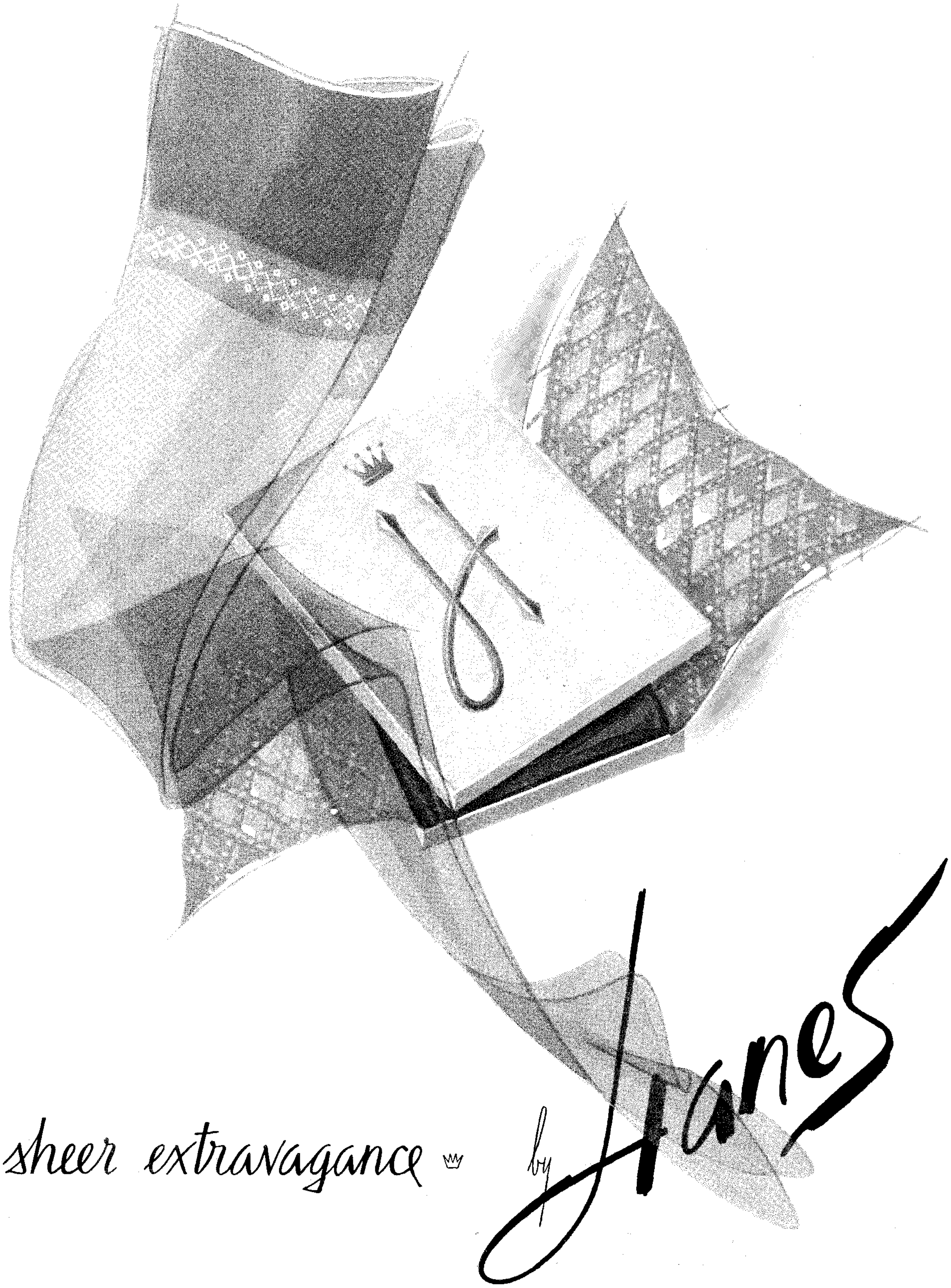
YORK INSIGNIA LTD., YORK, ENGLAND

"P.S. Please allow ten days for personal reply. You will be so glad you communicated with us."

Gaston

SUPERB CUISINE
FABULOUS WINE CELLAR

48 E. 49 ST., N.Y.C. • PLaza 5-4285


sheer extravagance
by Hanes

new supersheer 10 denier seamless nylons · 2 pairs 5.00
"sheer extravagance" unless you want the most beautiful legs in the world!

Onion
SALAD DRESSING MIX
Good Seasons
SOUR CREAM
Honey
Wine Vinegar Tarragon
GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

4 Smooth Onion Dressings no one can buy

... new recipes you make with this GOOD SEASONS MIX

Good Seasons Onion Dressing. The very first onion dressing—smooth and light. A hint of herbs, sweet red peppers, and mild green onions give a new, provocative flavor. Takes just seconds to mix. Easy directions are on the Good Seasons envelope. You combine your favorite oil, vinegar and a little water with the Mix. Or, you may substitute another liquid for the water. Recipes below give delicious suggestions.

Onion Dressing for Cole Slaws. Good Seasons Onion Dressing, made the basic way, is wonderful for all slaws. No onion chopping, no raw chunks! Every shred of cabbage is flavored smoothly, evenly. Try it in a new slaw studded with orange sections (fresh or canned mandarin) and crunchy, salted peanuts. Luscious. **Creamy Slaws:** substitute sour cream or mayonnaise for the water in the dressing. Add 1 teaspoon of caraway or dill seed at final shaking.

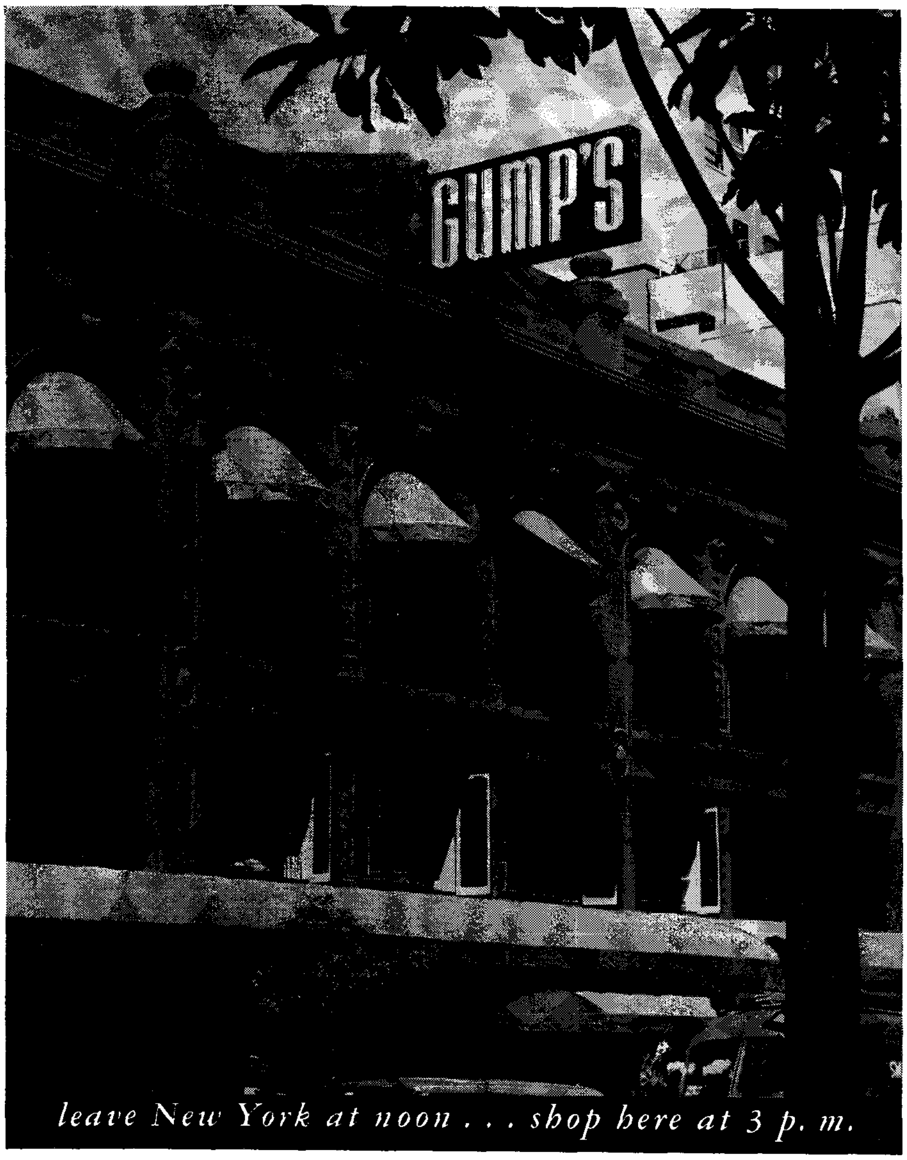
Honey-Poppy Seed Dressing for Fruit. Best and easiest way to make this favorite type of dressing. Use honey instead of the water. Last touch: add 1 tablespoon of poppy seed. Makes a sweet-tart dressing with a hint of onion. Perfect blend for every kind of fruit salad.

Onion Tarragon Dressing. Use tarragon vinegar instead of cider vinegar in the dressing. Gives a savory tang. Very special for tossed salads, spinach and vegetable salads.

Get the handsome Good Seasons cruet, with measurements marked, where you buy the 9 Mixes: Onion, Classic, Cheese-Garlic, Italian, Bleu Cheese, Exotic Herbs, Garlic, Old Fashion French and new Parmesan.

steadily improving. His once mannered and querulous tone had become larger and freer, his singular thematic-rhythmic approach to improvisation was a constantly changing delight, and he had perfected an awesome authoritativeness that permitted him to hypnotically play entire numbers *a cappella*. These virtues have simply been intensified in the renascent Rollins, and with remarkable results. His playing, edged with even more wit and sarcasm, has become almost unbearably *personal*. This is not to say that Rollins, in the sentimental catch phrase, "tells his story" through his horn. Instead, he creates sounds that mirror precisely his formidable personality and that are played in such a way as to be well-nigh evangelistically stamped on the listener. Whether one is willing or not, one becomes Rollins' follower each time he picks up his horn. Rollins' new, seeming old-fashionedness is not his doing. During his absence, Ornette Coleman and Eric Dolphy momentously arrived with an abstract jazz that goes a step or two beyond Rollins' semi-abstract attack. Rollins, however, understands Coleman and Dolphy thoroughly (he once played early-morning duets with Dolphy on a Pacific beach), and perhaps in time he will beat them at their own game—if, that is, he decides it is worth playing at all. (Dolphy has already become ensnared in virtuosity; his solos, sometimes more unruly than Coleman's, are triumphs of technique over content.)

Rollins' tone, though ballroom-size, is hard when compared to that of Chu Berry, Ben Webster, or Coleman Hawkins. (Hawkins, Louis Jordan, and Charlie Parker were Rollins' chief teachers.) But it is the hardness of muscle, not stone—a warm hardness. Like those of Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor, Rollins' solos, free of the rulesticks of measures and choruses, are in each case an attempt to fashion an indivisible composition. They are also free of dependence on chord structures and ordinary four-four time. Rollins, however, is kinder to his listeners than Coleman and Taylor. In the course of a solo, he will return repeatedly to the theme or rhythmic motif on which it is based, placing signposts in the snows of his variations. But he is never straightforward. Frequently, the theme he improvises on is itself a variation on the original melody, and whenever he goes back to this theme he varies it still further, though always leaving it recognizable. As he delights, he teaches. Rollins' favorite materials are usually standards done in medium tempos. He will play one chorus of the melody, and the amount of pressure he applies to it may



The End of the Battle

THE NEW NOVEL OF MEN AT WAR BY

Evelyn Waugh

"Our time's first satirist."—Gore Vidal

$4.50 LITTLE, BROWN

NOW . . . IN HANDY POCKET SIZE
the famous Martin guidebooks
STANDARD Guide to Mexico
STANDARD Guide to the Caribbean
COMPLETE, AUTHORITATIVE, UP-TO-DATE
Everything you need to know about a vacation in the "Countries of the Sun." • $1.95 each at your bookstore
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, INC.

How to go from Bagdogra to Kandy

It looks fairly simple on the map but when you start studying timetables, the matter becomes far more involved. And you are likely to miss some of the most interesting spots on the way. How about hotels? Aunt Bess may have recommended some she stayed at before the war—we have someone who just returned from there. And think of the couple who arrived in Nepal on the eve of a three-day holiday and found everything closed down.

These are the things, and hundreds of others, The House of Travel watches when making travel arrangements. Play safe—why take chances?

THE HOUSE OF TRAVEL
17 E. 49th St., N. Y. 17, N. Y. MU 8-0185

"Admirably written,
beautifully constructed,
extremely amusing,
and deeply serious."
— GRANVILLE HICKS

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie

MURIEL SPARK

"Because of her jewel-cut style and daring wit, Muriel Spark has acquired a cult of admirers on both sides of the Atlantic. This novel should muster new membership: it heralds the very real prime of Mrs. Muriel Spark."—*Newsweek*

$3.95

Readers first met Miss Jean Brodie in the pages of *The New Yorker*

LIPPINCOTT

Franny and Zooey by

J.D. Salinger

author of

THE CATCHER IN THE RYE

These stories appeared originally in The New Yorker

$4.00 LITTLE, BROWN

THE TEMPERING OF EUGENE O'NEILL

BY DORIS ALEXANDER

DRAMATIC, SHOCKING, AUTHENTIC PORTRAYAL OF O'NEILL'S TEMPESTUOUS LIFE. ILLUSTRATED. "FASCINATING READING."—JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW $5.95

HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD, INC.

depend on his attitude toward the tune or toward life in general. If the world appears askew or the tune in need of improvement, Rollins will slyly and sardonically slur certain phrases, end others with abominating smears, and inject ridiculing rhythms. Frumpy melodies are made frumpier, slick ones are shattered, and good ones are strained to the joists. After this introductory chorus, which forces the listener to hear the original melody in a curiously objective way, he will invent a short variation on it and devote several choruses to taking this variation painstakingly apart, rebuilding it, taking it apart again, rebuilding it differently, and so forth. Often he will do this with series of single notes separated by speaking silences and suspended in an almost rhythmless void. He will sound some notes experimentally, barely touching them, hold others expressionlessly for several measures (Rollins' vibrato is sparing), and cut the rest off abruptly. Here and there, he will stir in fast, urgent runs. Or he may play whole swatches of the melody, stretching them, contracting them, and turning them over and over in whatever inner winds possess him. All this is done with unflagging wit, with the parodist's sense of corrective admiration. At the same time, Rollins' personality dominates the musical aspects of these displays, filling each note or fragment or phrase with a distinctive, almost moral flavor. Rollins, in short, is the true stylist—form and content handsomely locked in each other's embrace.

Last week, Rollins—tall, calm, hawk-faced—gave the second "Jazz Profiles" concert of the season at the Museum of Modern Art. His group consisted of Jim Hall (guitar), Bob Cranshaw (bass), and Albert Heath (drums), and the program, not unexpectedly, included five standards and two Rollins originals, one a blues. For the first half of the concert, something—worries, the weather, the surroundings—was too much with Rollins, and he sounded strained and apprehensive. The tempos themselves were indicative. "Oleo" and "Will You Still Be Mine" were recklessly fast, and Rollins largely slid over them, using more notes than there was space for, and never allowing any of them to settle to the bottom of the listener's mind. There were exceptions in the medium-tempo "Gone with the Wind," which Rollins opened with a long and marvellous ad-lib passage and closed with a parody of one of those swelling, periwigged Coleman Hawkins codas. And in a slow "Sentimental Mood" he bent Ellington's melody af-

WELCOME TO
the Drake
"on Manhattan's exclusive East Side"

PARK AVENUE AT 56TH ST., N. Y.
PLAZA 5-0600
CABLE COLLECT: THE DRAKE, NEW YORK

HERE, AT NEW YORK'S FAMOUS HOTEL, YOU WILL FIND LUXURIOUS ACCOMMODATIONS FOR TRANSIENT AND PERMANENT OCCUPANCY.. UNIQUE LOCATION.. TWO FINE RESTAURANTS, THE FAMOUS DRAKE ROOM AND THE FASCINATING MON PLAISIR.. UNEXCELLED CUISINE AND FLAWLESS SERVICE PERFORMED BY A WELL TRAINED AND FRIENDLY STAFF.. UNDER THE PERSONAL DIRECTION OF

MAX BLOUET
formerly Directeur of the George V, Paris

CRUISE TO FLORIDA
on a luxurious yacht with a beautiful blonde, her jealous husband and a handsome pilot whose scheme to smuggle a Castro victim out of Cuba explodes in murder in

PASSAGE TO DANGER
by EDWIN LANHAM
$3.50

Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc.

ESTATE LIVING IN THE CITY

The amenities of suburbia; the convenience of urbia—this unusually fine home offers both. Located with a view of the water in Malba, Queens, New York City's *oldest private community.* No expense has been spared to make this a gracious abode. Living room, full dining room, bedrooms and kitchen are generously proportioned, plus expansion attic, full basement, oversized *2 car garage, private docking facilities. Convenient all* parkways, LIRR, subways, midtown Manhattan only 25 minutes away. At $70,000, this is a rare bargain on today's market. For details call LEnox 9-1471.

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm
(OPEN EVERY DAY) Phone GR 5-8686
1601 Simpson St. Evanston, Ill.

fectionately out of shape, using low, nearly derisive notes and lemony smears. But it was an unsettling hour or so; the dampers were shut, the lights too bright.

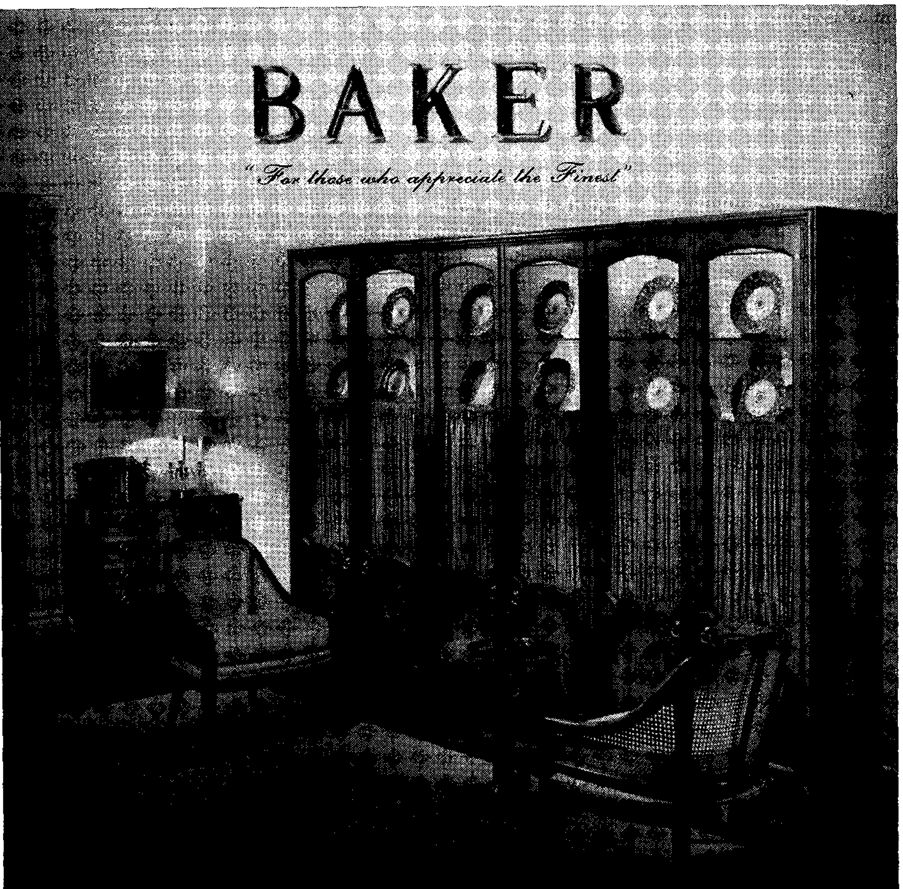
Knute Rockne must have been backstage during intermission, because the second half of the evening was exultant. The first number, "Love Letters," was taken at a medium-slow tempo, and had a classic, mocking first chorus by Rollins, who, through exaggeratedly legato half-time phrases and heavy choke-toned notes, seemed to drag the melody out of its very shell. His solo was full of double-stops and breathless figures that moved from the highest register to the lowest. "I'm Old Fashioned" was given over to Hall, and then the group played a twenty-minute fast blues, "Sonnymoon." After a brief ensemble riff, Rollins arranged a sparse, severe tableau of notes, allowed these to gradually multiply and grow swaggering (Rollins paying his particular brand of respects to Hawkins, Lester Young, and Charlie Parker), and then passed into chorus after chorus of semi-atonal passages, possibly aimed at Ornette Coleman. He must have put together thirty choruses, each of them different, startling, and funny. Hall, whose background chords were brilliant, followed manfully, and the piece ended with a brisk round of four-bar exchanges. Once a placid, timid, and somewhat academic guitarist, Hall is rapidly filling the cavity left twenty years ago by Charlie Christian. His rhythmic and harmonic sense is faultless, and, unlike his contemporaries, he never glosses over his notes. Two-thirds of his solos were good, and the rest exceptional. Cranshaw is a Wilbur Ware student, and Heath an attentive, if nervous, drummer. Rollins isn't merely back; he is looming. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

According to UNESCO, some 70% of the people in the world have no idea what's going on outside their immediate surroundings. These people, who live mostly in Africa, Asia, and Latin America, have no television, no radios, often no newspapers, and in some instances no written language to make enlightenment possible.

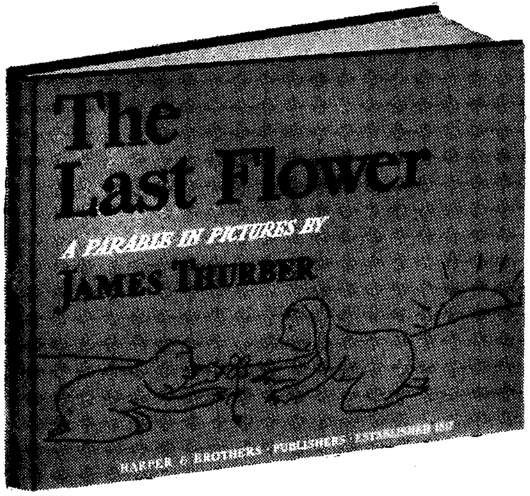
UNESCO's report is staggering, but there is another that appalls us even more. It's the New York Stock Exchange survey indicating that only about one American adult in eight owns a share in the country's business, and about three-quarters of the adult population hasn't even the foggiest notion of what stocks and bonds are and what investing means. —*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

What's more, nine out of ten people can't even make a decent Martini.



BAKER
"For those who appreciate the Finest"

BAKER FURNITURE, INC., 30 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN
DISPLAYS MAY BE SEEN IN: • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • PHILADELPHIA • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • DALLAS
CINCINNATI • ST. LOUIS • ATLANTA • INDIANAPOLIS • CLEVELAND • MINNEAPOLIS • PITTSBURGH • GRAND RAPIDS
THE NEW PORTFOLIO OF 500 BAKER DESIGNS, $1.00



Now reissued in the original 1939 format – "that lovely book" about which, as E. B. WHITE said in *The New Yorker*: ". . . Although he is best known for 'Walter Mitty' and 'The Male Animal,' the book of his I like best is THE LAST FLOWER. In it you will find his faith in the renewal of life, his feeling for the beauty and fragility of life on earth."

At all bookstores • $4.00

HARPER

A most rewarding experience awaits you in

THE NEW ENGLISH BIBLE

New Testament

460 pages • $4.95

CAMBRIDGE OXFORD

3rd printing

Portrait of Hemingway

By LILLIAN ROSS

The famous *New Yorker* profile, in book form for the first time, with a new preface by Miss Ross. "Priceless insights into the real-life Hemingway." —*Saturday Review*

$2.50. SIMON AND SCHUSTER

HOMERIC LESSON

Homer had a host of epithets for Odysseus: ingenious, artful, various, subtle, many-sided. The list could go on and on. All these adjectives suit his wandering hero, but it seems to us that none of them really sums him up or explains why he was equal to everything he encountered—Sirens, Scylla, Cyclops, all.

The real genius of Odysseus was his adaptability. He was always willing to change his course of action if it seemed advisable to do so. It's a quality that would have stood him in good stead if he had been an investor, since investors, too, must always consider changing circumstances and act accordingly, seizing opportunities when they are offered.

Of course, it's only fair to say that Odysseus had Athena on his side, and the favor of the goddess of wisdom was worth a good deal. Athena could have helped Odysseus immeasurably with her wisdom if he had been a share-owner, but unfortunately he was born too early.

If you're an investor or thinking of becoming one, take a leaf from Odysseus's book. First, be adaptable—willing to change your holdings when there is good reason to do so. And second, take advantage of any worthwhile help that's offered. Let us be your Athena, if you will. You provide the cash and the adaptability, and we'll provide moral support and plenty of information to help you make the right investment decisions. Let us know whenever you're ready.

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

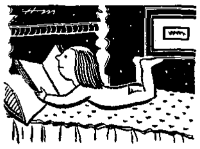
MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK
LONDON..........110 Fenchurch Street
PARIS..........7 Rue de la Paix

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Love and Be Silent, by Curtis Harnack (Harcourt, Brace & World). An earnest story of marriage in the Middle West. An old farmer dies, and his elder son, Robert, inherits the farm he has always coveted and marries his childhood sweetheart. Of the other children, who all inherit their just portions of their father's estate, only one is important. This is Alma, the elder daughter, considered a spinster. To everyone's surprise, Alma marries a rover and follows him faithfully for as long as she is able. With great skill, and with infinite care, Mr. Harnack contrasts the solidity and stolidity of Robert's marriage with the uncertainty and the continuing sense of romance that Alma cherishes in her choice. It is a bleak and alackaday tale, but Mr. Harnack's manner is not bleak or alackaday, and one has the sense that the limitations of Robert and Alma are imposing an unhealthy degree of control on their author's talent, which obviously needs more stretching and breathing room than it can find on this scene.



GENERAL

Here Comes There Goes You Know Who, by William Saroyan (Simon & Schuster). The autobiography of one of the most gifted natural writers of our time. This is not to say that it differs in any important respect from any of Mr. Saroyan's numerous other works. His subject—the essential subject—has always been himself, his experience, and his examination of his place in that experience. "Such as it is," he here remarks of his ability to write, "I have always had it, it is myself, it isn't anything by itself." The self of whom he chooses to write in this new memoir is, for the most part, a child, a boy, a youth in Fresno and Oakland and San Francisco between about 1911 (he was born in 1908) and 1928. He recalls that boy ("I used to pass a brick building and rub my fingertips on the red brick, the way Jimmy Valentine had done, and then I used to wander into a bank, ready to step forward if anybody happened to be locked in the safe"), and all the many other boys he invariably found himself to be, in some fifty little vignettes that are often poignant, sometimes funny, occasionally almost incoherent, and always the work of his head and heart and hand. Illustrated with an album of family photographs.

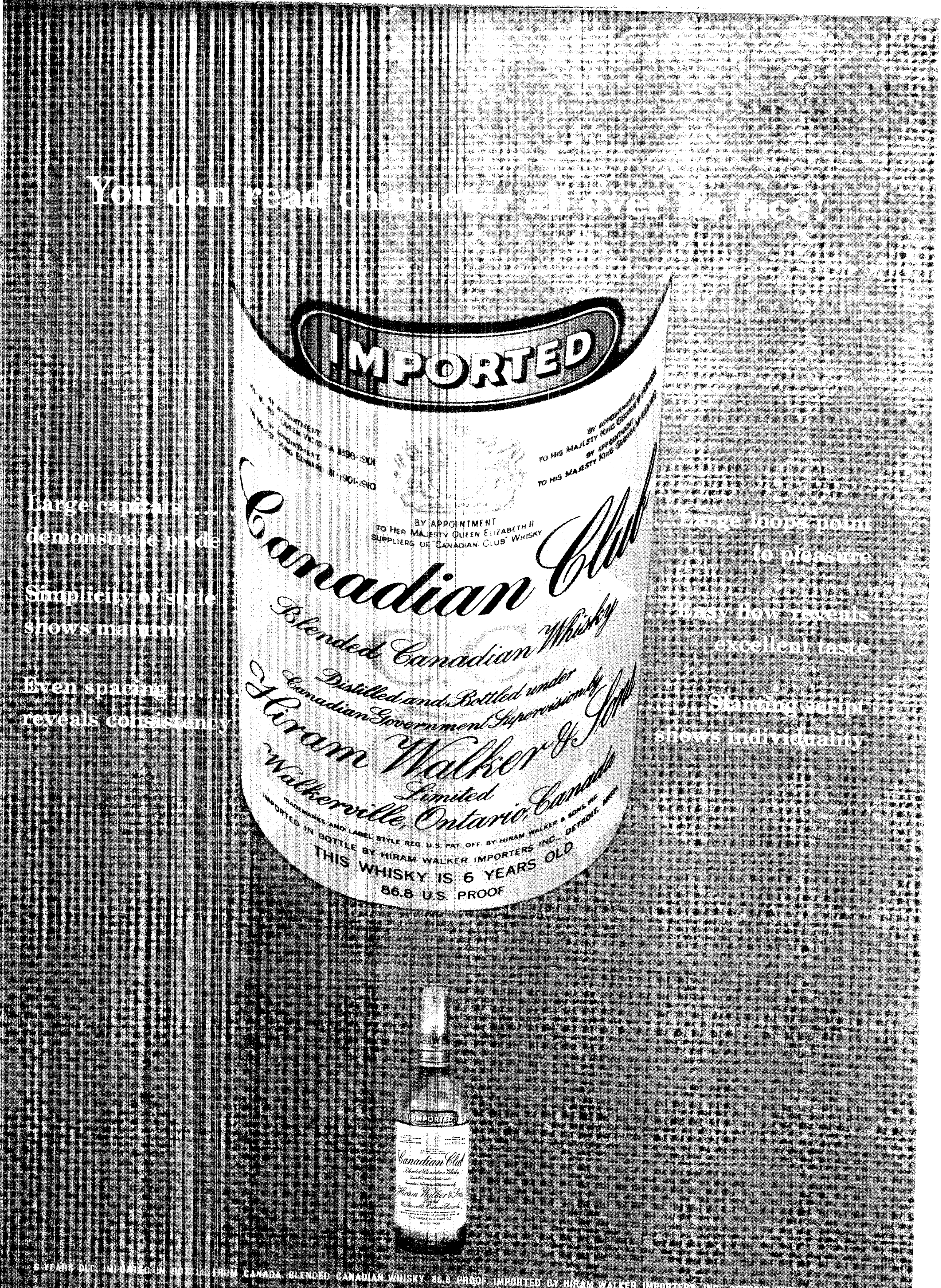
Elizabeth and Leicester, by Elizabeth Jenkins (Coward-McCann). Miss Jenkins, who has written an impressive biography of Queen Elizabeth I, turns back for a closer look at Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the man Elizabeth loved—as much as she loved any man, at least. Leicester was a charmer, and is a hard fellow to appreciate after the lapse of centuries. His good looks, athletic grace, and pleasing manner must be imagined, but his ambition, avidity, and occasional duplicity are clear in surviving documents. The author acquits Leicester of serious evil-doing, though, and, without palliating his faults, reminds us of his problems. Court intrigues were terrible. Worse, the Queen kept him on tenterhooks—almost, but never quite, her lover or her husband—for practically his whole adult life. Miss Jenkins' solid, easy account treats Leicester kindly but firmly. Though not a great man, he has one undeniable distinction: he is beyond any doubt the most badly treated suitor in history.

The Society of Space, by Peter Ritner (Macmillan). A provocative essay by the author of "The Death of Africa." Mr. Ritner, who mixes prophecy with exhortation in proportions of about one to one, looks ahead to see what sort of demands the space age is likely to make upon men's souls, and to urge his generation (he's thirty-four) to accomplish the best it's capable of. Mr. Ritner is a fine lay preacher. He is witty, learned, and concrete, and, in delightful contrast to so many of his elders, he's thrilled to be alive and thinking now.

•

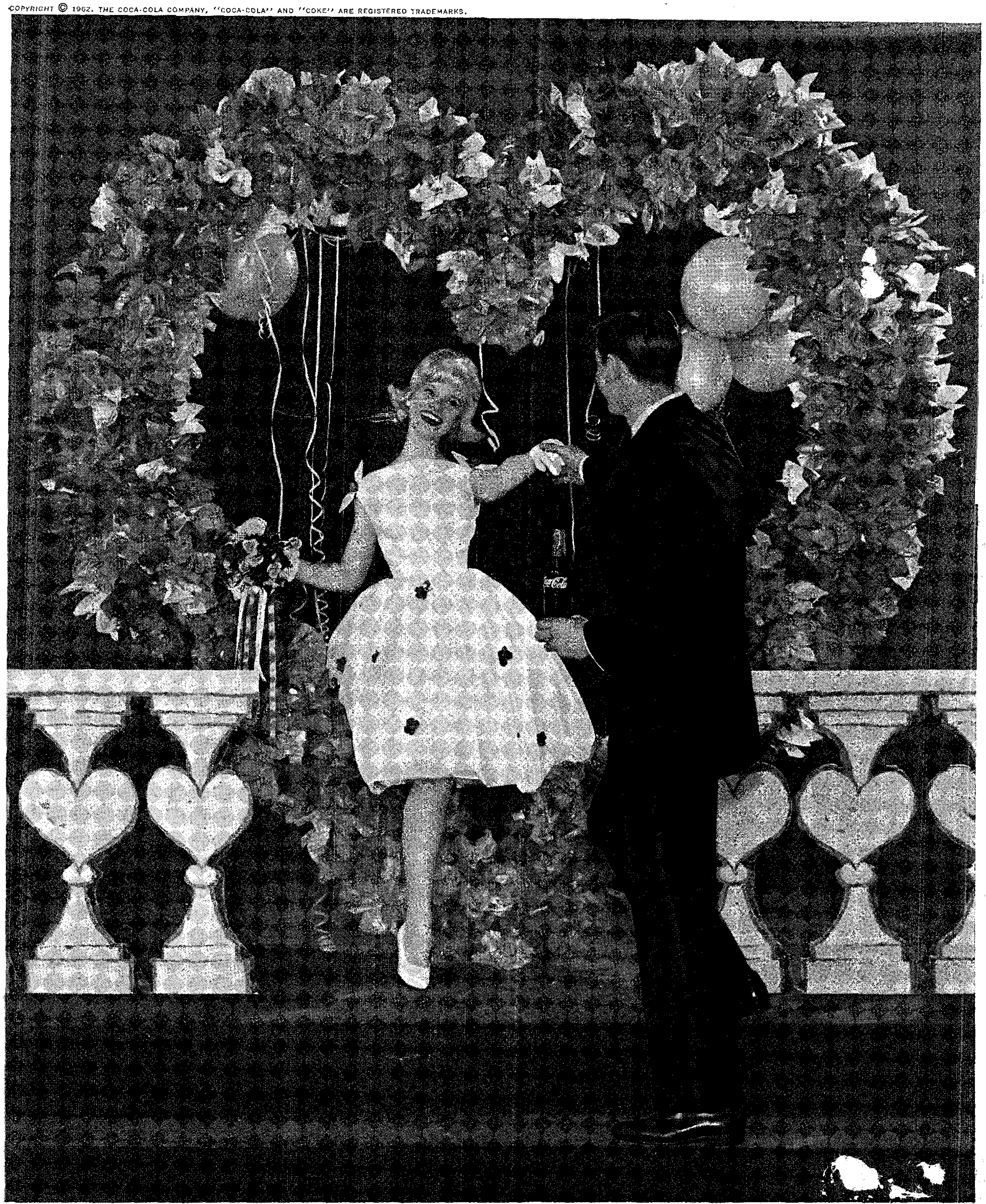
As the supply of any good or service is increased, be it produced publicly or privately, the average cost per unit may rise, fall, or stay the same.—*Monthly Business Letter from the Merchants National Bank of Boston.*

That's why our mental hospitals are full.


You can read character all over its face!
Large capitals ...... demonstrate pride
Simplicity of style shows maturity
Even spacing ...... reveals consistency
...Large loops point to pleasure
...Easy flow reveals excellent taste
...Slanting script shows individuality
IMPORTED
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Bottled under Canadian Government Supervision by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
TRADEMARKS AND LABEL STYLE REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. BY HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC.
IMPORTED IN BOTTLE BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH.
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
86.8 U.S. PROOF

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS, INC., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

COPYRIGHT © 1962. THE COCA-COLA COMPANY. "COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS.



ZING! Only Coke gives you that **REFRESHING NEW FEELING**

...that special zing that makes you fall in love with living!
Get that look-alive, be-alive sparkle with ice-cold Coca-Cola!
You'll see! Ice-cold Coke refreshes you best!

Coca-Cola
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Regular or King Size